SPARKS *of* LAUGHTER

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Fifth Annual Compilation

STEWART ANDERSON
NEWARK, N. J.

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SALUTATION

The Fifth Annual Compilation of SPARKS OF LAUGHTER goes confidently forth as a faithful echo of the current laughter of the American people. It has become a "hardy perennial," each new volume reaching deeper into the popular esteem. We speak of our annual collection as intended "for *users* and *lovers* of laughter," and we endeavor, in our sifting and sorting, to select stories that *tell* well and those that *read* well, to the end that each class of readers shall be satisfyingly served.

We offer no opinion as to the correctness of the statement that all humorous stories descended from six originals of vastest antiquity. We do not avouch that all of the stories contained in this large collection are newly minted. We assert nothing stronger than that most of them are strangers to any reader. And we profess no more than that all of them have appeared in the last few months in the American press, and that they therefore accurately reflect America's current taste in anecdotal humor.

STEWART ANDERSON.

Newark, N. J.,
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Suggestions to Toastmasters

If you are without experience you would do well to act on these suggestions, at least until your own judgment is seasoned, and if you are a master, still you may find in these few paragraphs a helpful hint, for none of us is all-knowing.

Great toastmasters prepare for the occasion, and do not depend on the "inspiration of the moment." The "moment" gives them opportunities to add to or change what they had planned to do or say, and sometimes necessitates a variation; but the frame of their evening's work is made in advance. This preparation has two parts—having a finger in planning the program, if that is possible, and getting ready for one's own conduct of the program.

Preparation

The Date: When choosing the dinner's date, diligently inquire about dinners or meetings of other organizations which might draw some whom you desire as guests and some of your own members also. You want the fullest possible attendance. Avoid Friday if you can, that all your members and all your guests may be liable to partake of *all* the food that is set before them.

Menu: The day of the many-course, heavy-dish dinner has gone by, and such a banquet nowadays is served only when display is desired. A few courses satisfy hunger and pleasure, and are long enough for the generation of comradeship and jollity.

Punctuality: Insist and insistently emphasize to the caterer —club or restaurant or hotel—that the dinner must and shall begin *on time.* Then advertise the beginning as a quarter of an hour earlier. Guests and members grow weary with standing around a half hour or an hour, and are impatient at the long delay. A good part of a banquet's success is due to the right start, and only the "on time" start is the right start.

Waiters: See to it—have it clearly understood—and drum it into the head waiter if you can get at him—that the waiters

are to leave the room as soon as the coffee and cigars are served, or, at least, that they shall collect the cups and saucers as soon as the cups have been emptied—shall do it quickly, and get out, and *stay* out.

The Tip: Arrange with the management to add the equivalent of the collective tip to their charge, and thus avoid the annoyance of passing the plates or saucers among your guests. That is a banquet barbarism which nowadays is never seen at well-ordered affairs.

The Newspapers: And whatever else you may overlook do not forget the newspapers. The newspaper will be one of the best friends an organization can have, if it is given half a chance. We want a good story of our dinner in the next day's paper, but too often do nothing to earn it. The newspaper's commodity is news, and our dinner is news; but also we desire publicity; and so our relation to the press is reciprocal. Now, the reporter is a human being, with feelings and usually with fine sensibilities, and the way to gain him as an ally is to show him and his employer that you respect the newspaper as an institution and that you respect his profession. A good way not to do this is to stay away from the newspaper office, give them no notice of the dinner, and offer no facilities to the reporter for doing justice to the occasion. And a good way to procure and secure newspaper goodwill is to call on the city editor, give him the data, solicit cordially his own attendance or that of a reporter, and leave tickets for reserved seats, and then see to it that the seats are seats of honor, near the head table, where the scribe can hear perfectly and can see perfectly both those at the head table and all others in the room; and see to it also that some one at the door has been told about these seats, and, when the newspaper men come, will welcome them with a warmly glad hand and conduct them to their places. How would you like to stand outside a banquet door while some ignoramus trots up to the head table and tells the toastmaster that a reporter from the *Town Booster* is outside and asks what's to be done? Yet that happens often enough, and then there's wonderment that the dinner did not have a front page fat story next day.

Still more: If you are to have an out-of-town speaker, try to obtain from him a manuscript of his address, or, better, an abstract, and see that each paper has a copy of it twenty-four

hours in advance of the banquet. In these complex times dinner speeches are given far less space than was accorded to them before August 1, 1914, yet sometimes a little more space is available if the material is on hand early. Well managed newspapers usually, or commonly, write to such a speaker for manuscript or abstract; but you should not rely on its being done. Metropolitan dailies have space for none but the oratory of the great. The "home town" paper is liberal.

Music: What about music? Just two kinds are permissible during the dining. One is mere murmuring music—not *murdersome* music—that does not interfere with conversation and merriment. Men do not like at a public dinner to have their voices drowned and their laughter quenched by a brass band or by a blaring orchestra. Set your foot down hard, and keep it down, if rackety music is proposed. If the musicians are artists they should play after the dinner—and so with the singers—and not while plates are clattering, and silver and glass are clinking, and waiters are bustling, and there is the hum of voices and laughter. The diners do not enjoy it, and artists loathe it. There is a time for everything. The other kind of permissible music is that in which the banqueters can participate with song—such as good chorus singing, backed by an orchestra. But keep out the mere row music, and give fellowship the chance it looks for at a dinner table.

There are few banquet programs that cannot be made more enjoyable by fine vocal or instrumental music, to be alternated with the speeches—just enough to fill in, and relieve the monotony of the speaking, and far from enough to throw the program out of balance and give to music instead of to speaking the chief place.

Printed Program: An engraved or printed menu and program is desirable, at least for an annual or a special dinner—it is kept as a souvenir by many.

Speakers: This is the ticklish part of the planner's task, frequently. First, say that this is the annual dinner of your organization. There is not to be an outside speaker. And you have a horde of officials who will sit at the head table. Now, here's what you are after:—to make your dinner so enjoyable that next year everybody will say, "Let's go!" But they won't

say it if every magnate at that long head table makes a speech. Midnight will not find them finished. And most of them God did not purpose should ever make a speech. Wherefore, that they are officials does not justify your banquet committee in compelling them to daze, but not to dazzle, your audience. Your program should end not later than eleven o'clock, and your members and guests should not be compelled to listen to a procession of men half of whom get up and say, "I am not a speechmaker," or "I am not going to make a speech,"—the first usually tells the truth, and the second is often an unmitigated liar. Firmly, gently, tactfully pick out four or five who *can* make a decent address, and without explanation or apology, name them as your speakers; adding, as occasionally is necessary, some venerable or honored member, to whom all delight to pay respect. Tell each one exactly how many minutes he may speak, and explain why the limit was fixed—that will help some, even though one or more may exceed his minutes.

If you are to have an out-of-town speaker, all the more reason for keeping down the number of local orators. You must get the crowd away at eleven, and you can't do it if "the whole town" play orator. A hint here:—some of your members and guests may have come by train and must leave before eleven. If so, call up your out-of-town speaker first, or at least early enough for these early leavers to hear his entire address—they have paid their money to see the show, and he is the star attraction.

Some men have a deserved reputation as writers or as doers. But that does not make them acceptable banquet orators. Make sure that a proposed speaker can indeed speak, and is *known* as a capable speaker. Otherwise his reputation with your people is liable to suffer and he may ruin your dinner. I have seen it happen more than once. Fix this in your mind and don't let it get out:—a great name as a writer or doer is not a guarantee of a great or even an ordinary capable speaker. Don't risk it, don't yield to persuasion—*know* what you are doing when you engage your chief show piece. And do your engaging three months in advance, if you can, else you may not be able to procure him. If he is popular, others will be after him too.

Don't Wreck Your Program: When you have announced your speakers, or when you have printed your program, stick to your list. An audience that has been promised three speakers only will curse you if two or three additional are imposed upon them. And the man whom you invited to be your chief

speaker, whom you told would have but two preceders, with fifteen minutes each, and to whom you gave the place of honor at the end of the evening, will have just cause for offense if you earlier ring in two or three unadvertised speakers. Your guest of honor has the right to expect that his audience shall not have been worn out before his turn has come, or that he shall not be eclipsed by a speaker who perhaps excels him. Treat your chief speaker courteously and fairly. He is giving you not only his banquet time, but likely enough he has spent many hours in preparing his address.

A common plague is the member who says, "Mr. So-and-So is unexpectedly here. I think it would be fine to ask him to speak." And the inexperienced toastmaster assents. Then, five times out of six, the program is put out of joint. I have many times seen such an unexpected guest speak half or three-quarters of an hour, with the result that the advertised speakers were ill at ease and cut down addresses which the audience desired to hear, or else they plunged in at full length, and eleven or twelve o'clock had come before the "speaker of the evening" was called up to face a disgusted and dwindling audience. Don't tamper with your list of speakers for any other than an imperative reason, such as the unexpected presence of a high official of your organization. You owe more banquet courtesy to your invited speakers than you do to John Flounder Flubdub, Billy Grinwide Limelight, or the Honorable Notoribus Spoutlong Killem.

The Toastmaster

The "Once Over": And now it is time for the dinner, and we will give the room the "once over" before the doors are opened. Yes, the place cards are at the head table, each with a name upon it—*and in its right place!* Better remove that tall vase that stands squarely in front of the place of toastmaster or guest of honor—it would hide either one from the banqueters.

Seating Your Guests: All right—let them in. The bugle blows or the orchestra plays, and in they come. If your speaker is a non-member *you* will escort him to the place of honor at your right hand. If there are two such guests, you will bring in both, and place the chief one at your right and the lesser one at your left; or *you* may bring in the chief guest and

another officer may pilot the lesser light, to be seated at your right and your left.

The Start: The company is standing at the tables, and waiting your invitation to be seated. Here's where your work begins. Here's where you set the atmosphere, so to speak. Instead of merely saying, "Be seated, gentlemen," say more. First of all you must have complete silence. Get it by pounding a heavy plate, or the table, with the end of your table knife. Don't try tinkling your glass—they won't hear it. *Pound* with that knife—if you haven't a gavel. (Own and carry a gavel.) Some will immediately stop talking and look toward your throne, but there will still be a few who do not hear or hearing do not heed. Pound again. Keep your poise, and don't open your mouth until the hall is silent. Then, in a voice that reaches to the edges, quote, say, Bobbie Burns:

"Some hae meat, and canna eat;
Some can eat, and want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
So let the Lord be thankit."

"Will you take your seats, gentlemen?"

or something equally appropriate—you can get a book of toasts at any bookstore and make your own selection. If a minister is at the head table, this "grace" from Burns would not serve, of course. In that case, after silence had been obtained, you would say, "Will the Rev. Dr. [or Bishop] Robinson say grace?" And then, if you are dead sure your quotation would not spoil the grace, follow with your welcoming sentiment, quickly enough so that the diners would not have sat down, and yet not so quickly as to seem to be pushing the grace aside—a little practice will make you expert.

Control of Singing: During the dinner there may be light music or chorus singing, and if you are the local song leader you will do the leading. Commonly, song sheets with numbered songs are scattered among the tables, and the diners with rivalry do the selecting—table outshouting table. Catch the fun at the top moment and yourself announce the winning number—don't let the fun run wild, but help it along and direct it with a word of jest or repartee. Have it understood with the leader of the orchestra that he is to play only what *you*

announce. Be boss!—and keep the control which you gained when at the beginning you compelled them to silence. An audience admires a firm toastmaster.

Compacting the Audience: Keep your eye on those coffee cups—that head waiter may have forgotten. Don't hesitate to send someone to remind him. The waiters have gone at last —don't begin until they have gone. Is the hall large? Then at once request the banqueters to move toward the head table, both that the speakers' task may be easier and that no one may miss any part of what is said.

You Begin: And now you start. But not to make a speech. No!—a thousand times, no. You are toastmaster and not speechmaker. Your sole job is to be the connecting link between the speakers and the audience, and, as I said before, to fix the atmosphere, and keep it fixed. That's all:—doing it, however, with all the grace of personality, and play of wit or seriousness, as may be required, that you can command. First, a few words of welcome and of compliment to guests and members. Next, a few words about the object and character of your organization, that your guests may be informed. Then a few words, if needed or appropriate, about the purpose of the dinner. Five minutes is ample, and two would be a volume. Learn letter-perfect what you intend to say—don't fumble, don't stumble, don't hesitate, and don't read from a wretched little piece of paper. Speak it out like a man and a toastmaster! All right? Well, then, begin your introductions. If the speaker is an outsider, you should have learned the reason for his eminence and the extent of his reputation—and have memorized the introduction. Just a brief presentment of his virtues or powers, or whatever made him famous—in modest language that avoids world-bursting superlatives. Two minutes is enough. And for heaven's sake don't say, "We have with us to-night!" Now he's on his feet and is receiving his welcoming hand-clap. Stay on your feet and lead the clapping as soon as you have uttered his name. If he is one to whom should be accorded the honor of a rising welcome, and the audience is a second slow, pull them to their feet by a raising of your eyebrows and a slight motion of your hands—they'll come. If he is one to be received with cheers, be the cheer leader. And then keep on standing until he has turned to say, "Mr. Toastmaster," at which you bow and take your seat.

If Only One Speaker: While he is speaking, listen. You will probably catch a sentence or a drift that will suggest a jest, or a serious anecdote, or the recitation of a verse, or the utterance of a follow-up and clinching sentiment, after he has ended. Give his audience a chance to applaud him and give him "curtain calls" before you rise. Then say the say which his address has inspired, thank him in behalf of your organization and its guests for having honored your banquet table, speaking appreciation of his eloquent or learned or whatnot address. Then, if there are no others, thank your guests for having graced your banquet tables with their presence, thank the representatives of the press for their most friendly and long-continued service to your organization, and bid all "Good Night!"

If Other Speakers: If you have member speakers, you will have prepared your introductions carefully—for this one a humorous story or jest, for that one both jest and serious word, and for that other a serious word only. You will find plenty of appropriate stories in SPARKS OF LAUGHTER.

Controlling the Speaking: Sometimes a speaker, although informed of his time limit, will meander on and on, or rush on and on, far beyond his allowance. If he is a stranger or a personage, courtesy forbids that he be publicly pulled to his seat. And usually it is not necessary. When he has trespassed five minutes, or ten if you can spare it, reach out your hand and unobtrusively push your watch toward him. Commonly the motion is successful. If it isn't, a minute or two later put your handkerchief to your face and from behind it say, "Five minutes more, Mr. Blank." And if that doesn't fetch him, in another minute or two lean toward the table and briskly pick up papers or program, as if to remind yourself of the name of the next speaker, and looking out over the audience, in courteous attention, gently tap your fingers on the table, as if slightly impatient. Only as an extremity, and when absolutely necessary, rise and apologetically finish him, with a reason and with smiling courtesy.

At the dinners of the Gridiron Club in Washington no speaker, it is said, be he ever so celebrated, is permitted to exceed his time allotment. But what those autocratic satirists impose upon their speakers, your organization should not upon yours. Your speakers commonly are friends and neighbors and members, and are not accustomed to the rules of the game

of public-speaking. Hurting their feelings would be harmful to your organization. Do the best you can to obtain their co-operation, and be contented with the results. To preserve good will and fraternity is worth a few wasted minutes of unwanted oratory.

Alarm clocks and flashing red lights are well enough for the give and take and rough-and-tumble of lunch meetings. They are out of place at an evening dinner.

Tribute to Departed Members: At an annual dinner of a business or civic club, or other organization, it is customary to mention the names and describe the qualities and services of members who have passed on during the twelve-month period. And then, frequently, the toastmaster says: "Let us pay tribute to their memory by rising and standing a moment in silence." If a bugler or cornetist is present the impressiveness of the tribute can be heightened by having him softly sound taps while the audience is on its feet. Or, instead, if the toastmaster has the voice and personality to do it, he may say this:

> Something starry, something bold,
> Eludes the clutch of dust and mold;
> Something that shall not wholly die
> Out of the azure of the sky.

Or, again, and instead, if the Toastmaster is indeed a master, if he has voice, and skill in using it, and if he has a distinguished personality, let him try the following,—I promise him that his auditors will remember the incident for many and many a day:

> For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.
>
> So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.
>
> O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

Don't have taps sounded if you use either of these quotations, for they are jubilant of victory, while taps speaks only of death and the grave. And don't use either quotation, especially the biblical, unless you are certain of your qualifications. It is easy to make a grotesque mess of such a task. Sometimes at the head table is a minister who, without announce-

ment, might repeat the lines, but that he is a minister is no assurance that he could do the work well—precious few ministers, alas! are competent to read Paul's great lines on immortality. The moment the company is seated again, bring on some sprightly music, instrumental or vocal, to restore the cheerful tone of the meeting. Or else tell a funny story, or have something else to say, with a smile and an accordant voice.

"Good Night!" Frequently a part of the audience begins to ooze out as soon as the chief speech, which usually is the last one, has been finished. Bang your gavel and stop them and hold them and make them join in the courtesy of your "Good Night!" utterance. Here is an admirable finale:

The songs are ended and the speeches done,
The stories told, we've lit our last cigar;
We leave this place of meeting, one by one,
To seek a shadowy country, dim and far.

It is a land where dreams do all come true,
Where failures and resentments do not lurk,
Where youth and hope are ours, and faith is new,
And swift success does follow honest work.

Two words invoke the bounty of that land,
With all its favors and its blessings bright,—
I give to each of you a brother's hand,
And bid you, one and all, Good Night!—Good Night!

You started the banquet, and *you* ended it. You had control throughout. You pleased your audience, and you made their enjoyment more complete because you did start and did control and did announce the end; never leave the audience to wonder whether or not the program has ended—do the ending yourself.

Toastmastering is a useful and an ornamental art. I have tried to show you some of its first principles. Use them and you will not go far wrong. Prepare thoroughly all that you do. And by and by your workmanship will be a master's, the product of your own personality and suited to your own temperament.

How to Tell a Funny Story

I assume that you do not know how, and that you have not developed any part of the instrument for story-telling. I assume also that you earnestly desire to develop this faculty or power, and that, being reasonable, you will agree that a few minutes a day must be given, for some weeks or months, to practice—just as you would be obliged to do in acquiring facility in any other easily acquired art. I do not mean, of course, that you need to defer the beginning of your story-telling for several months, but merely that to become a thoroughly capable jester, methodical and persistent practice is necessary. Let us first take the easier part of the work—

The Easier Part

Gather a Fund: From the start be on the watch for good brief bits of laughter, in magazines and newspapers. Clip them, and file them alphabetically, according to the subject. Also be a watchful listener, and write down, at the earliest moment—don't trust memory too long—each usable story, and put it in your files. You will thus create a valuable stock, that will contain something for every occasion.

Carry a card in your pocket, bearing the first or a suggestional line of several stories, and when you find yourself in a company, public or private, in whose entertainment you are likely to be a participant, refresh your memory by glancing at your memoranda. Do this, and you will not later regret not having told some story that had a special relish.

Memorize: Memorize your stories. Get them down letter perfect. Don't spoil your chance to earn a laugh by hesitating, stumbling, recalling, apologizing. Let the story come trippingly on the tongue. Face yourself in the mirror. Tell your stories to the man in the mirror. Satisfy him—completely—and then you may confidently expect to satisfy a larger audience.

Voice: If the story is without dialogue, you will use your natural voice alone, of course. But if it has dialogue, you must use at least three voices—the narrator's (your own), and a different voice for each of the two in the dialogue. Give one of

them a bass and the other a tenor voice; or one of them may need an old man's quavering, toothless voice, and the other the voice of a man in his prime; or both may be boys' voices; or one a man's and the other a woman's. You must give to each speaker such a voice as belongs to the character you are depicting. If you employ only your own voice, you produce monotony, and you cannot create the individual color that variety of voice permits. That is obvious.

Face: But the voice is only a part of story-telling. You must use such facial expressions as would be used by the man of whom you are telling. If the words are angry, so must the face be; if of grief the face must respond; if of joy, the face must show it; if of disdain, derision, truculence, dissemblance —the face should match. Again the mirror. Tell the story to its man. Tell it again and again, until you satisfy *him.* Then take it out and try it.

Gesture and Posture: Nor are voice and face all. There are also gesture and posture—gesture, the action of fingers, hands, arms, shoulders; posture, generally, the body's action or attitude. Some stories require neither gesture nor posture; others require one or both. An excited Frenchman or a voluble Hebrew is apt to talk with his entirety, as is also the lively darky. And so you must be a mimic also in these respects. Watch—*watch*—WATCH! when you see a "character," and then as soon as possible go to the man in the mirror and practice until he tells you that you may try out on somebody else.

What to tell: What kind of story shall you tell? Humor in stories may lie in a play upon words, or in the incident, or in the dialect and action, or in a combination of these elements. Assume that, although you enjoy dialect, you have yet no facility in its use. Choose, then, a story with play on words or of incident; and stick to that kind until you have developed ease with dialect.

Dialect: The man who can use dialect has a rich talent. Nearly all of us are attracted to one dialect more than to another —to the Hebrew, or the Irish, or the Scotch, or the Canuck. Which is your favorite? The Hebrew? All right. Then never miss an opportunity to listen to a Hebrew. And, I repeat, as soon as you can reach your mirror, use your power

of mimicry to copy what you have heard. Do it over and over again, and listen over and over again—and not to only one subject, but to several; at the same time noting, and copying before your mirror, the typical Hebrew motions of shoulders and arms. Scotch? Go where Scotchmen are, and as soon as you can try it on the man in the mirror. Practice "rolling the r"—difficult at first, but soon you will be able to roll one as long as those of Harry Lauder. When you have your dialect down pat, try it out at that little luncheon or card game. If it goes, as it probably will, keep on practicing, and take on at the same time another dialect. Soon you will have two or three at command.

Choose Your Time: How to tell a story comprises also *when* to tell. The greatest success is obtained by using such a story as the subject of the conversation, or the address, or the character of the occasion, naturally educes, for the minds of your hearers are already receptive to it. Don't jar with an ill-timed jest a serious moment.

The Banquet Table: Suppose you are at a banquet table and are called upon without warning to speak on a subject of which you know little. Self-deprecation would be appropriate, and, if you did indeed speak to the purpose, so much the greater your credit with your audience because you began so modestly. For example: "Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen, I am only so slightly familiar with the subject under discussion that I fear anything I might say would remind you of the man who recently was a police-court prisoner"—and then tell the police court stuttering story:—A prisoner recently was called to the bar of a New York police court. JUDGE: Prisoner, your name? PRISONER: F-f-f-f-f-. [Do it three or four times.] JUDGE (angrily): "Officer, what is this man charged with? OFFICER: Begorra, your Honor, an' I do be thinkin' he is charged with sody water." Oh: "Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen, I am obliged to plead dark ignorance of the subject that has been so ably analyzed and illumined, and if I should attempt to add to what has been said I should as certainly fail to set up an intelligent contact with this audience as did the young lady who for the first time in her life was seated, at dinner, next to so high a dignitary as a bishop"—and go on with the bishop-pyjama story:—A young lady was for the first time seated next to an elderly bishop at a banquet table. And her brain

wouldn't work and her tongue was paralyzed. Each minute the silence became more embarrassing to her. At length the fruit was reached, and as she passed him the banamas she asked: "Are you very fond of bananas?" The dear old man was a trifle deaf and he thought she said "pyjamas." After a moment or two he answered: "My dear young lady, since you ask me I must frankly confess that I much prefer the old-fashioned nightshirt." These are suggestions for *twisting* a story to your need. The power to adapt will quickly respond to cultivation.

You have noticed that quite a number of the stories in SPARKS OF LAUGHTER are aimed at the finer sex. But they shouldn't be blown at a feminine audience like a ball from a cannon. Suggestion: "Mr. Toastmaster, and ladies and gentlemen: The presence of the ladies make it certain that no member of this association will ever be guilty of engraving on the marble memento of his better half the sentiment which a Vermont farmer carved on the tombstone of his lamented one—'Here lies our wife, Samanthy Proctor; she catched a cold and wouldn't doctor. She couldn't stay, she had to go—praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

Stories of what precious imps of children said to discomfit their parents when company was present always are acceptable at a "Ladies' Night"—of Rotary Club, Publicity Club, or other organization. The mothers are thinking, while the stories are being told, of their own little saints and their speeches and antics, and they like to hear of the pranks of other mothers' angels. Suggestion: "I am glad that this occasion has been made more bright by the light that lies in woman's eyes. Our youngsters are tucked in their beds, and mothers and fathers together are enjoying the pleasures of this occasion. But, ah, those youngsters of ours! What don't they do to us!" Then tell two or three of the child stories which you will find in SPARKS OF LAUGHTER—saving for the last the one you believe to be best.

Don't Overdo: Stuttering stories and hare-lip stories are always enjoyed if told well. The stuttering should be accompanied by facial contortions. Be careful in this, however: don't drag the stuttering out too long—your audience will grow impatient; yet be deliberate enough to give them the full flavor of the stutter. In telling a hare-lip story be sure that your enunciation is clear enough, though clouded by the simu-

lated deformity, to give your hearers the sense of what you are saying, else you will fail—they *must* be made to hear the *point* of the story.

"That Reminds Me": One emphatic "Don't!" Don't ever begin a story, whether in public or in private, by saying, "That reminds me of a story." More good stories have been done to a sorry, soggy death by men who use that phrase than by any other class of humor murderers. If the conversation, or the address, or your own remarks, suggest a story, *glide* into it thus—"Something like Bill" or "Much like Bill" or "As in the case of the dear old lady"—and then without any other word tell your story.

Discriminate: In a public address it is well to use two kinds of jests. One is the line-or-two jest, that is run in at the end of a sentence, to illustrate a point or to lighten a too pronounced soberness. Don't make too much of this brief form—use it casually, and be satisfied with grins or chuckles, and don't act as if you expected your audience to "fall apart in chunks."

Save your best effort for a laughter-compelling story—a complete anecdote. Rehearse it carefully, and weigh and polish its parts. Then, when you tell it, note its effect upon the audience. You will tell some stories that, to your surprise, will yield more than the one expected laugh—the audience will break in at a point where no humor had been apparent to you. The next time you tell the story in public, be prepared to let your hearers have their laugh at that spot. Then give them the climax, and you will get doubled laughter. Remember this, however:—a sizable audience is more likely to laugh easily than is a little group of three or four, and so the same story that publicly pulls two laughs may not in private gain more than one.

A Caution: All the time have this in mind, so that you will not be narrowed to your own likes and dislikes in your story-telling:—Tastes in humor differ. There are as many different tastes in humor as there are in food, clothes, jewelry, perfumery, music, painting, cards, books, sermons, politics, climate, and men and women and children. Your task is to please the average, and you must therefore forget *yourself,* and get over the fence and mingle with the crowd, as it were, that you may see with their eyes, think with their minds, and use their varied humor.

Study SPARKS OF LAUGHTER—don't merely read it just once —it is full of usable material for every occasion, which will lie "all unlocked to your command" after you have long enough practiced your imagination and ingenuity in *twisting* the stories to your use.

Summary: Memorize your stories. Tell them to the man in the mirror. Suit the voice or voices to the story. Make the face accord with the voice. Obtain command of gesture and posture. Begin your story-telling with the kind of a story you are at present able to tell well. Tell the right story at the right time. Gather a fund of stories. *Study* SPARKS OF LAUGHTER, and force your ingenuity to adapt the stories to your needs. In brief, put as much desire, work, persistence into your learning of this art as your abilities or deficiencies require. And now, if your desire is strong enough to arouse your will to compel you to *grind hard,* that you may attain the utmost success, read with care the following:

If You Have the Grit

You will need an expressive face and a varied voice, among other things. We will begin with the face—that is, with the brows, the eyes, and the mouth. We must *break open* your face.

Your Face: Face your mirror—and at first always practice before it. Lift your right brow up and down, without moving the left. Probably you cannot do it. Take your finger and *push* that brow up and down. Now try it without the finger. Alternate with and without. After a few days you will find that you have gained some control. Keep up your practice, and soon the brow will obey you. Then attack the left brow, and give it the same treatment, as long as it is necessary. Next raise the two brows *alternately,* as many times as you wish—slowly at first, and then rapidly. Various emotions use the brows in expressing themselves. You must and you can subdue them.

Your eyes must be so drilled that you can on the instant flash them up and down, or from side to side—fast as a shuttle if necessary, or roll them in a circle. Face your mirror and practice this:—Move the eyes from side to side, slowly at first, then fast and faster. Let the remainder of your face lie in repose, with the muscles relaxed,—you will probably find that your facial muscles have become tense, especially those of the jaw.

Next, move the eyes up and down, slowly at first, and then fast and faster. And now try to move your eyes in a circle—to the right; then reverse and turn them to the left. Don't overdo this part of the eye exercise—gain your control gradually, lest you suffer from strain.

Open the eyes as far as you can. Imagine you are struck with horror—wider and still wider open them, until a broad circle of white shows all around the pupils. Almost close the lids, until you can barely see through the "narrowed lids." Now keep one eye at normal and narrow the lids of the other. Alternate. Keep at it day by day until you can open wide, narrow, and narrow alternately the moment you command yourself to do it. A few weeks at most, and probably only a few days, will show a gratifying response.

Stretch the right side of the mouth as far as you can, in a line with the mouth. Do it until the muscles tire. Treat the left side the same. Then rapidly alternate—right-left, right-left, right-left, and so on. Stretch the right side of the mouth obliquely, to point between cheek and ear. Keep at it, day by day, until you can do it easily. Left side of the mouth the same. Then alternate rapidly. Pull the right corner of the mouth down—"down in the mouth" expression. Master it. Then tackle the left and master. Now both corners down at once. Then alternate rapidly. Smile pleasantly; broaden to a grin; break wide open into a whole-souled "Ha! ha! ha!" Shrink to the grin, narrow to the smile, go back to normal. Do this repeatedly. Wife laughing at you and asking if you are crazy? Of course!—that's one of the things wives are for!

These muscles are now fairly obedient. We will therefore take another step. Imagine you are expressing horror. Brows up, eyes staring open, mouth open. Do it both with and without mirror. Now you are sneering:—Eyes a little narrowed, nose turned up, upper lip, one or both sides, drawn up from the teeth. You are weeping:—Brows wrinkled, eyes a bit narrowed, corners of the mouth drawn down. You are joyful:—Brows up, eyes wide and bright but not staring, mouth open. Go through the whole range of emotions in the same way, practicing on each until you can instantly assume its expression no matter when or where called upon. You know these expressions—every man does—or, at least, his mirror will soon reveal them. Practice faithfully, and you will be surprised at how short a time was required to make you a master. Further:—this practice will give you a more expressive face in ordinary

conversation, in business or in social converse, and if you are a speaker it will add to your power to convince.

Voice: You must have a varied voice. I don't mean that you need to go to a teacher of elocution. Not at all. You must school yourself, to assure that your tone of voice expresses the emotion you are depicting. The unsuccessful storyteller's oral expression is monotonous, because he tells all his stories in practically the same tone of voice, and thus fails to make the most of them. If the story has a sneer in it, put into your voice the *sneeriest* tone you can imagine; if it has fury, choke with fury; if a wheedle, "wheedle like the devil," as old Crookback Gloster said. *Color of tone!* COLOR OF TONE! is necessary. How shall you get it? Again your mirror! Having chosen your story, get it down pat, every word in its place, so that you can tell it without hesitation or self-correction. Then look at the man in the mirror. Tell it to him! Watch him respond! Tell him over and over again; and when you have satisfied him, then you may "try it on the dog"—that is, tell it among your friends when the occasion offers. And after you have told it, don't act as if you are begging your hearers for a laugh, or are fearful that they won't laugh—just tell it. If it "goes," why, then, you will know you have made a start. Watch for the next favorable opportunity, and try it on another dog.

Finally: Break open your face. Master the expressions of the various emotions. Practice on the man in the mirror until he tells you to try it on the dog. Observe and practice dialect. Above all, a few minutes a day, and every day, in mirror exercise. When you begin to tell stories, watch for opportunities to tell more, and *make* opportunities to tell them. It will not be long until you will hear, "George, tell us that story you told the other day at the Club," or, if you are an occasional toastmaster, until your reputation will have been enhanced and you will be in still greater demand. The power to tell a story is profitable—it makes a man sought after in business, in social circles, in civic and other organizations, and again and again it takes a man from obscurity and thrusts him into the public eye because of the pleasure he gives at meetings and banquets and similar occasions. I have told you how to acquire this power—but whether or not dollars and power and satisfaction shall result depends altogether upon *yourself*.

Making Your Community Know You

Are you favorably known *to* all in your community, and are you well known *by* a large number of its influential men and women? If not, you would find it worth your while to make your name known to the thousands you do not know, and your countenance and personality known to the "leading people" of your city or town. There is a way, comparatively easy, altogether practical, and unfailingly sure.

Be a Servant: You cannot do better than to become a servant of your community. From it you and your family draw your maintenance and whatever is good and pleasant and creative that environment can bestow. You are a debtor to your community for more than the tax or taxes you pay. It deserves some of your thought, and interest, and time. These can be given through one or several organizations,—church, chamber of commerce, Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Optimists, and others of that nature, Boy Scouts, and the various community organizations of all cities and towns. Each one of these is doing something, through organization, for the public. A serving member of any one of them comes in contact with worthwhile men and women. He has an opportunity to become their co-servant, and of serving on regular committees and on special occasions. By doing so he becomes known as one who is a giver as well as a getter, admirable for his public spirit. Join, serve, and thus make acquaintances and friends who in their turn will serve you.

The Man Who Speaks: Look around you, that you may substantiate this:—The man who can get up on his feet in an organization and speak acceptably for five minutes or ten minutes or half an hour commonly becomes a leader because of that faculty or ability. He need not be an orator, he need not be brilliant. If only he can sanely speak, in a voice that can be heard, he is almost certain to achieve or possess a reputation which makes him an object of respect in the community. For if his ability becomes known in one organization, it is soon known in another, and another, and another, and he is sought after. The more he is sought after, the more publicity he obtains from

the press, and, because of his mixing with men and women in various organizations, the wider his acquaintance grows and the more numerous are his friendships. He serves by giving to these organizations what they desire, and, whether he seek them or not, prominence and leadership come to him.

Getting a Speaker's Start: Suppose you are a Rotarian. Compose three five-minute talks on, say, "The Spirit of Rotary." Let each one of them be complete in itself, and let each contain a different thought. Memorize them thoroughly, and practice them before a mirror. Then watch for an opportunity to deliver one or all three. If five minutes is your limit, give one of them; if ten, give two; if fifteen, give all three. Use the same plan in respect to other organizations of which you may be a member. There are many meetings called for a discussion of a single topic, relating to the community, your church, your business or club, your lodge. Prepare brief talks for these occasions. Do this work carefully and thoroughly, and you will soon be receiving invitations to "speak" at this and that affair. Publicity will result, and by and by your name will be on the public tongue. You will then be obliged to give longer talks—formal addresses. *Never read a manuscript!* If you are not of those who, having thought out the divisions of their speeches, can supply the substance while on their feet, write out your speech and memorize it. Reporters love the speaker who has a manuscript or an abstract of his speech. See that you have a copy of your manuscript for each paper, or, if you did not so prepare your address, be sure to make an abstract, containing its boiled-down substance, and give these abstracts to the reporters. Treat your newspapers alike—what you give to one give to all. Don't withhold from one because you regard it as "cheap and no good"—every paper reaches part of the public—let the supposed "no good" paper take your name to its part of the public. Avoid manuscript speech-composing, if you can,—and you can if you will. A manuscript is a tyrant and at any time your memory may balk. "Thinking on your feet," after having first thought out your subject, is merely a matter of practice.

Your Voice: We commonly think of a voice as being the especial instrument of the preacher, or the actor, or the lawyer, or the lecturer, and that it is to them a gift of nature, denied to ordinary men. The fact is, however, that every man and woman whose vocal organs are normal is equipped to produce a pleasing voice. The *nasal* voice is usually a misplaced voice,

a thing of habit imitatively acquired in childhood. The *whining* or complaining voice is usually an expression of mental or emotional attitude. The *indistinct throaty* voice is merely a misplaced voice. Any one who is willing to spend a half hour a day for six months can have a pleasing voice. We do not mean that training will give that beauty of individuality to voice which makes some voices supreme. Even as faces differ in beauty, so do voices. But voices, unlike faces, can be changed and the vocal organs be made to produce tones that are melodious. Our advice to any man or woman who wishes to acquire a good speaking voice is this:—

First, go to a nose and throat specialist to see whether or not there is anything wrong, even though you are sure there is nothing wrong. That done, go to a first-class teacher of the speaking voice and take about a dozen lessons in voice-placing.

In no time at all the nasal voice will disappear, as will the back-in-the-throat voice. You will learn that the proper use of the lips is necessary to distinct articulation and how to form your tones in the front part of the mouth—your voice will be pulled down from your nose (although, as a matter of fact, it never is there), or your voice will be dragged up from your throat and put in charge of your lips and teeth.

Words are formed of vowels and of consonants. The consonants are the frames of the vowels, as it were. If you do not use the lips and the teeth to shape the consonants, necessarily your articulation is indistinct—you get only half-formed words. You will learn that articulation is necessary to the pleasing voice, and that articulation comes from the efficient pronouncing of each syllable in a word, since words are made up of syllables. If you give each syllable its value, the entire word is sure to be clearly pronounced.

In these dozen lessons, then, you will learn where to produce your tones, and how so to frame them that the utterance of every word shall be distinct. All that remains is practice, that the habit of clear speaking shall be firmly formed.

After your voice has been "set," spend half an hour a day before a mirror, so that you can watch the movement of your lips, slowly and clearly reading—editorials, poetry, obituaries, or anything else you like. Pronounce each syllable separately, *in the front of the mouth,* as if it were a word. Persist in this syllabifying,—do it day after day, week after week, and month after month. Don't holler! at first. Clear and melodious speech is what you are after. You would not, unless already an athlete,

go the limit on your first visit to a gymnasium,—you might wreck your heart or some other muscle if you did. You would increase your force by degrees, as strength came with use. It's just the same with the voice. So, don't bellow when you begin this daily practice.

As the weeks go by, you will find that vocal strength is increasing and that the force of loudness is being added to the power of beauty. Moreover, you will find that this daily half hour will benefit your health. If you are not now a deep breather, you will find yourself using your breathing apparatus more energetically. That means more air taken into your lungs; and the more air that goes into your lungs, the more nearly complete the purifying of the blood stream as, for that purpose, it passes through the lungs; the purer your blood stream, the healthier every portion of your body will be.

In the right use of the voice there is gold and there is life more abundant.

The "Forum" Column: In nearly every town of any size the newspapers have a Forum column, in which, by letter, various national and civic subjects are discussed. Contribute occasionally to the Forum of your paper, concerning some subject which is of national or local interest, and deal with it in a way that shall elicit admiration and respect for your views and the quality of mentality and breadth of vision with which you discuss them. Do not so overdo it that all around the town they will be saying, "Henry Smith likes to advertise himself, doesn't he?" or, "Henry Smith hates himself, doesn't he?" A few times in a year will keep your name before the public.

Make Newspaper Friends: Newspaper men are friendly beings, and they repay with tenfold interest a service that the layman does for them. A newspaper's product is news. Find an excuse to go around to your newspaper offices, and get acquainted with the editors and with the reporters. Then watch your chance to give them items of news. They, in turn, will miss no chance to mention you and your business in their columns. With the result that by and by everybody in town will know of Henry Smith, and will set him down as a brainy and successful citizen.

Warning: One word of warning. It is very easy for a man to become so absorbed in organization work, especially if he has the gift of speech, that his business suffers, both because it is deprived of too much of his time and because his community service uses too much of his vitality. Mark out

clearly what you properly may do in such work, and then stand strictly to your decision.

The Bankers: There is another circle of friends and acquaintances which you should create. It is that of your bank. Buy a share or two, or ten shares, of its stock. Bankers are human, usually. You will find them pleased with your demonstrative appreciation of the quality of their institution, and they are likely to remember you—as frequently they have the opportunity to do—at times and in ways that will be valuable to you.

Serve, and you will make acquaintances and friends, while doing your bounden duty to your community. Penetrate the circles of financial influence by having an organic relation through your bank.

Be a friendly man or woman, among your neighbors, to strangers, and as a citizen. "Let me live in a house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man." "Help thy brother's boat across, and, lo, thine own has reached the shore."

SPARKS OF LAUGHTER

THE ARMY AND NAVY

Officer of the Day

A colored soldier was walking post for the first time in his life. A form approached him. "Halt!" he cried. "Who are you?" "The officer of the day." "Advance!" The O. D. advanced, but before he had proceeded half a dozen steps the dusky sentinel again cried "Halt!" "This is the second time you have halted me," observed the O. D. "What are you going to do next?" "Never you mind what Ah's gonna do. Mah orders are to call 'Halt' three times, den shoot."

—*National Republican.*

Sea Legs

Biddie—"I suppose you have been in the navy so long you are accustomed to sea legs?"

Middie—"Lady, I wasn't even looking."

—*Powerfax.*

What a Private Thinks About

In Denver a man wearing the service button stood thoughtfully in front of a glaring sign which read:

"Chances for service in eight different countries. The sergeant will tell you where you can go."

"I wonder," ruminated the button-wearer dreamily, "what the seven are besides the one he used to mention so often."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Natural Inference

"Inspection arms!" roared the corporal.

Casey, a husky new recruit, immediately dropped his rifle and rolled up his sleeves.

"What are you going to do—fight?" asked the corporal with apprehension.

"No," said Casey mildly, "I t'ought ye wanted to see if I'd been vaccinated."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Persistent!

"Late for reveille again, I see, O'Malley," snorted the irate captain. "How do you account for this persistent tardiness?" "'Tis inherited, sir," answered Pvt. O'Malley. "Me father was the late Michael O'Malley."

—*Legion Weekly.*

Youth and Old Age

Colonel Growser had been a gay young dog in his youth. Quite a hit with the ladies, doncher know! Old age had brought on its disabilities and he gradually found he was getting left behind, until at last all he could do was to envy the young fellows who were still in their heyday.

So strongly did he resent having to take a back seat that he never lost a change of getting a dig in at one of the younger officers.

He was sitting in the mess one day when one of the young subs sauntered in.

"Hallo, you reckless young blood!" growled the colonel.

But this time the tormented one was equal to the old man.

"Cheerio, you bloodless old wreck!" he responded with a smile.

—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Correct!

Officer (just bawled out)—"Not a man in this division will be given liberty this afternoon." Voice—"Give me liberty or give me death!" Officer—"Who said that?" Voice—"Patrick Henry."

—*Awgwan.*

That Answered *That* Question

A captain and his chief engineer, tired of endlessly debating which the ship could more easily dispense with, decided to change places for a day. The chief ascended to the bridge and the skipper dived into the engine-room. After a couple of hours the captain appeared on deck covered with oil and soot. "Chief!" he called. "You'll have to come down here at once. I can't make her go."

"Of course you can't," said the chief. "She's ashore."

—*Pacific Mutual News.*

Army Talk

"Red" Herring was on leave, having some soup and fish with his third grade teacher. "How do you like the soup, Mr. Herring?" she asked. "It certainly smells jake, but I don't know how it's gonna eat!" "Why, Mr. Herring, where is your grammar?" "She's dead, ma'am, over a year last May."

—*Our Navy.*

The Bull's Eye

CAPTAIN—"See that man on the bridge five miles away?"
GUNNER—"Ay, ay, sir."
CAPTAIN—"Let him have a twelve inch in his eye."
GUNNER—"Which eye, sir?"

—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

The Veteran

In the old days of the draft an examiner was putting Sambo through the usual course of questions. "Any previous military experience?" "Lord, yes, boss," replied Sambo. "I'se an old-timer. I'se been shot at three times befo' they ever was a war."

—*Argonaut.*

The Military Bearing

The governor's wife was telling Bridget about her husband.

"My husband, Bridget," she said proudly, "is the head of the State militia."

"Oi t'ought as much, ma'am," said Bridget cheerfully. "Ain't he got th' fo'ne malicious look?"

—*Southern Woman's Magazine.*

The War Is Over

In a Western hotel the other day there was a reunion of World War heroes, when the head clerk, who was a first lieutenant, called the porter, who was his captain, and the head waiter, who was a lieutenant-colonel, and had them throw out a former general who was cluttering up the chairs in the lobby.

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Moving Day

SERGEANT (to colored sentry)—"If anything moves, you shoot."

SENTRY—"Yas, suh; an' if anything shoots, ah moves!"

—*Mercury.*

Poor Delivery

OFFICER (to recruit)—"Goodness gracious! Man, where are are all your shots going? Every one has missed the target."

SOLDIER (nervously)—"I don't know, sir. They left here all right."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Tell It to the Marines

The wife and daughter of Lieutenant Berry, of the Great Lakes naval training station, approaching a gate to the station were halted by a sentry on duty there who had orders to allow no one to enter by that gate.

"Sorry, but you'll have to go around to the main gate."

"Oh, but we're the Berrys."

"Lady, I don't care if you're the cat's meeow, you can't go through this gate."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Sharpshooter

Two ex-snipers were swapping very tall stories. Said the first: "I was detailed to deal with a Fritz who had given our chaps trouble for days. Locating my man, I fired just as Fritz—according to witnesses—blazed off at me. Nothing happened. I kept firing at Fritz and apparently he kept shooting at me, with no result. At length, midway in no-man's land was seen rising a small hillock, which eventually obscured our view. This proved to be a heap of metal. So true had been our aim that the bullets met in midair and dropped harmlessly on the same spot." Up spoke the other sniper: "I was told off to settle two Fritzies," he began, "but I only had one round of ammunition and could get no more. Nothing daunted, I stuck my bayonet in the ground in front of me and aimed at the tip of the blade. The bullet hit the bayonet, split in two and each half killed the German it was intended for."

Don't Kid a Private

At one of the western camps was a young rookie who, during the first few days of his sojourn, was the victim of so much guying that he doubted all men and their motives. One night while he was on guard the tall figure of one of the officers loomed up in the darkness before him. "Who goes there?" he challenged.

"Major Moses," replied the officer.

The rookie scented a new joke. "Glad to meet you, Moses, old top," he said cheerfully. "Advance and give the Ten Commandments."

Thirty a Month

"My son Moses is a fine boy, Bernstein," said Isenberg proudly. "He's enlisted, and I bet you he goes right up to the top of that army."

"Did he get a commission so soon already, Isenberg?" asked the friend.

"No; straight salary!" replied the proud father.

—*Meats from Cottonseed.*

Cootie Arithmetic

Maude Ballington Booth, in the presence of an audience of sailors and soldiers that thronged the Amsterdam Opera House, declared that while in France she had learned "cootie arithmetic." A roar of laughter and applause followed, and it was increased many fold when she defined that particular branch of military mathematics as she had heard it defined over there:

"They add to your troubles,
They subtract from your pleasure,
They divide your attention
And multiply like hell."

—*Pacific Mutual News.*

The Reward

A naval officer fell overboard. He was rescued by a deck hand. The officer asked his preserver how he could reward him.

"The best way, sir," said Jack, "is to say nothing about it. If the other fellows knew I'd pulled you out, they'd chuck me in."

The Unpardonable Sin

An officer in the 92d Division saw one of his men limping painfully as he came down the road and inquired as to the reason.

"Well, suh, Ah was done kicked by a mu-el."

"Kicked by a mule. Why, how did that happen, George?"

"Ah doan' know, suh; Ah guess Ah done fohgot to salute him."

—*Judge.*

True to Form

It is reported (unofficially) that a young Hebrew in one of the Officers' Training Camps was on guard duty and was fully equipped with the countersign and other information necessary to his task. In the course of the night he heard a noise close by and demanded: "Who goes dere, friendt or foe?"

"Friend," came a voice from the dark.

"All right, friendt," ordered the young prospective officer, "advance and gif de discount."

Praying for the Enemy

The boob visitor approached the soldier and asked:

"My good man, you are now ready to die for your country, aren't you?"

"Naw," replied the good man. "But I'm ready to help some German die for his!"

Military Mathematics

A negro company was stationed at Camp Lee, Virginia, for training during the late war. One afternoon during drill, announcement was made that next morning the company would be trained in attacking a fortification.

After the troops were dismissed, a big, awkward looking private approached the dapper young corporal in charge of his squad and said: "Corprul, what is a fortification anyhow?"

And in a tone of utter contempt for such ignorance, the corporal replied: "Don't you know no 'rithmetic a tall? Anybody ought ter know dat two twentyfications makes a fortification."

—*The Elks.*

Friend and Foe

A clergyman was delivering a funeral oration at the grave of a general. A crowd of officers stood around the speaker who wound up as follows: "In short, it may be said with truth that the deceased general never had an enemy in his life."

—*Haldeman-Julius Weekly.*

Obeying Orders

A colonel who had been promoted to general gave a banquet to his regiment.

Addressing himself to the soldiers, he said: "Fall upon the food without pity—treat it as if it were the enemy."

At the end of the banquet he observed a sergeant hiding two bottles of wine.

"What are you doing?" asked the colonel.

"Obeying orders, sir. In war, when you don't kill the enemy you take them prisoner."

—*Buen Humor* (*Madrid*).

Modest, Modest Troopers

A cavalry officer offered this one in illustration of the airs and conceit for which his branch of the service is noted.

A trooper arrived before the heavenly gates and found that things aloft were as fine as he had been led to believe. One of the receiving angels took him in charge and asked if there was anything in particular he wanted.

"Yep, I always did like choir music," said the trooper. "Get me ten thousand soprano singers!"

"An unusual request," commented the angel, "but you shall have them—anything else?"

"Ten thousand alto singers."

These were promised.

"And ten thousand tenors," ordered the trooper, "—an' that'll be all for the present."

"Well—er—how about the bassos?" inquired the angel.

"I'll sing bass."

—*Phila. Eve. Bulletin.*

THE ARTS

True Symbolism

"Wire, brier, limberlock." A professional poet read that line with enthusiasm. "True symbolism," he declared. "I don't just get its meaning, but I'll fathom it."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Literary Union

"Why, my dear man, right now my poetry is being read by twice as many people as before." "So! You went and got married, did you?"

—*Berlingske Tidene.*

Delayed

"This is the only Rembrandt for sale in Europe!"
"But you told me you had two!"
"Yes, the other isn't quite ready yet."

—*The Passing Show, London.*

Surmounting All Difficulties

DAUBER—"Yes, my parents tried hard to keep me from being an artist."

CRITIC—"I congratulate them on their success."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Artistic Eye

Joaquin Miller's humor was sometimes curious. On his precipitous farm was a barn with a bay window. When visitors asked why he built such a window, the poet solemnly replied, "To match my bay mare."

No Heavy Reading

"I want a summer book," said the girl. "Something light?" inquired the librarian. "Oh, no. I've a young man to carry it home."

—*Boston Transcript.*

No Cure Wanted

"You seem to take infinite pains with your pictures, Mr. Brush," said the young lady visitor. "Yes," replied the artist, "but, do you know, I enjoy the pains." "Then," she rejoined with a bright smile, "you pursue art for art's ache, so to speak."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Tripping Tongue

ARTIST (meeting lady friend at exhibition)—"Well, how do you like Brown's picture?"

SHE—"That one? Why, I thought it was yours—but since it isn't, I can speak freely. Miserable daub, isn't it?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

Indoor Sports

CANVASSER—"Does your husband play golf?"

LADY—"Yes."

CANVASSER—"Then I'm sure you will be interested in this set of 38 volumes I am selling; it will help you to while away many a lonely hour."

—*London Opinion.*

Contradicted Johnson

Dr. Johnson's famous dictionary, according to a writer in the *London Sphere,* in its first edition contained the statement that "the letter H seldom, perhaps never, begins any but the first syllable." John Wilkes, wit and politician, fell afoul of this assertion in this ingenious note: "The author of this remark must be a man of quick appre-hension and compre-hensive genius, but I can never forgive his un-handsome be-havior to the poor knight-hood, priest-hood, and widow-hood, nor his in-humanity to all man-hood."

—*Outlook.*

Quotation

"Mr. Appel is certainly well read. He repeated an exquisite quotation last night." "What was it?" "I can't give you the exact words, but he said he'd rather be a something in a something than a something or other in a something else."

—*Pathfinder.*

The Test

Ex-Ambassador Walter Hines Page was formerly one of the editors of *World's Work* and, like all editors, was obliged to refuse a great many stories. A lady once wrote him:

"SIR: You sent back last week a story of mine. I know that you did not read the story. For as a test I had pasted together pages 18, 19, and 20, and the story came back with these pages still pasted; and so I know you are a fraud and turn down stories without reading same."

Mr. Page wrote back:

"MADAM: At breakfast when I open an egg I don't have to eat the whole egg to discover that it is bad."

—*Writer's Monthly.*

Another Sin Listed

"Have you any worthwhile books in here?" asked the superior person.

"We have thousands of volumes, sir," replied the clerk. "I'm sure there is something in our stock to suit the most exacting taste. What do you require?"

"I want a book on synonyms."

"Just a moment, sir, until I speak to the boss. I don't believe we have any of—er—Synonym's works."

—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

Accepted

AUTHOR—"Hurrah, I've received a check for two hundred dollars for my manuscript."

FRIEND—"Who sent it?"

AUTHOR—"The railroad company. They lost my manuscript."

—*Traveler's Beacon.*

Early Efforts

EMINENT AUTHOR—"You bought a story of mine ten years ago for $25."

EDITOR—"Yes, but we haven't printed it yet."

EMINENT AUTHOR—"Well, let me have it back for $250. I've got a reputation now and don't want to spoil it."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Compleat Reviewer

A Boston man, whose early opportunities had been limited, after accumulating a fortune took to reading, and began with Shakespeare. When he had finished "the book" he remarked: "That is what I call a clever book; I do not believe there are a dozen men in Boston who could have written that book."

Unbounded Mirth

"I should like a Prometheus."

"Bound or Unbound?"

"Oh, how queer. So you sell unbound books. Why I want mine bound, of course."

"You don't understand. Both books are bound, but we have a Prometheus Bound and a Prometheus Unbound. Would you like the Bound bound or the Unbound bound?"

"Oh, either the Bound bound or the Unbound; they both seem to be bound in the end."

At this point the clerk bounds the Unbound from the customer's head, thereby breaking the binding.

"By Jove," says the customer, bounding from the store, "the bounder was bound he'd kill me."

Moral: Don't measure thickness by hat-bindings. You are bound to go wrong.

—*Appeal to Reason.*

The Safety Deposit Vault

A learned Frenchman of high position visited the great library of the royal palace in Madrid. On conversing with the librarian he found him to be a very ignorant man. The king asked his visitor what he thought of the library. "I recommend to your majesty to make the librarian the administrator of your finances." "Why so?" asked the king. "Because he does not make use of the treasure entrusted to him."

—*Haldeman-Julius Weekly.*

Running Schedule

Old Lady (to boy engrossed in cheap novel)—"How often does this elevator go up, boy?"

Elevator Boy—"It goes up at the end of every chapter, lady."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Great Scott

Yes, she assured him that she was passionately fond of Literature.

"Then you must have read Scott," he said.

"I think he's just delightful!" she exclaimed.

"Isn't the Lady of the Lake exquisite?" he asked.

"Perfectly lovely!" was her ardent reply. "I have read it a dozen times!"

"And 'Marmion' and 'Peveril of the Peak'?" "I just dote on both of them," she said.

"And 'Scott's Emulsion'?" he asked, getting somewhat suspicious.

"I think," she said, "that it's the best thing Scott ever wrote!"

—*Haldeman-Julius Weekly.*

A Nasty Crack

"Alfred Austen once remarked in affected humility that he had to write poetry to keep the wolf from the door." "I see, I see," cried the bored listener; "excellent, excellent! You read your verses to the wolf!"

—*Frank Harris in Contemporary Portraits.*

The Trade Mark

He—"I have ordered the ring, dear. What would you like to have engraved on it?"

She (a publisher's daughter)—"Well, 'All rights reserved,' I think would be rather nice."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Sports Note

Lady (in village store)—"Have you Dickens' 'Cricket on the Hearth'?"

Salesman—"No, madam, but I can show you a very good table tennis set."

—*Passing Show (London).*

The Awful Truth

Glee Clubber—"What I want to know is, am I a bass or a baritone?"

Coach—"No, you are not."

—*Yale Record.*

Modern Music

Myron had learned to sing several little songs, and his grandpa always played the piano while he sang them.

One evening we had company, and after a while he was asked to sing. Grandpa played as softly as he could so the child's voice would be heard above the piano.

They got in the middle of the song, when the youngster stopped singing and yelled out, "Hey, grandpa, give her more gas!"

A Retort Courteous

MRS. NEXDORE—"My daughter plays the piano. Perhaps you've heard her?"

MRS. NEWCOME (with great self-restraint)—"I've heard the piano."

MRS. NEXDORE—"Yes, my daughter Mary is very musical."

MRS. NEWCOME—"Ah! You have two daughters, then?"

—*Musical America.*

How He Felt

"Does my practicing make you nervous?" asked the man who was learning to play a saxophone.

"It did when I first heard the neighbors discussing it," replied the man next door, "but I'm getting so now that I don't care what happens to you."

—*Haight's Accelerator.*

Exhibit B

WANTED—Pipe Organist, who can also fill position of auto mechanic, steamfitter, or stenographer and typist, or building custodian, or handy mechanic or undertaker. A good steady position. Box M, Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.

The E String

A violinist entered a little music shop in London. "I want an E string, please," he remarked to the man behind the counter.

Producing a box the latter said: "Would you mind picking one out for yourself, sir? I 'ardly know the 'es from the shes."

—*Mink.*

Tempo

A certain famous musician joined a hunting party one day, but found the game a little too strenuous. A friend came upon him sitting placidly smoking beside a high gate, while his horse was cropping the grass nearby. "What's wrong, old man?" said the friend. "Were they calling too fast a tune for you?" The musician nodded cheerfully. "That's right," he said, and pointing toward the gate added: "This is my five-bar rest."

—Boston Transcript.

Social Music

MRS. HOYLE—"It's too bad that we were kept at home from the opera by the storm."

MRS. DOYLE—"Well, it will give us something to talk about when we do go."

—New Haven Register.

Her Sort of Singing

"How does Mrs. Jordan sing?"

"Well—if you've never heard her, you've something to look backward to."

—London Mail.

"One In Every Home"

MRS. MUSH—"And has your daughter developed along musical lines while at college?"

MRS. BLANK—"I should say so. Just name any record you want and she can tell you what's on the other side."

—Washington Cougar's Paw.

No Favorites

The choir was rehearsing a new setting of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," for the Sunday school anniversary. At verse three the choirmaster said: "Now, remember, only the trebles sing down to 'the gates of hell,' and then you all come in."

—Tit-Bits.

Classical

Said the man who was trying his best to appreciate music: "When a piece threatens every minute to be a tune and always disappoints you, it's classical."

—Christian Register.

Saxophone Blues

MOSE—"Say, Sam, how you all gettin' on with that theah saxophone of youahs?"

SAM (slowly and sadly)—"Mose, ah cain't jus' unnerstan' it. Ah blows IN de sweetes' noises you evah heered, but the mos' hell of a blah always done cum out th' othah end."

—*Princeton Tiger.*

A Row of Keys

BLINKS—"It's funny, isn't it?"

JINKS—"Yes, what?"

BLINKS—"That with all the keys there are on a piano the only one that can lock the blame thing up and give you a little rest always is missing."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Meditation in C Minor

"I suppose she gave up music when her husband died?"

"No, she still plays, but only on the black keys."

The Impressionistic

A story told by Sir Frederick Bridge concerns a musical party he once attended where they had an automatic piano.

"I could not make out the music at all," said Sir Frederick; "it sounded very abstruse, and I felt that I was not educated up to it. I whispered to a lady present, 'What is it?' 'Bach's fugue in D minor,' she whispered back.

"Afterwards I discovered that the perforated paper had been put in upside down, and the fugue was being played backwards."

—*The Trail Blazer.*

"Quite So!"

FRENCHMAN—"Ah, madame, your singing was zee most wonderful thing!"

HOSTESS (modestly)—"No, no, Count; the credit should go to my accompanist."

FRENCHMAN—"Quite so, madame, but zee Frenchman is always zee gentleman."

—*Yale Record.*

Versatile

The bass drummer with a certain band absorbed considerable liquid "notes" on a musical trip to a neighboring city.

Weary and unsteady, he mounted the train home, and when the conductor requested his ticket, he searched every pocket without locating it. Finally the conductor worked the rest of the train and returned to find him still searching.

The unwritten law of "Courtesy Always" fluttered through the conductor's mind. "Ah," said he, encouragingly, "you certainly could not have lost such a thing as your ticket."

"The devil I couldn't," retorted the disciple of Pan. "I lost a bass drum once."

—*P. R. R. Mutual Magazine.*

Improving the Race

"That novelist says he took his characters from real life."

"He should be encouraged to keep on taking them," replied Mr. Growcher. "The fewer like them in real life, the better."

—*Boston Transcript.*

A Royal Black Sheep

The story is told that George IV, when Prince Regent, wagered Sheridan a hundred guineas that he would introduce the words, "Baa, baa, black sheep!" into the King's speech without causing comment. The words were used, and George IV won the bet. Afterward, when Sheridan asked Canning whether he had noticed the interpolation, Canning replied: "Yes, but he was looking straight in your direction at the moment, so I deemed it merely a personal allusion and thought no more about it."

—*The Watchman-Examiner* (*New York*).

THE AUTOMOBILISTS

Safety First

They were a young married couple.

John for days and days had been trying to teach his nervous little wife how to drive his new car.

One fair afternoon they were out on a narrow little country road with the car and wifey managed to drive along nicely for a short distance.

Suddenly, at the sight of a large tree looming up on the side of the road, she exclaimed: "John, you take the car! Here comes a tree!"

—*P. R. R. Mutual Magazine.*

Offer Accepted

An ancient car chugged painfully up to the gates of the races. The gatekeeper, demanding the usual fee for automobiles, called: "A dollar for the car!" The owner looked up with a pathetic smile of relief. "Sold," he said.

—*McKendree Review.*

He Earned It

HOSPITAL NURSE—"You wish to see the young man injured in the motor accident. You are the lady he was with?"

GWENDOLYN—"Yes, I thought it would be only fair to give him the kiss he was trying for."

—*London Humorist.*

The Text

Little Willie had been hearing his father rave about his new car and its ability to take the steepest hills. At the Sunday supper table, he suddenly dumbfounded his parents by demanding: "Pa, does the Lord Almighty own a Dash Six, too?"

"Great Scott! No, son—why?"

"Well, at Sunday School we had a hymn that went, 'If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.'"

Stop!

"He heard the toot, but tried to scoot
And beat the choo-choo to it.
The poor galoot now twangs a lute—
Take heed and don't you do it."

Look!!

At fifty miles
Drove Ollie Skidder;
He hit a train
Please help his Widder.

Listen!!!

Oh, bust out in tears,
For Oliver McPlaster;
His car was quite fast,
But the train was quite faster!

—*P. R. R. Mutual Magazine.*

Genuine Ford Joke

Henry Ford, who believes in using his own cars, was in the suburbs of Detroit one day and saw a driver of a Ford car trying to start his machine. Ford got out of his car and tendered his services and in a few minutes the stalled car was ready to run again. The owner pulled a half dollar from his pocket and offered it to Ford, saying, "Stop at the first place and get yourself some cigars."

The money was declined with the statement, "I have more money now than I can find any use for, and I was only too glad to help you get your car started again."

The owner of the rejuvenated car looked at the Good Samaritan and then at Ford's car, and said with emphasis, "You're a liar. If you had more money than you knew what to do with, you wouldn't be running a Ford."

—*W.-E.*

Heredity Again

"How did you lose your tooth, Johnny?" asked the neighbor, according to an exchange. "Shifting gears on a lollipop," returned the motorist's boy.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Covered!

Bumping into a pedestrian, a tourist slightly dented a fender. Instantly stopping the car, the occupant climbed out and proceeded to examine the machine with deep concern. He then turned to the pedestrian and asked: "Are you insured?" "Yes." "Good. So is the car."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Limitation of Mr. Ford

His
Biz
Is
Liz.

—*New York Sun.*

Thoughtfulness

AGED PEDESTRIAN—"You young minx! Why didn't you toot your horn when you saw me in the middle of the road?"

FLAPPERETTE—"Oh, I thought it would be more merciful if you didn't know what struck you. Goodbye."

—*American Life Central.*

Much in Demand

SMITHERS—"Mabel drives her car, so does her dad, aunt, mother, and two brothers."

WITHERS—"Who has it most of the time?"

SMITHERS—"The garage man."

—*Princeton Tiger.*

Life in the Open

"Well, if we can't get a house we'll live in our sedan." "Don't be foolish, George. We could not receive guests in our sedan." "You won't miss the social atmosphere. Plenty of cops will leave cards."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Quick Recovery

MOTORIST (who has crashed into milliner's window)—"My wife wishes to buy that hat there in the corner."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Ins and Outs

A taxi-driver recently got the worst of a wordy bout.

An old man with a wheelbarrow wouldn't get out of the way, and the taxi-man shouted: "You ought to be wheeling a pram!"

"And you ought to be in it," replied the old man.

—*Brisbane Mail.*

Does Your Horn Work?

CHAUFFEUR—"I tried to warn the man, but the horn would not work."

JUDGE—"Why didn't you slacken speed and give the man a chance to get out of the road?"

CHAUFFEUR—"Gosh, Your Honor, I never thought of that."

—*Rochester (N. H.) Courier.*

Interesting

HANDSOME SALESMAN—"Couldn't I interest you in an automobile?"

PRETTY GIRL—"Perhaps you could. Come around in one some day."

—*Stevens Stone Wall.*

Comment Enough

SHE—"Has anyone commented on the way you drive your new car?"

HE—"Yes; one man made a brief remark: 'Twenty dollars and costs.'"

—*Buffalo Evening Times.*

She Wanted the Scales

She was new as a driver. She just missed the fire hydrant, ran over the curb, and brought her electric finally to a stop in front of a sidewalk filling station.

"Bring out your scales, please," she said.

"Scales?" queried the tank tender, puzzled.

"Yes," she replied. "See how many pounds of air I need in my tires."

—*Service.*

Mother Goose Again

Sing a song of sixty miles,
And every hill on high,
But a burly motor cop
Saw them going by.

When the cop had caught them,
Oh, then they did not sing!
Was not that a foolish way
To spend a day in spring?

—*Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.*

Experienced Advisor

One rainy evening a tourist in Central Arkansas stopped at the Smithville garage to inquire about the condition of the road to Punkton, which was not hard-surfaced.

"Couldn't say," drawled the garage man in response to the stranger's question.

"Do you know anybody who might know about it?" asked the tourist.

"There's a feller that works here what would," answered the native after a brief pause.

"Can I see him?"

"Wal," replied the garage man slowly, "ye'll have to wait awhile. He got stuck in the mud on that road this mornin' an' he ain't out yit."

—*Pennac News.*

Change the Road

The motor car was bumping and jolting along the country road at a pace of about four miles an hour. The road seemed unworthy of the name—it was more like a cart-track. There were holes nearly everywhere, and where there weren't holes there were ruts.

The passenger in the back seat began to get very fed up after about an hour spent in traveling in this way. He leant over to the driver and said:

"Are you sure we've taken the best road?"

"I'm sure we've not," replied the driver. "But I'm pretty sure that some one else has, and a nice thing they've left in its place."

—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A Glanded Car

A negro was up before the judge on a traffic charge.

"Black boy, how fast were you traveling?"

"Wal, jedge, I reckon it was close to seventy-fo' miles an hour."

"Nigger, what kind of a car do you drive?"

"A Ford, sah."

"Boy, don't you know that no Ford will go that fast?"

"Jedge, yo jess doan understan'; dis Ford am different—it's got Packard glands."

—*Betsy Ross News.*

Rules For Jay Walkers

Every morning, phone the doctor and the undertaker, giving itinerary for the day. This will avoid delays in reaching you with the ambulance.

Always carry a card bearing the names of the doctor, the undertaker, your favorite hospital, the beneficiaries of your life insurance policies, and those you have remembered in your will.

Don't put off for tomorrow what you can do today. The life of a jaywalker is a gay one but short and uncertain.

Choose the busiest street in the city for jaywalking stunts, preferably at the rush hours where there are more spectators. The more automobiles the greater the danger. The greater the danger, the more sport you will get out of it.

Don't pay any attention to traffic signals. You won't hurt an automobile if you collide with one.

Wear blinders. If more convenient, bury your head in an umbrella or a newspaper. The effect is the same.

Let the motorist do the worrying. That is one of the privileges of driving a car.

Don't be concerned about your debts; remember, dead men pay no bills.

If you are not hit the first time, don't get discouraged. There is a jay driver on almost any street and it is only a matter of time till you two meet.

—*National Safety Council.*

Ambitions of Youth

The boy who once wished his dad had a candy store now has a son who wishes his dad had a filling station.

—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Careless Engineer

Gentle hands were lifting Pat from the wreckage of his automobile, which had just been struck at a grade crossing by a fast passenger train. "How did it happen?" asked a friend, who was with the rescue party. "Begorra," fumed Pat, "'tis more than I can understand. Ye'd have thought that the engineer of the train could have seen me comin' in broad daylight!"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Attention to Business

It was the dear old lady's first ride in a taxi, and she watched with growing alarm as the driver continually put his hand outside the car as a signal to the traffic following. At last she became exasperated. "Young man," she said, "you look after that car of yours and watch where you're driving. I'll tell you when it starts raining."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

The Nude Truth

WELL-MEANING STRANGER—"Perhaps I can help you—there are one or two things I can tell you about your make of car."

MOTORIST—"Well, keep them to yourself, there are ladies present."

—*Bystander.*

The Accident of Birth

The following news item appeared in a metropolitan newspaper recently: "Rastus Johnson accidently drove his car into the parade of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. He would have been 39 years old next September."

In Yet a Little While

LIFE INSURANCE AGENT—"One moment, sir, before I fill in your application. What make of car do you drive?"

CLIENT—"I don't drive any. I hate them!"

INSURANCE AGENT—"Sorry, sir, but our company no longer insures pedestrians!"

—*The Passing Show (London).*

The Matter of Charges

OWNER—"What will it cost me to have my car fixed?"
GARAGEMAN—"What's the matter with it?"
OWNER—"I don't know."
GARAGEMAN—"Forty-eight dollars and 50 cents."

—*Arkansas Utility News.*

And Ease of Operation

"Such a time may come, at that," mused Brown. "Just what time are you speaking of?" inquired Black. "The time when it will be as easy to change a tire as it now is for a woman to change her mind," replied Brown.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Don't Sass the Cop

MOTORIST—"It's preposterous, old man. I'm an expert driver. What I know about driving would fill a book."
CONSTABLE—"And what you don't know would fill a hospital. Give us your name and address, now."

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

The Old-Fashioned Kind

DIFFICULT CUSTOMER—"I can't remember the name of the car I want—I think it starts with 'T.'"
EXASPERATED SALESMAN—"Madame, all our cars start with gasoline."

—*The Passing Show (London).*

Not So Bad as All That

MISS ROUGE—"I'm so sorry to hear of your motor accident."
MOTORING FRIEND—"Oh, thanks; it's nothing. I expect to live through many more."
MISS ROUGE—"Oh, I hope not."

—*Toronto Telegram.*

Just as Good

The force was out to lunch—leaving the bookkeeper alone in the store. A handsome young chap strode in. "Do they keep automobile accessories here?" he asked. The little bookkeeper smiled her sweetest. "Only me," she replied.

—*Good Hardware.*

Keep Cool

"Doggone, I can't get the bus started. The engine is cold, I guess," growled Dumbbell. "That's odd," said his wife. "I should think it would be the gears that were cold; you said they were stripped, while I noticed you had a blanket over the engine."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Rules for Autoists

Rules published recently for autoists numbered 10. They were all right. But they need amendment. Here's the way they should read:

1. The cop is always right. Don't sass him.
2. Never crowd a truck to the curb.
3. Never sass a cop.
4. Never run over a crossing cop's feet.
5. Never sass a cop.
6. Steer around the lamp posts in the middle of the boulevard.
7. Never sass a cop.
8. Always give a woman enough room to change her mind.
9. Never sass a cop.
10. Try to avoid running into the mounted policeman's horse.
11. Never sass a cop.
12. When you have been given a summons make it a point to appear. Judges appreciate this.
13. Never sass a cop.
14. Never try to beat a fire engine to the crossing. Picking you up will delay the firemen.
15. Never sass a cop.

—*Current Affairs.*

Another F—— One

It was a hot sultry day in a great city. Seven cars were lined up in front of a busy filling station. Third from the end stood a leaking, steaming, rattling little five-passenger. In due time the line dwindled and the little five-passenger found itself parallel with the gas pump. "How many?" the man asked impatiently.

"One," answered Mr. Fliv, with the air of a Rockerfellow.

"One? What cha' tryin' to do? Wean it?"

Extra! Big Accident!

"I witnessed an accident at Twelfth and Grand this afternoon. A man started to cross without waiting for the traffic policeman's signal, and——" "Of course, a motor car knocked him down and ran over him?" "No, nothing happened to him. That is why I say it was an accident."

—*Kansas City Star.*

An Anthracite

"I bought a car yesterday."
"What kind is it?"
"It's an 'Ash.'"
"You mean a 'Nash,' don't you?"
"No; 'Ash'—second-hand 'Cole.'"

—*Powerfax.*

Pretty Fast

First Officer—"Did you get that fellow's number?"
Second Ditto—"No, he was going too fast."
First—"Say, that was a fine-looking dame in the car."
Second—"Wasn't she!"

—*Travelers' Beacon.*

Time and Time Again

A Seattle woman driving too fast to a card party won't be there for ninety days now.

—*Huntington Adviser.*

That's nothing. A Massachusetts man, driving somewhere in a hurry, tried to beat a train across a crossing—and won't get there at all!

—*Travelers' Protection.*

The Town Boosters

Crawford—"The growth of motoring must have brightened up the place where you live."
Crabshaw—"Surest thing you know. We must either eliminate the grade crossing or enlarge the hospital."

—*Judge.*

Betty Bumpem

Jack—"I say! How long did it take you to learn to drive?"
Betty—"Only four cars."

—*London Opinion.*

Race Suicide

At sixty miles
Drove Willie Smidder;
He lost control
His wife's a widder.
—*Town and Country, Pennsburg, Pa.*

Here lies what's left
Of Henry Glenn;
Match in gas tank—
Up went Hen.
—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Bill Turpin sneered
At careful folk;
He hasn't sneered
Since his axle broke.
—*Pitt Panther.*

Ben Higgins never would be passed,
He bragged his car's endurance.
He passed six cars with backward glance—
His wife has his insurance.
Pitt Panther.

He tried to cross the railroad track
Before a rushing train;
They put the pieces in a sack,
But couldn't find the brain.
—*Sarasota Times.*

Lies slumbering here
One William Lake;
He heard the bell
But had no brake.

At fifty miles
Drove Ollie Pidd,
He thought he wouldn't
Skid, but did.

Always Do Your Best

UNLUCKY MOTORIST (having killed the lady's puppy)—"Madam, I will replace the animal."
LADY—"Sir, you flatter yourself."
—*Bison.*

Faithful Unto Death

OLD GENTLEMAN (engaging a new chauffeur)—"I suppose I can write to your last employer for your character?"

CHAUFFEUR—"I'm sorry to say, sir, each of the last two gentlemen I have been with died in my service."

—*Punch (London).*

Municipal Economy

"What has become of that bad curve just outside of Plunkville?"

"The town did away with it."

"A good idea."

"Yes, it was cheaper to do that than to build a hospital."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*

A Spinning Lily

HE—"There she goes in her new car. I always envy Lily."

SHE—"Well, I suppose she was called that because, though she doesn't toil much, she certainly does a lot of spinning."

—*London Mail.*

THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN

Nation-Wide Distribution

Several traveling men in a Chicago hotel were one day boasting of the business done by their respective firms, when one of the drummers said:

"No house in the country, I am proud to say, has more men and women pushing its line of goods than mine."

"What do you sell?" he was asked.

"Baby carriages," said the drummer as he fled from the room.

—*R. O. F.*

They Meant Business

A man slipped on a banana-peel and executed a very funny fall, not being hurt, as it turned out, but having his dignity somewhat ruffled. When he recovered a moment later a friend was holding his hat and a number of people had formed a circle.

"What do these idlers want?" he snarled.

"They are not idlers," explained his friend soothingly. "Here's a doctor who wants to look you over, a lawyer ready to bring suit for you and a producer of comic films who would like to sign you up."

—*Seacoast News.*

With Thanks

Laboring mightily, a little lad was pushing a handcart loaded with broken stone, and ten times too big for him. A kindly passerby put his shoulder to the wheel and helped him.

When they arrived at the top of the hill, he said to the boy, in front of the crowd of idlers that had collected:

"I call it an outrage to give a kid like you a job like that! Why didn't you tell your employer it was too heavy for you?"

"I did."

"And what did the big bully say?"

"Well, he said, 'Go ahead with it—you're sure to find some fool loafer on the way to give you a hand.'"

—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris).*

No Stone Unturned

A traveling salesman who lost his watch in Syracuse reported it to the chief of police, who said he would not leave a stone unturned until it was found. Recently the salesman, visiting Syracuse, was walking up Salina street; seeing the bed of the old canal all dug up, he immediately rushed to police headquarters and said to the chief: "Stop digging up your town. The watch wasn't worth it."

—*Judge.*

Banking Hours

A woman went to her bank and, not finding the cashier who usually waited on her there, asked where he was.

"Out of town," said the assistant.

"Gone for a rest?" asked the woman.

"No, to avoid it," replied the clerk.

Strictly Commercial

"We have a mummy in this museum," said the guide, "that has had some wheat in his hand since the days of the Pharaohs."

"Well," rejoined Mr. Dustin Stax, "I'd advise him not to hold on any longer. Wheat'll never be any higher."

—*Washington Star.*

What He Wanted to Know

The gentlemanly, mild-voiced adjuster inquired of a hard-of-hearing citizen: "Is it the consensus of neighborhood opinion that Jobson's fire originated from some natural cause, by accident, or has it an incendiary atmosphere?"

The citizen not hearing, his wife loudly translated to him: "What der man wants ter know is, was Jobson's fire ketched or sot."

—*Glens Falls Now and Then.*

Everything Arranged For

The footpad's victim looked nervously down the barrel of a vicious looking gun.

"Be c-careful w-with that," he gibbered. "It might go off."

"Ah, well," said the footpad, "I can easily reload."

—*Pennac News.*

Careful Preparation Always Counts

The prison guard became impatient after he had for an hour watched the convict's futile efforts to break a big rock.

"Here, gimme that sledge," he demanded, and with one mighty blow smashed the rock.

"Well, no wonder," replied the prisoner aggrievedly, "after I'd been softening it up for you."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Modesty

The friend of a certain captain of industry once applied to the great man for a job for his son, just out of college.

"He's a bright, honest, modest young man," said the proud father, "if I do say so myself."

"Modest?" snorted the industrial captain. "What has he ever done to be modest about?"

—*Youth's Companion.*

Anti-Success

Charles M. Schwab said in the course of a Y. M. C. A. success talk:

"Then there is the anti-success spirit. Two workmen were wheeling dirt in barrows. The boss went up to one of them and said:

" 'Look here, you! Your mate's wheeling four barrow-loads to your one!'

" 'Well,' said the workman, 'don't blame me. I've told him about it half a dozen times already.' "

—*Phila. Evening Bulletin.*

Push!

A wealthy motorist, while traveling through a Mississippi town, approached a gasoline station only to find the tender a lazy country boy.

"Here, boy," said the motorist, "I want some gasoline. And get a move on you! You'll never get anywhere in the world unless you push. Push is essential. When I was young, I pushed and that got me where I am."

"Well, governor," replied the boy, "I reckon you'll have to push again, 'cause we ain't got a drop o' gas in the place."

—*Forbes.*

Now Works for Neptune

PAT—"Mike was drowned last night."
JAKE—"Couldn't he swim?"
PAT—"Yes, but he was a union man; he swam for eight hours and then he quit."

—*Borden Eagle.*

The Glassy Stare

'A' gentleman desiring to borrow some money called upon the president of a prominent bank and told his story in an appealing manner.

After listening, the banker said:

"My friend, I'll make you a sporting proposition—a sort of 'fifty-fifty' proposal. It is not generally known that I have a glass eye."

The visitor looked at the banker closely and said: "I never suspected that!"

"Few do," replied the banker, looking at the man with a straight face. "Now if you will tell me which of my eyes is glass, I will make you a loan without a moment's hesitation."

"It is your left eye," was the quick response.

"You are right," said the banker. "But how could you tell?"

"Well," replied the applicant for a loan, "I noticed during the time I was telling my story that your left eye was the more sympathetic."

—*Judge.*

The Point of View

MORRIS—"How's business with you, Bernie?"
BERNIE—"Oh, lookin' up."
MORRIS—"What do you mean, lookin' up?"
BERNIE—"Well, it's flat on its back, ain't it?"

—*St. John (N. B.) Evening Times and Star.*

A Good Investment

Here's another life insurance testimonial. A woman thanked an insurance company for prompt payment thus: "August 9th my husband took out a policy. In less than a month he was drowned. I consider insurance a good investment."

—*Marshall County News.*

The Jingling Advertiser

By the shores of Cuticura,
By the sparkling Pluto Water,
Lived the Prophylactic Chiclet—
Danderine, fair Buick's daughter.
She was loved by Instant Postum,
Son of Camels and Victrola;
Heir apparent to the Mazda;
Of the tribe of Coca Cola.
Through the darkness strolled the lovers —
Through the Shredded Wheat they wandered—
Lovely little Wrigley Chiclet;
Washed by Fairy, fed by Postum.
No Pyrene can quench the fire,
Nor any Asperin still the heartache
Of my Presto-lite desire,
Let us marry, little Djer-Kiss.

—*Author Unknown.*

Life and Hope

Quotation from a letter received in the Application Division: "Applicant's maternal grandfather died about four years ago, of old age. He had also died about twenty years ago, and was placed in a coffin and as the funeral procession was proceeding, changed his mind, gave a signal that staying in a coffin was not pleasant. He was given medical attention and got well."

Moral: Where there's life, there's hope.

—*American Life Central.*

Early Training

Cohen placed a ladder against the side of the house, then called his son Abie, aged seven, and made him climb to the top of it.

"Now jump," commanded Cohen.

"I'm afraid," wailed Abie.

Cohen held out his arms.

"Do as papa tells you—jump—papa is here."

Finally Abie did jump. Cohen stepped aside and Abie fell with a bump.

"Now, let that teach you a lesson never to trust anybody," said Cohen.

Cast Away

With one terrific split the rolling ship sank slowly beneath the waves. All the passengers were thrown into the sea, and among these were two men who happened to be clinging to the same spar.

Toward the end of the second day, one of them sighted a ship, and, with renewed hope, he cried to his companion:

"Ikey, I see a sail!"

"Vat good does that do us?" replied Ikey, "Ve ain't got no samples!"

—*American Life Central.*

Not Really!

IRATE PARENT—"I'll have no more of this, sir! You are wasting your life. You'll start at my office to-morrow at eight!"

SON (*aghast*)—"W-what, in the morning?"

—*Humorist (London).*

"Retiring from Business"

An old Hebrew was dying. His family gathered at his bedside, and as the old man was breathing his last they asked him to tell them the names of the people who owed him money. This he did, naming one by one about a dozen debtors.

"Now, Father"—the son bent over him—"tell us the names of the people to whom you owe money."

"They should die and tell you," the old gentleman replied.

—*Metropolitan.*

Easy Solution

A young salesman had embezzled from his kind-hearted employer a considerable sum of money and had lost every cent of it on the races. He was apprehended, and the boss didn't know just what to do about it.

"Keep him on the job and deduct what he owes you from his pay," counselled an adviser.

"But" wailed the victim, "the amount is too large. He could never make it up that way. His wages are too small."

The other ruminated for a moment. Then his face cleared.

"Well, then, raise his salary," he suggested.

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Lost and Found

Gelatine Travers is negotiating with his bankers with a view toward establishing a chain of public and Pullman washrooms in Kansas City. He has been watching the want ads, and figures that a fortune can be made in washrooms in a short time, owing to the fabulous number of valuable diamond rings left in them.

—*Kansas City Star.*

Only Be Careful

"Where were you employed last?" asked the boss of the fair applicant.

"In a doll factory, sir."

"And what were your duties there?"

"Making eyes."

"Very well. You are engaged; but please don't demonstrate your capabilities when my wife is around."

—*Boston Transcript.*

His Far Off Only Job

SETTLEMENT WORKER—"What makes your husband look so worried, Mrs. Mixer?"

MRS. MIXER—"He's dreadin' the time, ma'am, when he'll have to go back to work."

"Whom does he work for and what does he do, Mrs. Mixer?"

"He works for the Salvation Army, ma'am. He Santa Clauses."

—*Judge.*

The Optimistic Angle

An inmate of a certain penal institution recently received a call from the warden, who said:

"I understand you got in jail on account of a glowing mining prospectus."

"Yes," admitted the gentlemanly prisoner. "I was quite optimistic."

"Well," continued the warden, "the governor wants a report on conditions in this jail. I want you to write it."

—*Harper's.*

The Skeptic

"Hear poor old Jones is dead. How did it happen?"

"Too much belief in man's honor. He read ninety-eight cigarette manufacturers' ads, each claiming that their product was the best in the market, and smoked himself to death before he found out which told the truth."

Selling in a Poke

BARNEY BERNARD, the stage "Abe Potash," tells a story. It seems that a salesman was sitting in a Pullman talking to two gentlemen, when one of them mentioned that he had been given an opportunity to secure an especially good bargain in a fine Pomeranian.

"For how much?"

"One hundred dollars."

"Call that a bargain? I could sell you a better one for sixty."

"Sold."

So the salesman wired back to the main office in New York: "Have just sold a Pomeranian for sixty. What is it?"

—Penn Mutual News Letter.

Economics

Two men stood watching a steam shovel at work. With a clatter and a roar the shovel bit into the steep bank, closed on a cartload of earth and dumped it on a waiting flatcar.

"It makes me wild," said the first onlooker, "to see that monster taking the bread out of good men's mouths. Look at it. Why, it's filling up those wagons faster than a hundred men with picks and shovels could do it!"

The other shook his head and answered: "See here, mister, if it would be better to employ a hundred men with picks and shovels on this job, wouldn't it be better still, by your way of thinking, to employ a thousand men with forks and tablespoons?"

—Uncle Sam's Almanac.

Genius

MR. GASSAM—"Yes, I suppose I can claim to be a financial success, and just think, I started business with a shoestring."

MISS GREEN—"Mercy! It's genius! A man who could get anybody to buy one shoestring couldn't help but succeed."

—Boston Transcript.

Not So Badly

"Your hair wants cutting badly, sir," said a barber, insinuatingly, to a customer.

"No, it doesn't," replied the man in the chair; "it wants cutting nicely. You cut it badly last time."

What Do You Know?

As a club member went by, a lounger in the smoking room remarked: "That fellow doesn't know beans."

"What good is it to know beans?" remanded a grouchy member.

"Well, I know one man who draws a big salary for grading vanilla."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Hard on Bill

ENGLISH NAVVY: "It's hard on Bill, bein' so short-sighted."

SECOND DITTO: "Why? Yer don't need partickler good eyesight for our job."

FIRST: "No, but 'e can't see when the foreman ain't lookin', so 'e 'as to keep a workin' all the time."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Businesslike

We all know how easily we can slip into the vernacular of the shop, but the instance of the banker called upon to say grace shows how the habits of routine may become evident at unexpected occasions. "Dear Lord, we thank Thee for all Thy favors of recent date. Permit us to express our heartfelt gratitude. We trust that we may continue to merit Your confidence and that we shall receive many more blessings from You in the future. Amen."

The Show Window

An old fellow on his death-bed, in making his will, murmured to his lawyer: "And to each of my employees who have been with me twenty years or more I bequeath £2000."

"Holy smoke! What generosity!" the lawyer exclaimed.

"No, not at all," said the sick man. "You see, none of them have been with me over a year; but it will look good in the papers, won't it?"

—*Liverpool Post.*

Very Unsatisfactory

"I don't think there's anything wrong in asking for an increase of salary," said the clerk to his employer. "You may remember you promised me a raise when I had been with you a year."

"I know I did," rejoined the employer, "but didn't I make it conditional upon your giving me every satisfaction?"

"And in what way, sir, haven't I given you satisfaction?" asked the clerk.

"In what way?" replied the employer, with a show of anger. "Do you think you are satisfying me in asking for a raise?"

—*Life and Letters.*

Miraculous Friction

The insurance adjuster who had been investigating the fire turned to go.

"I came down here to find out the cause of this fire and I have done so," he remarked.

"That's what I want to know. What caused it?" remarked the house owner.

"It's a plain case of friction."

"What-ya-mean—friction?"

"The fire was undoubtedly caused by rubbing a $3,000 insurance policy on a $2,000 house."

-Houston Post.

Who—Steve Brodie?

"Is he a good salesman?"

"He sold framed copies of the Declaration of Independence in England."

—*Judge.*

Coverage

Abel Faivre, a French cartoonist of note, who designed the best poster of the war, "On les aura," the "We'll-get-them" poster, once perpetrated an insurance joke. One of his cartoons shows a fireman rescuing from a burning building a corpulent lady in a state of nature—what was conventional with Mother Eve, but not approved by the department stores of the present time. The gallant and considerate life saver inquires of his burden if she is not afraid of catching cold. "Oh, no," she replies, "I am covered by insurance!"

—*Life and Letters.*

Super Salesmanship

"Dad," asked little Freddie, "what does the newspaper mean by speaking of scientific salesmanship?"

"Well, my boy," replied the father, "it means selling a dress suit to a man who came into the shop to buy a pair of gloves."

—*Store Chat.*

The Fair Proposition

"So the heiress refused Jack?"

"Yes; it's too bad. He made a very fair proposition, too."

"What was it?"

"He promised to be a good husband, and offered to refund the money if he did not turn out exactly as represented."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Carefully Noted

A sales-manager was administering a well-deserved call-down to one of his salesmen recently. The salesman got huffy and said, "Don't talk to me that way. I take orders from no man."

To that the sales manager replied softly, "I noticed that in the report of your last trip."

Scientific Management

Editor Oswald Harrison Villard said at an advertising men's banquet in New York: "Business men are flighty. They have strange crazes. Scientific management was like the old farmer in the malarial swamp district of Maryland. The farmer's son withdrew his knife from his mouth one morning, pushed his plate of pie back wearily and said: 'Pap, my chill's a-comin' on.'

" 'Be she?' said the farmer, as he rose briskly. 'Wall, hold her jest a minute till I git the churn fixed up for ye.' "

—*The Argonaut.*

Carry On

"How's this?" asked the lawyer. "You've named six bankers in your will to be pallbearers. Of course it's all right, but wouldn't you rather choose some friends with whom you are on better terms?"

"No, judge, that's all right. Those fellows have carried me so long, they might as well finish the job."

—*Bankers' Monthly.*

Trained in College

"Have you had any experience in salesmanship?" asked a sales manager of a college graduate applying for a job.

"O, yes," replied the other confidently, "I assisted for two years in selling the seats for the Yale-Harvard football game."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

More Deadly Than the Male

Recently a woman depositor entered a Boston bank to make a deposit. She had some bills and checks to deposit, so she procured a deposit slip which required the listing of bills, specie, and checks. She listed her bills and checks in their respective places, but was somewhat in doubt as to what to list under specie. After a few moments' thought she wrote after the word specie "Female" and turned in her deposit.

—*New York Mail.*

New Check Protector

A woman went to the bank and asked for a new check book. "I've lost the one you gave me yesterday," she said. "But it doesn't matter. I took the precaution of signing all the checks as soon as I got it, so, of course, it won't be any use to anyone else."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Pressing Suits

A man with a bundle thrust his head and then his body into an office. The following dialogue then took place:

"I've brought these clothes for you to press," said the caller. "The man next door says you're a bird at pressing suits."

"Well," said the occupant of the office, "the man next door is right, only this isn't a tailor's shop—it's a lawyer's office.

—*Central Law Journal.*

A Bit Strong

"Are you sure these field-glasses are high power?" asked the lady potential customer.

"Madame," replied the ambitious salesman, "when you use these glasses anything less than ten miles away looks like it's behind you."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

A Come-on Game

FRIEND: "Why do you have such misspelled and ungrammatical signs in your front window?"

SHARP MERCHANT: "People think I am a dunce and come in to swindle me. Trade's just booming."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

The Joy Killer

DRUGGIST (to his stout wife): "Don't come into the shop for a minute. I am trying to sell six bottles of my fat-reducing mixture."

—*Photo Digest.*

Same Here

DRUGGIST (*to desperate-looking customer*): A gram of arsenic? I can't let you have it without a prescription. If you want to kill somebody, why don't you get a revolver?—you are free to buy them in six-dozen lots.

—*L'Illustration* (*Paris*).

A Remarkable Man

A woman walked into a store and said to the clerk: "I want a small, narrow comb, about so long, for a slightly bald man with celluloid teeth."

—*Successful Farming.*

Thanks

"Mother, my watch needs a thorough cleaning. Shall I take it to Gilson's?"

"No, child. Mr. Gilson has done several little 'thank you' jobs for us lately. He'd tuck on the price this time. Take it to Marley's."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Equivalent

The new clerk was trained to believe that if you did not have the article demanded by the customer you should try to sell her something else.

A woman came in and asked for grape-fruit.

"No, ma'am, we have no grapefruit, but we have grapenuts, grape-jelly, and grape-juice," was his illuminating reply.

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

Tonsorial Salesmanship

"Poor Jim has been sent to a lunatic asylum," said the barber, flourishing a shining razor over his customer.

"Who's Jim?" said the man in the chair.

"Jim is my twin brother, sir. Jim kept brooding over the hard times, an' I suppose he finally got crazy."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; he and me worked side by side for years, and we are so alike we couldn't tell each other apart. We both brooded a great deal, too. No money in this business now."

"What's the reason?"

"Prices too low. Unless a customer takes a shampoo, it doesn't pay to shave or hair cut. Poor Jim, I caught him trying to cut a customer's throat because he refused a shampoo so I had to have the poor fellow locked up. Makes me sad. Sometimes I feel sorry I didn't let him slash all he wanted to. It might have saved his reason: Shampoo, sir?"

"Yes."

—*Globe and Anchor.*

Adapting the Sales Talk

An elderly lady entered a shop and asked to be shown some tablecloths. The salesman brought a pile and showed them to her, but she said she had seen those elsewhere—nothing suited her.

"Haven't you something new?" she asked.

The clerk then brought another pile and showed them to her.

"These are the newest pattern," he said. "You will notice that the edge runs right around the border and the center is in the middle."

"Isn't that lovely!" said the lady. "I will take half a dozen of those."

—*Life.*

Over the River

CUSTOMER: "I want some consecrated lye."

DRUGGIST: "You mean concentrated lye."

"It does notmeg any difference. That's what I camphor. What does it sulfur?"

"Fifteen scents. I never cinnamon with so much wit."

"Well, I should myrrh-myrrh! Yet I ammonia novice at it."

Of Course!

BING: "Do you have animal crackers?"
BANG: "Here, boy, show this gentleman the dog biscuits."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

The Irish Dividend

"How much are yer fish, Mr. Goldstein?"
"Eight cents a pound, Mrs. O'Brien."
"I'll take two of thim. How much will they be?"
"Let's see. Eight pounds—eight times eight are eighty-eight. Take 'em for seventy-five cents, Mrs. O'Brien."
"Thank ye, Mr. Goldstein, I'll do that. Ye're always good to the Irish—I'll say that for ye."
And the trade was closed.

—*Nuggets.*

Barbers, Attention!

TONY: "You wanta de hair cut?" asked Tony, the Italian Barber. "Den I calla my brother Petro."
PATRON: "Is he better at hair-cutting than you?"
TONY: "Petro mucha better. He tella da wonderful ghosta story an' maka de hair rise, an' he no lossa time holdin' it up wid da comba."

—*The Trail Blazer.*

Photographic Magic

A lady called at a studio for a sitting. The photographer made two negatives and promised the proofs for the following day.
The next day her husband called for the proofs, but the photographer showed him only one. The husband said: "My understanding was that there were to be two proofs."
"I did make two sittings of your wife," replied the photographer, "but in one she held her lips apart and showed the end of her tongue."
"My Lord," gasped the husband, "let me see that one. I didn't know that there was an end to it."

—*Photo Digest.*

Hot Dog!

SHE: "Wot 'ave yer got in the shape of bananas to-day?"
STREET MERCHANT: "Cucumbers, lady."

—*The Tattler* (*London*).

The Mirror

PRETTY CASHIER: "You might give me a week off to regain my health. My beauty is beginning to fade."

MANAGER: "Why do you think so?"

PRETTY CASHIER: "The men are beginning to count their change."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

Slight Error

BILL: "Old Perkins, proprietor of the general merchandise store at Mesquite Corners, fired his head clerk."

WILL: "Why was that?"

BILL: "Why, he put up the slogan: 'Best in the Long Run,' over the silk hose counter."

Keep to Right

She was a new receptionist. She had a slow mind and a quick tongue and thought herself awfully smart.

A timid-looking man entered the studio. "Do you keep photo mailers?" asked he.

"No, we sell them," snapped she.

"Well," said he, "you'll keep the ones you might have sold me. Good morning."

—*The Photo Digest.*

Going

Smith had bought a store as a going concern. In six months' time it had failed. Later on, meeting the original owner, he halted him, and said: "You know that business you sold me as a going concern?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"Well, it's gone!" remarked Smith shortly.

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

Technical Term

A shoemaker in a Nova Scotia town had considerable trouble in getting his customers to claim and pay for their boots and shoes, and in order to hurry up matters put the following sign in his window: "All boots and shoes left at this shop and not claimed within 30 days will be soled."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Tested and Warranted

SHOPPER: "That skunk fur looks mighty nice. Will it hold up if rained on?"

SALESMAN: "Sure, Madam. Did you ever see a skunk carrying an umbrella?"

—*Penn. R. R. Mutual Magazine.*

Fair or Fowl

The floorwalker approached the rather perturbed-looking young man just inside the entrance of the department store.

"You look as though you wished some sort of information, sir. Can I be of service to you?"

"I don't know," said the perspiring young man. "I was told to go in here and purchase either a camisole or a casserole, and for the life of me I can't remember which."

"Well," said the floorwalker, patiently, "if you'll tell me what kind of a chicken you propose to put in it, perhaps I can help you."

—*Forbes.*

With Nature's Aid

IKEY (*eagerly*): "Fadder, I vos in de woods an' I saw a nest full of young birts an' dey did nothing but sing 'Cheep! Cheep!'"

COHENSTEIN: "Mine gracious, Ikey! get all dem birts you can. I'll hang dem in der front of der store and let dem holler 'bout der goots."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Anything You Wish

NEW ASSISTANT: "Gentleman asks if this flannel shirt will shrink."

PROPRIETOR: "Does it fit him?"

"No, it's too large."

"Yes, of course it shrinks."

—*Answers, London.*

Label

"Where shall we place the spats?"

"Next to the family jars," directed the keeper of life's general store.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

This Way Out

After accompanying a lady customer through various departments of the store, the proprietor escorted her to the door.

"I am sure you have been most kind," she murmured, thanking him. "Were you afraid I couldn't find my way out alone?"

"Well, it wasn't exactly that, madam," replied he politely. "You see, we've missed so many things lately that we've got to be careful."

—*The Blue Hen Weekly.*

Questionnaire

After six months the canary was *ausgespielt;* he sang no more.

The lady went to the bird store where she bought the bird and told her trouble.

"You need a mate for your bird, madam."

"Well, is he a male or is she a female?" asked the lady.

"How can I tell, madam? You will have to find out yourself."

"How can I find out?"

"Why, you take two worms, a male and a female, and put them in the cage. If your bird is a female it will eat the male worm; if it is a male it will eat the female worm."

"But how can I tell a male worm from a female worm?"

"You will have to ask that question in a worm store, madam. This is a bird store!"

—*Trumbull Cheer.*

White

Louis Mann tells of this incident in the East Side Yiddish quarter. A customer entered a store.

"I want it some pepper."

"What kind of pepper—black, red, or green?"

"I want it writing pepper!"

Size Eleventeen

PRETTY CUSTOMER: "Of course, I want my shoes to be plenty large enough, but at the same time I want them to look neat and trim, you know."

SHOE CLERK: "I see. You want them large inside, but small outside."

—*Judge.*

Untrue

Mrs. L., of Wilmington, writes that on her protesting to the vegetable man that he charged a neighbor less for potatoes than he did her, he replied ingenuously: "Oh, no, Mrs. L., that ain't so. I have just one price and you get the lowest."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Cat

SALESMAN: "Here is a very nice automatic pistol, lady. It shoots nine times."

FAIR CUSTOMER: "Say, what do you think I am, a polygamist?"

—*Legion Weekly.*

Quite Conventional

OLD LADY: "That parrot I bought yesterday uses most violent language."

DEALER: "Lady, I don't deny that he does swear a bit, but you must be thankful that he doesn't drink or gamble."

—*Melbourne Australasian.*

Good Negative

"Do you make life-sized enlargements of photos?"

"Yes, sir; it's our specialty."

"Well, do this one for me. It's a snapshot I took of a whale."

Premature Explosion

BOSS: "What does this mean? Your brother just called up and said you were sick and wouldn't come to work to-day."

OFFICE BOY: "Why the big boob! He wasn't supposed to call up until to-morrow."

—*American Central Life.*

Punctuality

The man who wanted to see everybody getting on entered his friend's office.

To one clerk he put this question: "What is your pursuit in life?"

"That," said the clerk, "depends upon whether I am coming or going. It's the 8:30 in the morning and the 5:20 train in the evening."

—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Indispensable

A city man called upon another, and after a glance around the establishment, inquired:

"How's your new office boy getting along?"

"Fine!" was the reply. "He's got things so mixed up that I can't get along without him."

—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

Cheated

CUSTOMER: "How much do you earn a week, my boy?"

ERRAND BOY: "'Bout $300—fer the firm, but I only gits $6 uv it."

—*Detroit News.*

The Boss

"I notice that your clerks are all in a fine humor; have you been raising their wages or something."

"Not so you could notice it," answered the big business man. "To be frank, it's just because my wife has been in, and it tickles them to death to see someone boss me around."

—*Los Angeles Times.*

Who Got the Job?

A business man advertised for an office boy. The next morning there were some fifty boys in line. He was about to begin examining the applicants when his stenographer handed him a card on which was scribbled:

"Don't do anything until you see me. I'm the last kid in line, but I'm telling you I'm there with the goods."

—*Everybody's.*

Lay Your Bets

Brown's business ways are awful;
You call, he's not about.
His card reads, "In from 10 to 1,"
But 10 to 1 he's out.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Correct!

BUSINESS MAN (*to applicant*): "Can you spell correctly?"

STENOG: "Yes, sir. I wish all the other words were as easy as that one."

—*Chicago Post.*

No Waste

EFFICIENCY EXPERT: "You are wasting too much time on your personal appearance."

STENOGRAPHER: "It's not wasted. I've only been here six months and I'm already engaged to the junior partner."

—*Legion Weekly.*

Thoughtfulness

FIRST STENO: "The idea of your working steady eight hours a day! I would not think of such a thing!"

SECOND STENO: "Neither would I. It was the boss that thought of it."

—*Town Topics.*

Agreed

EMPLOYEE (*removing his hat and coat at* 9:30): "Er—good morning, sir."

BOSS (*removing his hat and coat*): "Late again!"

EMPLOYEE: "So am I."

—*American Mutual Magazine.*

A Little Early

"What's wrong with Smith?"

"Nervous breakdown, I guess."

"What? Has he taken his vacation already?"

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Not So Stupid

BUSINESS MAN (*to office boy*): "I never saw such a stupid boy as you are. The lad that was here before you was worth twice as much as you are."

OFFICE BOY: "Did he get it?"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Now Let's Get This Straight

WIFE: "You told me you were at the office late."

HUBBY: "Yes, my dear."

WIFE: "Then how is it the Jones's saw you at the dance?"

HUBBY: "Oh, that was not me, my dear. I saw that fellow there myself, and he was awfully like me."

—*Toronto Telegram.*

Taking No Chances

The junior partner was interviewing a very pretty girl who had applied for a position. The senior partner came in, and, after inspecting the person, called the other member of the firm aside and whispered, "I'd hire her."

"I have."

"Can she take dictation?"

"We'll find that out later," said the junior partner. "I didn't want any obstacles to crop up."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The First Company

A city business man was very keen on having proficient clerks in his employ. Before a clerk could enter his office he was required to pass a written examination on his knowledge of business.

At one examination one of the questions was: "Who formed the first company?"

A certain bright youth was a little puzzled at this, but was not to be floored. He wrote:

"Noah successfully floated a company while the rest of the world was in liquidation."

He passed.

—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The Banking World

Just after closing hours one day at the offices of Kuhn, Loeb & Company it was discovered that some very important papers had to be delivered to J. P. Morgan Company, and that there was no one left in the establishment to deliver them except the negro porter. The importance of conveying the papers was so great that it was at last decided to immediately dispatch the negro on the errand. Upon his arrival at Morgan's offices, Rastus explained that he must see J. P. Morgan of J. P. Morgan Company in person, on an important matter. He finally reached the big financier's exclusive retreat and asked if he was J. P. Morgan of J. P. Morgan Company.

"I am," condescended Mr. Morgan, "and who are you that comes on such an important errand?"

"Suh," replied the negro haughtily, "I'se de coon of Kuhn, Loeb & Company."

—*Judge.*

Always Ready

"I see you always keep a doctor in your insurance office."
"Yes."
"To examine the people you write up?"
"He attends to that. But we keep him on hand in case of apoplexy striking our superintendent. Now and then somebody comes in and asks for life insurance without being urged."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Logical

"You have entered the debit item under credit."
"Yes, sir; I'm left-handed."

—*Stockholm Kasper.*

A Good Job

"What have you been doing all summer?"
"I had a position in my father's office. And you?"
"I wasn't working, either."

—*Travelers' Beacon.*

Easy to Prove

The editor was frightfully busy. When an old friend sent up his card he sighed and decided not to see him.

"Look here," he said to the office boy, "you must tell this gentleman I'm out. I can't see him and I wouldn't offend him for the world. So be sure to convince him that I really am out, you see?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "Don't you think I'd be more likely to convince him you are out if I went to him smoking one of your best cigars?"

—*Los Angeles Times.*

There, Now!

"Mr. Grumble," said a stenographer to her employer, "permit me to say that you would make those about you happier and be more happy yourself if you recognized and appreciated the amount of good there is in others and in the things they do, instead of being obsessed with the little that is otherwise bad. You complain of my few misspelled words in these letters, seemingly oblivious to the fact that a large majority of the words are of correct orthography."

—*Glens Falls Now and Then.*

That's Different!

SALES MANAGER (*angrily*): "Who put these flowers on my desk?"

FILING CLERK: "The president of the company, sir."

SALES MANAGER: "Pretty, aren't they?"

—*Keystone.*

Easier Now

"Is your boss a hard man to work for, Sadie?"

"He used to be, dearie. He'd put in ten hours a day at the office. But somebody started him playing golf. Call me up some afternoon."

—*Printer's Ink.*

In Conference

There was a tired business man, a member of that busy clan that shields itself from prying eye behind that good old alibi—

"In Conference."

He rested in his office chair and ducked a lot of toil and care and smoked cigars in sweet content, and thus his busy hours were spent—

"In Conference."

Came anxious strangers by the score to camp outside his office door, and angrily they went their way, for he was busy all the day—

"In Conference."

And so he died, and at the gate an angel bade him stand and wait and said to him with frowning brow, "St. Peter's mighty busy now—

"In Conference."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

The Frequent Crepe

"I am ready to deliver, sir," reported the prosperous bootlegger's assistant as he rolled around in the delivery limousine one morning. "I am to make the rounds of all the houses with blue cards in the windows, you say?"

"Yes," directed Mr. Boozeshine. "But—ah—wait. Not all of them. You need not leave anything at any of the houses with crêpe on the door."

—*The Forecast.*

Indirectly Answered

The new clerk came out of the boss's office looking puzzled.

"Did you tell him where he would get off if you didn't get the raise?" said one of his fellow clerks.

"Yes," replied the pen-pusher, "I told him I would leave him flat if I didn't get it."

"What did he say?"

"Why, he told me he hadn't time to sing it, but I would find the firm's answer in the second line of 'Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here.'"

—*P. R. R. Mutual Magazine.*

The Disciplinarian

Mortimer L. Schiff, the capitalist, was discussing the question of discipline at a bankers' banquet in Omaha.

"Some men," he said, "are inhuman in their ideas of discipline. A banker was getting acquainted with the personnel of a new bank he had just taken over.

" 'I'm the paying teller, sir,' a white-haired old fellow said to him. 'I have worked here 47 years, sir, and in all that time I have made one mistake.'

" 'Pleased to meet you,' said the banker. 'In future try to be more careful.' "

—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Close Figuring

WIFE: "What's worrying you, dear?"

HUSBAND: "We just figured a way of getting down to the office 10 minutes earlier, but I won't know just what to do when I get there."

—*Life.*

Bubbling Youth

As the parting instructions were being given, the fresh young salesman picked up his bag and started on his initial trip. "Good luck to you," said his chief; "wire us important news."

The following day this message was received: "Reached here safely, good room with bath, feeling fine."

The manager wired back, *collect:* "So glad, love and kisses, good-by."

—*Forbes Magazine.*

Letting Him Down Easy

A contractor had a man in his employ whom he wished to discharge. He did not wish to tell the man outright that he was fired, so he decided to write him a nice letter, letting him down easy. Four days passed and the contractor saw nothing of the man. On the fifth day, when the contractor came around to look over his work, to his surprise he saw the discharged man working to beat the band.

"Hey, you," he called, "didn't I tell you in that letter you were fired?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man. "It said I was fired in the middle of the letter, but on the outside of the envelope it said, 'Return in five days.'"

—*Indianapolis News.*

A Proximity Bust

A negro went into a bank down South to get a check cashed. He stood in line a long time and finally his turn came. Just as he got to the window the teller put up a sign: "The Bank is Busted."

THE NEGRO: "What do you mean, the bank is busted?"

TELLER: "Well, it is, that's all; it's busted—didn't you ever hear of a bank being busted?"

THE NEGRO: "Yes; but I never had one bust right in my face before."

—*The Christian-Evangelist (St. Louis).*

Freckled Salesmanship

There was in dress-goods a salesman who used as a clincher the argument: "It just suits your style."

He was so successful with this somewhat ambiguous phrase that he grew careless and finally met his Waterloo. That was the day he tried to sell a polka-dot to a freckle-faced girl.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

No Clock-Watcher

SHOP FOREMAN: "You ain't one of them blokes wot drops their tools and scoots as soon as knock-off blows, are you?"

LILY WHITE: "Not me. Why, I often have to wait five minutes after I put me tools away before the whistle goes."

—*The Sydney Bulletin.*

The Ever-Ready Snooks

EMPLOYER: "I hear you were away ill yesterday, Snooks."
SNOOKS: "Yes, sir."
EMPLOYER: "You didn't look very ill when I saw you at the races in the afternoon."
SNOOKS: "Didn't I, sir? You should have seen me after the finish of the third race."

—*Toronto Goblin.*

A Shilling Compromise

EMPLOYER (*sternly*): "There are two shillings missing from my desk, and only you and I have a key. What about it?"
OFFICE BOY: "Well, sir, let's pay a shilling each and say nothing about it."

—*London Answers.*

Quick Study

EMPLOYER (*to new office boy*): "Can you learn quickly the duties of your position?"
N. O. B. (*proudly*): "*Yes, sir!* I had five positions this month and I learned the duties of every one of them."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

A Concise Absconder

"Can you give me a good description of your absconding cashier?" suavely asked the detective.
"We-ell," answered the hotel proprietor, "I believe he's about five feet five inches tall and about seven thousand dollars short."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

THE CLERGY

Clearing Up

Clearness of statement was not one of Bishop Westcott's graces. "Very foggy to-day," said Canon Liddon one morning. "I think Canon Westcott must have been opening his study window."

W-E.

Illustrating the Story

"You can depend on a youngster to stump you with some unexpected question," said Robert Edeson, the popular actor. "Take this case for instance: The superintendent of a Sunday school repeated to the children the text, 'Arise, and take the young child and its mother, and flee into Egypt.'"

Then the superintendent showed a large picture illustrating this text in bright colors.

"Isn't this picture fine?" he asked, "Here is the mother. Here is the child. There's Egypt in the distance. Isn't it fine?"

The children, however, looked disappointed, and finally a little boy piped out: "Teacher, where's the flea?"

A Polite Little Maid

Out in Germantown there is a bright little Miss, a great favorite in her neighborhood, who seldom fails to cheerfully greet all passersby from her perch on the porch steps. Recently a young clergyman, a member of a neighboring family, came home on a visit. One morning as he was passing the girl sang out: "Hello, mister, how are you?" The mother overheard the greeting and carefully explained that the man was a priest, and should be addressed as "Father." Emphasis was placed upon the sacredness of a priest's duties and the child was much impressed. As the priest approached the steps the next morning, the little girl politely said: "Good morning, Father."

"Good morning," the clergyman replied. "How are you this fine morning?"

"I'm very well, thank you," she said and added, "and how is Our Lord to-day?"

—Philadelphia Record.

A Miss

PREACHER (*at the reunion meeting*): "I have only one regret —I miss so many of the old faces I used to shake hands with."

—*London Weekly Telegram.*

Biblical Note

A bashful curate found the young ladies in the parish too helpful. At last it became so embarrassing that he left.

Not long afterward he met the curate who had succeeded him.

"Well," he asked, "how do you get along with the ladies?"

"Oh, very well indeed," said the other. "There is safety in numbers, you know."

"Ah!" was the instant reply. "I only found it in Exodus."

—*Dallas News.*

Engaged in a Noble Work

A minister who lived in the suburbs during his discourse said, "In each blade of grass there is a sermon."

Late the following afternoon a broker, a member of his flock, discovered the good man pushing a lawn mower about his garden and paused to remark:

"Well, parson, I am glad to observe you engaged in cutting your sermons short."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Apt Quotation

A clergyman's bright little boy has a remarkable faculty of quoting Scripture. One morning he spilled his cup of milk on the tablecloth, and anticipating a reproof, he dropped his head instantly and murmured:

"My tup runneth over."

In Childs'

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: "And Nebuchadnezzar was in the midst of his riotous orgy, when, looking up, he saw the handwriting on the wall. Now, can any of you little girls and boys tell me what words he saw?"

BRIGHT ONE: "Watch your coat and hat."

—*The Van Raalte Vanguard.*

Always Think of Others

The minister in a little church that used natural gas for illumination announced his text to the congregation in solemn tones —"Yea, the light of the *wicked* shall be put out!" Immediately after he made the statement, the church was in total darkness due to a failure in the supply.

"Brethren," said the minister, with scarcely a moment's pause, "in view of the sudden and startling fulfillment of this prophecy, we will spend a few minutes in silent prayer for the gas company."

—*P. R. R. Mutual Magazine.*

Every Man for Himself

Bishop K—— is a very large man. On one of his pastoral railway journeys he was told by the porter when he boarded the train about 9 p. m. that there were no more berths left.

"That is too bad," said the bishop. "I have a hard day ahead of me to-morrow, and am worn out. What time does the last man get on?"

"Between two and three, suh."

"Well, can't you give me his reservation? He may never get on, but if he does you must wake me, and I will make it right with him."

The sun was shining when the bishop was called. "Your man did not get on, after all," he said to the porter.

"Yes, sir, he did," was the reply.

"What did you do, then?" the bishop asked.

"Why, boss, I just showed him your shoes and I sez: 'De man what wears dem shoes is sleepin' in your berth. If you wants to wake him you kin, but I ain't agwine to.' He is a-settin' in de day-coach."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Little Out of Practice

A colored woman in Florida, presenting herself as a candidate for confirmation, was asked to repeat the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Commandments. She got through the first two fairly well, but when it came to the last she bungled and hesitated, and finally remarked in a confidential tone to the officiating clergyman, "De fac' is, Mistah Turpin, Ah hasn't been practicin' de Ten Commandments lately."

—*Osteopathic Magazine.*

King Solomon's Zoo

"What can you say of King Solomon?" a little girl was asked by her Sunday-school teacher.

"King Solomon was a very wise king and very fond of animals."

"Fond of animals?" queried the astonished teacher; "what do you mean?"

"Why, in the Bible it says he had seven hundred wives and three hundred porcupines."

—*The Argonaut.*

He Guaranteed Results

Something or other reminded the *Congregationalist* of Roland Cotton Smith, D.D., once rector of the Episcopal church at Northampton, Massachusetts. He was called upon to deliver a Memorial Day address. Introducing him, the commander of the local Grand Army post said: "We will now have an address from Dr. Smith, after which a volley will be fired over the dead."

Answer Correct

LADY: "Never heard of the Ten Commandments, little boy! Good gracious! What's your name?"

LITTLE BOY: "Moses, Mum!"

—*Punch (London).*

An Old, Old Friend

Two men were talking in the smoking car. Finally one of them remarked that he was from Wichita.

"Do you know Charlie Smith out there?" the other asked.

"Know him! I should say I do. We have slept in adjoining pews at church for the last twenty years."

—*W-E.*

Saved

CAPTAIN: "Boys, the boat is sinking. Is there any one here who knows how to pray?"

PARSON (*eagerly*): "I do."

CAPTAIN: "All right, you pray; the rest of us will put on life belts. There's one shy."

—*Penn Punch Bowl.*

Guilty

A certain church clerk, Alexander Gunn by name, had been given an ecclesiastical trial and found guilty of libel. Evidently reluctant to air the details of his report, the scribe of the council entered the following terse minute upon the record: "A. Gunn; discharged for giving a false report."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

The Cheerful Giver

"De Lawd," solemnly said good old Parson Bagster in the midst of a recent Sabbath morning sermon, "loveth a cheerful giver. But I axes yo', breddren and sistahs, whur do he find him at?"

—*Kansas City Star.*

Wait Till Tomorrow

"Louise, I cannot have you reading novels on Sunday."

"But, grandma, this one is all right. It is all about a girl who was engaged to three clergymen, all at once."

—*Columbia Jester.*

Be Generous

BLOGGS: "I've nothing but praise for the new vicar, y'know."

CURATE: "So I noticed when the plate went round."

—*Passing Show.*

Dinner Will Be Formal

ARRIVING MISSIONARY: "May I ask what course you intend to take with me?"

CANNIBAL KING: "The regular one. You'll follow the fish."

—*Progressive Grocer.*

All Fixed

A negro rector was preaching on the horrors of hades, and when he finished the phrase, "And there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth," there was a sudden burst of emotion in the front row.

"What's the matter, Myriah?" he asked.

"Dere, sah, I'se ain't got no teeth," Myriah said.

"Teeth will be furnished," he added.

—*Trumbull Cheer.*

The Important Point

A Southern negro minister who was given to the use of big words and complicated discourse was waited upon by the church committee and told that his style of preaching was not all that could be desired. "Don't I argify and sputify?" inquired the minister. "Yes, yo' done argify and sputify," responded a member of the committee, "but yo' don't show wherein."

—*Boston Transcript.*

He Overflowed

The long trip was coming to an end, and the conversation in the smoker turned to speed, induced probably by the regular, incessant click and roar that denoted the Limited was "makin' time."

"Puts me in mind of old Pahson Johnson," remarked one of the boys. "He always preached at camp meetings on some sensational subject, and one day listed the subject of 'Speed' as the subject of his discourse. He carried his flock along with him at a mile-a-minute speed 'till he reached the conclusion of his remarks, at which point a considerable state of excitement prevailed, particularly on the part of Deacon Brown who was 'all-aquiver.'

" 'Look yeah, you people,' cried the Pahson, 'I has foah points to make. Fust, ah recollects yeahs ago when de people walked 'cross de land at de rate of foah miles an hour.'

" 'Amen!' said Deacon Brown.

" 'Den,' said the Pahson, 'we gits de steam enjine which goes sebenty miles an hour.'

" 'Amen!' said the Deacon fervently.

" 'Den we gits the auto which makes one hundred miles an hour!'

" 'Amen-Amen!' said the Deacon, rising to his feet in the excitement.

" 'An' finally,' continued Pahson Johnson, 'we gits the airplane which goes across de air ONE THOUSAND MILES AN HOUR!'

"Whereupon the Deacon, in the last throes of ecstasy, jumped upon the seat and wildly waving his arms shouted 'HOT DOG!' "

—*P. R. R. Mutual Magazine.*

Invitation

A clergyman in a Midland town, just before the service, was called to the vestibule to meet a couple who wanted to be married. He explained that there wasn't time for the ceremony.

"But," said he, "if you will be seated, I will give you an opportunity at the end of the service to come forward."

The couple agreed, and at the proper moment the clergyman said, "Will those who wish to be united in the holy bond of matrimony please come forward?"

Thereupon thirteen women and one man proceeded to the altar.

—*Tid-Bits.*

Philadelphia Please Copy

Whittier, California, was settled by Quakers, and there are still a good many of that denomination left. The usual other churches are not lacking, however, and one of these claims the following incident:

Sunday school had been in progress half an hour when a wiry small boy came in dragging behind him a slightly larger girl, red-faced and expostulating.

"Why, Gordon!" asked his teacher, hurrying toward them. "Doesn't the little girl want to come?"

"No, ma'am, she'd rather go to her own Sunday school; but you said each one of us was to bring a Friend today and this was the only one I could get."

—*Everybody's.*

These New Times!

VICAR'S DAUGHTER—"I suppose the rain kept you away from the funeral last Tuesday, Mrs. Boggs?"

MRS. BOGGS—"Well, partly, miss; but to tell 'e the truth, what with the rheumatiz and the doin' away with the 'am and the cake, funerals ain't what they used to be for me."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Still Working

John, walking unsteadily down the street, almost ran into his minister. "You're on your way home, I see," he addressed John. "Still working, John?" "Yeshir. I was jusht down tryin' it out."

—*Farm Life.*

The Same Thing

MOTHER (*to little Johnnie*)—"What was the text in Sunday School this morning, dear?"

LITTLE JOHNNY—"You should worry, here comes the quilt."

SISTER BESSIE—"It was not either, Mamma."

LITTLE JOHNNIE—"What was it, then, Smarty?"

SISTER BESSIE—"It was, 'Fear not, the Comforter cometh.'"

Sounds More Like California

A young business man and Deacon in the church was going to New York on business, and while there was to purchase a new sign which was to be hung up in the front of the church advertising a new movement in the church. He copied the motto and dimension of the sign, but went to New York and left the paper in his coat at home. When he discovered that he had left the paper at home, he wired his wife, "Send motto and dimensions."

An hour later a message came over the wire, and the young lady clerk, who had just come from lunch and knew nothing of the previous wire, fainted. When they looked at the message she had just taken, they read: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, six feet long and two feet wide."

—*Yellow Crab.*

Thoughtful Daniel

Isabel had just been told the story of Daniel in the lion's den. Then mother asked: "And what do you think Daniel did the very first thing after he was saved from the lions?" Without much hesitation, Isabel replied: "Why, he must have telephoned home to his wife to tell her he was all right."

—*Northwestern Bell.*

Not So Safe

A Wisconsin man, attending a revival, was pressed to repent. He wavered for a time, but finally arose and said: "Friends, I want to repent and tell you how bad I have been, but I dasn't do it when the grand jury is in session."

"The Lord will forgive," shouted the revivalist.

"Yes, but He ain't on that grand jury."

—*Success.*

The Leader

"Deacon White," said Parson Jackson, softly, "will you lead us in prayer?"

There was no answer.

"Deacon White," this time in a little louder voice, "will you lead?"

Still no response. Evidently the deacon was slumbering. Parson Jackson made a third appeal and raised his voice to a high pitch that succeeded in arousing the drowsy man. "Deacon White, will you lead?"

The deacon, in bewilderment, rubbed his heavy eyes and blurted: "Lead yourself—I just dealt!"

Clergyman's Dilemma

A clergyman, introducing some new hymn books, gave the clerk a notice after the sermon. The clerk had one of his own to give with reference to baptism of infants. He announced: "All those who have children they wish baptized, please send in their names at once."

The clergyman, who was deaf, assuming that the clerk was giving his notice, arose and said: "And I want to say for the benefit of those who haven't any, that they may be obtained from me any day, between 2 and 4 o'clock, the ones with the red backs at twenty-five cents and the ordinary little ones at fifteen cents."

At Any Cost

HUSBAND (*donning golf rig*)—"Aren't you going to church this morning?"

WIFE—"No; I'm not feeling well."

HUSBAND—"Then call a messenger boy and send him. The family must be represented."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Lamentations

A clergyman wrote a commentary on the "Lamentations of Jeremiah" and sent it to a bishop for his judgment upon it. The bishop after he had read it sent it back with this note:

"There is but one thing I regret about this work, namely, that Jeremiah is not living now to compose a fresh book of lamentations on your commentary."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Impromptu

An old Southern planter met one of his former negroes whom he had not seen for a long time.

"Well, well!" said the planter. "What are you doing now, Uncle Amos?"

"I's a-preachin' of de gospel."

"What! You preaching?"

"Yassah, marster, I's a-preachin'."

"Well, well! Do you use notes?"

"Nossuh. At de fust I use notes, but now I demands de cash."

—*The Bee Hive.*

Worry

There was a man
And all his life
He'd worked in a shipyard;
And he had a baby,
And it was going to be christened,
And for a week
He couldn't sleep nights
Because he was worried
For fear the minister
Would hurt the baby
When he hit it with the bottle.

—*Shannon's Hustler.*

Curious

It was a hot Sunday in May. In a little room on hard wooden benches sat forty wiggling little humans. The hot sun poured through the windows, the teacher's inexperience added to her heat.

The lesson was the separation of the sheep from the goats. Calling on her imagination the teacher described vividly the wonders of heaven and the horrors of hell. Ruth, aged four, on the front bench, listened enrapt, her eyes growing larger and larger.

"Ruth," ended the teacher, "where would you rather go, to heaven or to hell?"

"I'd like to see both places," replied Ruth.

Teacher, hastily: "We will now sing a hymn."

—*Pennac News.*

The Test

RETIRING CHURCH USHER (*initiating successor*)—"Remember, Mr. Higgins, they are all very good Christians here, until you show someone else into their pew."

—*Boston Transcript.*

No Second Chance Wanted

Tommy was being examined in the catechism by the visiting minister.

"What is meant by regeneration?" asked the divine.

"Why, it's just being born again," replied the victim with some maternal prompting.

"And wouldn't you like to be born again?"

No reply to this, even under parental pressure, until finally in desperation, the truth came out: "I ain't taking any chances on being a girl!"

—*Travelers' Beacon.*

Precept and Practice

MINISTER (*to deacon*)—"Then you don't think I practice what I preach, eh?"

DEACON—"No, sir, I don't. You've been preachin' on the subject of resignation for two years, an' you haven't resigned yet."

—*Heywood Advertiser.*

So to Speak

Bishop Warren of the Methodist Episcopal Church does not believe in gentle preaching to rich sinners. He says there are some pastors who go at it in this style, "Brethren, you must repent, as it were, and be converted, in a measure, or you will be damned, to some extent."

Ritualistic

Mary Lou was familiar with many games at kindergarten, but church was a new experience. It was a ritualistic church and high at that. She looked deeply interested while the congregation went through the service standing, sitting, kneeling, and rising repeatedly. Then she decided to join in the game. The next time they knelt she popped on her knees in a flash and called out: "The last one down is a little nigger baby."

—*Harper's.*

Well Timed

"That certainly was a fine sermon," said an enthusiastic church member who was an ardent admirer of the minister. "A fine sermon, and well-timed, too."

"Yes," answered his unadmiring neighbor, "it certainly was well-timed. Fully half the congregation had their watches out."

And Stamp It Down!

"Why don't you go to church?" asked the minister of the non-church goer. "Well, I'll tell you. The first time I went to church they threw water in my face, and the second time they tied me to a woman I've had to keep ever since." "Yes," said the minister. "And the next time you go they'll throw dirt on you."

—*Pathfinder.*

You Might Call Later

The house-visiting parson in Australia sometimes gets unexpected rebuffs. A zealous curate doing the Alexandria (Sydney) rounds had his knock answered by a nipper of six or eight. "Mother is suited with a clergyman, thank you," she said, and shut the door.

—*Bulletin (Sydney).*

A Question of Values

I am twenty-five cents,
I am not on speaking terms with the butcher,
I am too small to buy a quart of cream,
I am not large enough to purchase a box of candy,
I cannot be exchanged for a gallon of gasoline,
I am hardly fit for a tip. But—believe me,
When I go to church on Sunday I am considered
Some Money.

—*Pacific Mutual News.*

Practical Wiggs

Miss Wiggs—"Yes, sir, I always goes to church when you preaches."

Vicar (flattered)—"I am glad to hear that, but why when I preach—why not every Sunday?"

Miss Wiggs—"I'm always sure of getting a good seat when you preaches, sir!"

—*Passing Show (London).*

A Pretty Compliment, Sir!

The worthy old parson dropped his wallet. A tough local character picked it up and restored it. The minister thanked him, adding: "Yet some people say you are not honest."

"Well, parson," was the reply, "I'm honest to goodness."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Exactly

A Scotch preacher had been abroad and when he came back he was preaching to his congregation on the marvels he had seen.

He wound up with this: "And the same Creator who made the vast ocean made the dewdrop. The Creator who made the mountain made the pebble. Yes, and that same Creator who made me made a daisy!"

His Unknown God

A little fellow was learning from his aunt about Grant, Lee, and other famous leaders of the Civil War. "Is that the same Grant we pray to in church?" he inquired innocently.

"Pray to in church? You are mistaken, dear," said the aunt.

"No, I'm not," he insisted, "for during service we always say, 'Grant, we beseech Thee, to hear us.'"

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Sympathetic Landlord

A big burly man called at the rectory, and when the door was opened, asked to see the rector's wife, a woman well known for her charitable impulses.

"Madam," he addressed her in a broken voice, "I wish to draw your attention to the terrible plight of a poor family in this district. The father is dead, the mother is too ill to work and nine children are starving. They are about to be turned into the street unless some one pays their arrears in rent, which amount to £10 or £12."

"How terrible!" exclaimed the lady. "May I ask who you are?"

The sympathetic visitor applied his handkerchief to his eyes. "I'm the landlord," he sobbed.

—*London Opinion.*

Glad to Get the Hat Back!

It was on the old campground. "Pass de hat," suggested Bruddah Wheatly. But the parson raised his hand. "No, sah," he shouted, "dere'll be no hat about it. Pass a tin box wid a chain to it. De last time a hat was passed around heah, it nevah came back, and I had to go home bareheaded."

—*Chicago News.*

A Repentant Creator

A school presided over by a very harsh and bad-tempered teacher had a visit one afternoon from the bishop of the diocese.

The bishop, a genial soul, called before him a white-faced urchin who was very much cowed and depressed by an undeserved punishment he had received that morning.

"My boy," said the bishop, in eloquent tones, "who made this great and glorious earth of ours, and set the sun, moon, and stars in the wonderful firmament?"

The white-faced boy began to blubber.

"I did," he said, "but I won't do it again."

—*Western Christian Advocate* (*Cincinnati*).

Right Pew, Wrong Church

An Irishman went into a church and fell asleep. The sexton aroused him and told him he was closing up.

"What do you mean?" said the Irishman. "The cathedral never closes."

"This is not the cathedral," said the sexton. "This is a Presbyterian church."

The Irishman looked around him. On the walls were paintings of the Apostles.

"Isn't that St. Luke over there?" he inquired.

"It is," said the sexton.

"And St. Mark just beyond him?"

"Yes."

"And St. Thomas further on?"

"Yes."

"Tell me," he said, "since when did they all become Presbyterians?"

—*The Christian Register* (*Boston*).

An Oily Hell

The newly appointed pastor of a negro church faced a packed audience when he arose to deliver his sermon on this burning question: "Is There a Hell?"

"Bredren," he said, "de Lord made the world round like a ball."

"Amen!" agreed the congregation.

"And de Lord made two axles for de world to go round on, and He put one axle at the north pole and one axle at the souf pole."

"Amen!" agreed the congregation.

"And the Lord put a lot of oil and grease in de center of de world so as to keep the axles well greased and oiled."

"Amen!" cried the congregation.

"And then a lot of sinners dig wells in Pennsylvania and steal de Lord's oil and grease. And they dig wells in Kentucky, Louisiana, Oklahoma and Texas, and in Mexico and Russia, and steal the Lord's oil and grease.

"And some day dey will have all of de Lord's oil and grease, and dem axles is gonna git hot. And den, dat will be hell, bredren, dat will be hell!"

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

A Full-Count Prayer

An old Cornish "Granfer" was asked what he did when he bowed his head in church so reverently just before the service began.

"Well," replied the old man, "that's a fair question an' I'll gie 'ee a fair answer—I dawn't know what other volk dus, but I du always count vorty, myself!"

—*Disston Crucible.*

Religious Democracy

JUDGE (in court)—"Sam, you good for nothin', what can you say for yourself;—anything?"

SAM (the prisoner)—"Well, yo' honor, I'se a deacon in ma church, ah is."

JUDGE—"How come a bum like you is a deacon in the church, huh?"

SAM—"Well, you see, Judge, dey's a powerful rough-neck element down in our church and dey demanded recognition."

—*Tom Dreier's "Vagabond."*

THE CULLUD

Still Another Daniel

The "Greatest Show on Earth"—one of them—was touring Georgia and having trouble with its small but select menagerie. Therefore, the management of the show advertised for an assistant animal trainer. A husky negro applied, was accepted and went to work.

When the time came to feed the animals, though, his nerve faltered, especially when he was obliged to open the lion's cage.

"Oh, Lawd!" he prayed, "as yo' was wid Dan'l in de lion's den so be wid me now."

Whereupon a voice issued from the king of beasts:

"Nebbah mind de Lord and Dan'l, big boy. Dis yere lion's yo' own countryman. Jes' hustle wid dat chow."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Jerry M.

Jerry, one of the janitors, was signing his card on pay day, just as he has been in the habit of doing each week, when it occurred to the paymaster that Jerry was one of the few employees whose full name he did not know. Jerry always signs J. M. before his name, and the paymaster, curious to know just what the M. stood for, asked Jerry about it, whereupon the latter replied: "What you mean, that M there? Why that stands for Miah." It then dawned on the paymaster that Jerry is Jeremiah.

—*Philadelphia Record.*

Everybody Happy?

An old negro minister visiting in a small Southern city had to catch a train quickly and approached a white cabby with a ramshackle vehicle. "I've never driven a darky in my cab yet," the cabman said, "and I don't know how to begin now." "Well, I'll show you how," said the fertile dominie. "You get in the back and I'll drive, and we'll soon be there." The cabby yielded, got his quarter and the minister got his train.

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

What's in a Title?

Admiral McGowan, who is a native of South Carolina, returned to his home city of Columbia for a short visit just prior to the World War. He was struck by the large number of negroes on the streets wearing gaudy uniforms. Most of them were strangers to the Admiral; but after a while he met an old negro acquaintance, Tom Mason, who was most elaborately attired, with gold epaulettes, a plumed chapeau, a brilliant red sash, and a glittering sword as distinctive features of the general elaborate effect.

After friendly greetings, the Admiral asked Tom what occasion had brought all the uniformed negroes to town.

"Admurl," said Tom sententiously, "dis is de yearly secession of de uniform rank of de 'Sociated Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise.' An' niggers is hyuh fum all over de State, tendin' on de convention."

"Well," said the Admiral, "from your uniform I imagine you must be an official of high rank."

"Yes, Suh, Admurl, I is," replied Tom. "I is de Royal High Ruler an' Supreme King."

"That surely is a superlatively exalted title," said Admiral McGowan. "You must be the highest official of the Order."

"No, Suh, Admurl," said the Supreme King modestly, "dey is five above me."

—*Elks' Magazine.*

A Vital Question

An old darky was out for catfish in a Mississippi yawl. He landed a big one that pulled him overboard. As he crawled out spitting mud, he yelled:

"What I wants t' know is, is dis nigger fishin' or is dis catfish niggerin'?"

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

The Age of Miracles

SAM (meeting friend on common)—"De pahson done tol' us dis mawning about Lot's wife bein' turned to a pillar of solt."

RASTUS—"Dat so? Say, if de age er miracles wasn't pas' an' gone, Ah'd lose mah temper some day an' ask de Lawd ter turn mine inter a week's groceries."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Beautiful Scallops

MISTRESS—"What beautiful scallops you have on your pies, Mandy! How do you do it?"

COOK—"Deed, honey, dat ain't no trouble. I jes' uses my false teeth."

—Everybody's Magazine.

Page Sir Oliver

Two powerful colored stevedores, who had had some sort of falling out, were engaged in loading a vessel at a St. Louis dock. Uncomplimentary remarks and warnings of intended violence were exchanged whenever the two passed each other with their trucks.

"You jest keep on pesterin' around wid me," declared one of the men, "an' you is gwine be able to settle a mighty big question for the sciumtific folks!"

"What question dat?" asked the other.

"Kin the dead speak!"

—W-E.

Careful New York

An old colored servant living in a neighboring family made his first trip away from home and visited relatives in New York.

On his return to Louisiana he was asked what he did while in the North.

"Well, 'mong uddah t'ings, I done tuk a life insurance policy fo' fi' hun'ed dolahs."

"Why, what on earth do you want with a life insurance policy? You have no wife or children."

"Dat's what I done tol' him, but I had t' take it, all de same. De agent man, he met me at the boat landin' an' he said I'd haf t' have one or he'd sen' me back home. He warn't gwine fo' t' 'low me t' land if I didn't buy one. Dey dont 'low no one in New Yawk 'less dey has a 'suhance policy."

—Woman's Home Companion.

The Best Policy

RASTUS (throwing down an ace)—"Dar, I wins de pot."

SAMBO—"Play dis game hones', niggah, play it hones'. knows what cards I dealt you."

—P. R. R. Mutual Magazine.

Children of Darkness

COL. WHITE—"I understand that your congregation is in a fair way to get the church debt paid off soon?"

PARSON BAGSTER—"Yassah, Cuhnel! Yassah; 'bleeged to yo', sah, for askin'. De Lawd sholy do 'pear to be wid us in our financials dese days, mo' 'specially since we done engaged a one-armed man to take up de c'lection. Dat's an idee, sah, dat our new-converted brudder, Mistah Jack Pullyam, the refawmed gamblin' man, put us up to. How true 'tis, as de 'Postle says, dat de child'en o' darkness am wiser dan de child'en o' light! Hadn't-uh been for Brudder Jack we never would-uh thought o' dat scheme in de livin' world!"

—*Puck.*

Sub Leased

"How much would you charge me to haul that pile of stones away, Rastus?" "'Bout $5, boss." "Seems to me that $5 is quite a large sum of money to pay for that job." "I done knows dat, boss, but I'se done got to hire a man to help me hitch up dat mule of mine."

—*Orange Judd Farmer.*

Branded

"Jim, I see that your mule has 'U. S.' branded on his right hind leg. I suppose he was an army mule and belonged to Uncle Sam?"

"No, suh; dat 'U. S.' don't mean nothin' 'bout no Uncle Samuel. Dat's jess a warning. Dat 'U. S.' jess stands fo' 'Un Safe'—'at's all."

—*Judge.*

Getting Nowhere

Representative Sabath, of Illinois, said in the course of an immigration address:

"Our opponents resort to all sorts of expedients, but they get nowhere. They are like Mrs. Wash White.

"'Mah land sakes!' said Mrs. Wash White, one day last winter. 'Ah wuz in a dreffful fix dis mawnin'. Ah hadn't a cent in de house—and no coal!'

"'What did yo' do?' asked her neighbor.

"'Do?' said Mrs. Wash White. 'Ah done hocked de stove!'"

—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Speaking of Bones

"Ah suttingly is glad to see yo' out of dat horsepittle, Sam. What done happen to yo' in dar?"

"Ah done had mah bones X-Rayed."

"Ah bets a five-spot dey was loaded."

—*The Trail Blazer.*

The Reward

"Rastus, you are charged with entering farmer Brown's hen-coop last night, bent upon stealing chickens," said the judge, "and I want to know what you have to say for yourself."

"Judge, your honor, Ah admits dat Ah went into dat coop wid de 'tention of helping myself, but Ah thought of the good Lord's advice against stealing an' den Ah got an awful misery, an' den Ah walks out."

"But," the judge replied, "there was one big rooster missing. How do you account for that?"

"Judge, your honor," was the answer, "Ah pleads guilty to taking dat big rooster, 'cause, judge, your honor, Ah 'cided Ah was 'titled to dat one for leaving the rest."

—*The Pioneer.*

The Bottomless Pit

Aunt 'Liza's former mistress was talking to her one morning when suddenly she discovered a little piccaninny standing shyly behind his mother's skirts. "Is this your little boy, Aunt 'Liza?" she asked.

"Yes, miss, dat's Prescription."

"Goodness, what a funny name, auntie, for a child! How in the world did you happen to call him that?"

"Ah simply calls him dat becuz Ah has sech hahd wuk gettin' him filled."

—*W-E.*

Help

In excitement, the circus manager rushed up to Sam, the colored canvasman. "We need a little help, Sam," he cried. "Four lions have escaped from cage five." "'Scaped?" ejaculated Sam. "Hol' dis hammer, boss. Dat's jes' sackly what Ah's gwine to do!"

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Perpetual Motion

A negro called upon an old friend, who received him in a rocking chair. The visitor observed not only that his host did not rise, but that he continued to rock himself to and fro in a most curious way.

"Yo' ain't sick, is yo', Harrison?" asked the caller, anxiously.

"No, I ain't sick, Mose," said Harrison.

There was a moment's silence, during which the caller gazed wide-eyed at the rocking figure.

"Den," continued Mose, "why does yo' rock yo'self dat way all de time?"

Harrison explained:—

"Yo' know Bill Blott? Well, he sold me a silver watch cheap, an' if I stops moving like dis, dat watch don't go!"

—*Good Hardware.*

"Wonderful Bird the Frog Are!"

Two colored men were digging in a trench when one remarked, "Say, if I won dat Bok prize I'd t'row dis old shovel 'bout seben miles."

"Yeah!" sneered his companion, "and if a bull-frog had wings he'd fly."

"I dunno. Maybe he wouldn't," said the first man. "He done got fo' laigs an' he won't walk."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Were Twice Too Small

A colored woman demanded a refund on a pair of hose recently purchased. The floorwalker asked:

"Madam, did they not come up to your expectations?"

"Lawdy no, no," she answered. "Dey hardly come up to my knees."

—*Idaho Lifer.*

Why the Red Tape?

RASTUS—"Ef Ah puts mah money in de bank, kin Ah get it out when Ah wants it?"

SAMBO—"Suttinly."

RASTUS—"Den what's de sense of mah goin' to all dat trouble."

—*Legion Weekly.*

Almost Asked

A prominent attorney representing a railroad told a story of how his company desired to reward an old negro crossing-tender for faithfulness to his duty and also for his good testimony in an accident case. The darky testified he had warned plaintiff of the train by sedulously swinging a lantern back and forth, and no amount of cross-examination could break down his testimony. After termination of the suit in favor of the railroad, the old darky was called in for congratulations and a nice little check.

"Sam," said the attorney, "I want to tell you how much the company thinks of the fine way you performed your duty on the night of the accident by swinging your lantern back and forth. Take this hundred dollars, Sam, as a token of how much we think of you."

Sam's eyes blazed at the sight of the hundred, and he swelled considerably at his great accomplishment.

"Boss," he said, "I sho do thanks you all—but I want to say I sho was afraid dem lawyahs askin' me all dem questions was agwine to ask me if dat lantern I was swingin' was lit."

—*Life and Letters.*

Too Soon

In his best story-telling manner the General proceeded: "A wench and her buck in Lover's Lane. 'Honey,' she says, 'does you really love me or does you jes' think you does?' 'Ah suttinly does,' says the buck. 'Yas, indeedy, Honey, Ah really loves you; why, Ah ain't done any thinkin' yet.' "

—*Penn Mutual News Letter.*

Slightly Abbreviated

A Boston man traveling in the South got to chatting with the little negro boy who was polishing his shoes, and inquired his name. " 'Gen', sah," was the reply. " 'Jen?' That's a girl's name, isn't it?" "Ah spell it wif a G, not a J, sah." "Oh, possibly an abbreviation of General," said the Boston man. "No, sah; 'tain't zackly dat," was the reply. "Mah sho'enough name am 'Genesis, xxx 33, 'So shall my righteousness answer for me in time to come' Washington Carter, but dey jest calls me 'Gen' for short."

—*Boston Transcript.*

A Useful Animal

"Chickens, sah," said the old negro sage, "is de usefullest animals dere is. You can eat 'em befo' dey is born and after dey is daid."

"It Hangs by the Sink!"

DRUG CLERK—"What kind of a toothbrush do you want?"
FATHER—"Gib me a big one, boss, dar's ten in my fam'ly."

—Hamilton Herald.

Then They Bulge!

"Rastus, did you ever have your tonsils out?"
"Only when ah laffs, suh—"

—Epistaxis.

Checking Up

Roy Simpson, negro laborer, was putting in his first day with a construction gang, whose foreman was known for getting the maximum amount of labor out of his men. Simpson was helping in the task of moving the right-of-way and all day long he carried heavy timbers and ties until at the close of the day he was completely tired out. Came quitting time. Before he went he approached the boss and said:

"Mister, you sure you got me down on the payroll?"

The foreman looked over the list of names he held. "Yes," he said finally, "here you are—Simpson—Roy Simpson. That's right, isn't it?"

"Yaas, suh, boss," said the negro, "dass right. I thought mebbe you had me down as Samson."

—Forbes Magazine.

A Colored Story

RASTUS—"Why is it dat a black cow gives white milk what makes yellow buttah?"

SAMBO—"Dat's easy; for de same reason dat blackberries am red when dey is green."

No Trouble

IRATE GENTLEMAN—"Say, who are you serenading down there?"

INTOXICATED RASTUS—"Nobody 'n perticular. Ah's jes' broadcastin'."

—Everybody's Magazine.

By Telegraph

"Pap," said a colored youth, "Ah'd like you-all to expatiate on de way de telegraph wo'ks."

"Huh! Dat's easy 'nuf, Rastus," said the old man. "Hit am dis yere a way: Ef dere was a dawg big 'nuf so his head could be in New Yo'k an' his tail in Bosting, den ef you-all tromp his tail in New Yo'k he bark in Bosting. Is you understan', Rastus?"

"Yessah! Yessah! But how am de wireless telegraph?"

For a moment the old man was stumped. Then he answered easily, "Prezactly de same, Rastus, wid the exception dat de dawg am 'maginary."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Figure This One

Irvin S. Cobb, the humorous lecturer, on a recent southern tour, stopped for dinner at a tiny railway restaurant in a Mississippi village.

"Well, uncle, what's the bill-of-fare?" he asked the aged colored man who came from the kitchen to look after him.

"De bill o' fare," said the old man, "am ham, eggs, cohn bread and coffee."

"Then I'll have ham, eggs, corn bread and coffee, uncle," said Mr. Cobb.

The old waiter bowed and shuffled out. But a moment later he put his head through the doorway again.

"Boss," he said, "how ye gwine have dem eggs—blind or lookin' at ye?"

—*The Kablegram.*

No Bookworm

"Do you do much reading these long winter evenings?" asked the interested old lady of her colored yardman. "No, ma'am," was the reply, "dese evenin's em plenty long enough as it is."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Peripatetic

"Let's go walkin', Miss Johnson. I feels kinda pedestrian tonight." "All right. I feels kind walkative mah own self."

—*Nashville Tennessean.*

And Not Sure of Getting Up

Sam, the colored culprit, looked disreputable. The judge was stern.

"Looks like you had been drinking."

"Yes, sah, jedge, dat was powerful stuff—some ob dis chicken hootch."

"I never heard of that."

"Well, sah, jedge, you take one drink ob chicken hootch—an' you lay!"

—*Portland Spotlight.*

Oratory

A negro met an acquaintance of his on the street and was surprised to see that his friend had on a new suit, new hat, new shoes and other evidences of prosperity.

"Hey, boy," he said, "how come you dressed up this way? Is you got a job?"

"I'se got somethin' better'n any job," replied the other, "I'se got a profession."

"What is it?"

"I'se a orator."

"What's a orator?"

"Don't you know?" replied the resplendent one in surprise. "Well, I'll tell you what a orator is. If you was to walk up to a ordinary coon and ask him how much was two and two, he'd say 'four'; but if you was to ask one of them orators how much was two and two, he'd say: 'When in de cou'se of human events it becomes necessary to take de numeral of de second denomination and add it to de figger two, I says unto you and I says it without fear of successful contradiction, dat de result will in vai'bly be four.' Dat's a orator."

—*American Life Central.*

Safety Always

"Ben, I'll give you ten dollars to have your picture made in the cage with that lion."

"No, suh, boss, not me."

"He won't hurt you; he hasn't got any teeth."

"Mebbe so, but I ain't going to be gummed to death by no old lion."

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Arithmetic

Old Zeb was whitewashing his barn with a brush that had very few bristles left in it. The squire happened to pass and said, "Why don't you get a new brush with more bristles in it, Zeb?"

"What for, Squire?" asked the old man.

"What for?" answered the Squire. "Why, man, if you had a proper brush you could do twice as much work."

"Mebbe so, Squire, mebbe so," responded the old chap. "Only you see, I ain't got twice as much work to do."

—*Travelers' Beacon.*

Nothin' Else But

Neither Sambo nor Rastus could read the time of day—nor anything else—but Sambo had a nice, big Ingersoll, which he exhibited with a great air of superiority.

"What time am it?" said Rastus.

Sambo hesitated and then extended the time piece, saying, "Dar she am."

Rastus looked at it carefully, and said, "Damn if she ain't!"

—*U. G. I. Circle.*

In Season

An aged colored man, clad in two or three suits of old clothes and an overcoat of ancient lineage, was feebly breasting his way against the winter's chilling blasts.

"Wind," he was heard to apostrophize a particularly ferocious gust, "wind, whar wuz yo' las' Augus'?"

—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

Goodbye, Salesmen

"But this book will help you to run your elevator. See here: there's a whole chapter on elevators," persisted the canvasser.

"Don't want no help to run dis elevator," said the darkey. "Dis elevator runs all right now."

"But," said the canvasser, "this will help you to run it better. You will know twice as much when you get through."

"No, boss, no: dat's just it," returned Wash. "Don't want to learn nothing, boss," he said. "Why, boss, I know more now than I git paid for."

—*American Central Life.*

Information

An old colored mammy was holding up the line in front of the ticket seller's window. "I want a ticket for Florence," she was saying.

The ticket agent, after a great deal of fumbling over railroad guides, asked, "Where is Florence?"

The old mammy replied, "There she is, settin' over dar on de bench."

—*Powerfax.*

Anatomy

A little negro school girl, down in Florida, in answer to the question, "What is anatomy?" wrote the following:

"Anatomy is a human body. It is divided into three parts, the haid, the chest and the stummick. The haid holds the skull and brains if there is any, the chest holds the liver and the lites, and the stummick holds the entrails and the vowels, which are a, e, i, o and u, and sometimes w and y."

—*Travelers' Beacon.*

The Name Fits

"What's de name of dis infant?" demanded the colored parson who was officiating at the christening of Mandy's latest offspring.

"Her name am Opium Bryant," was the firm reply.

The parson protested: "Opium ain't no fit name for a gal!"

"Well, it fits dis gal," said Mandy, "for dey say opium comes from wild poppy, and dis chile's poppy suah am wild."

—*Mobile Register.*

Too Much Competition

"Seems like Ah don't make so much money shovelin' snow dis winter like Ah useter," mourned Rastus.

"Dat's funny," commented Cicero. "Mostest boys is gettin' bigger wages doin' anythin'."

"Ah's jest out o' luck. Since dey went acrost dese white boys been makin' de acquaintance of shovels, and now dey handles 'em like experts."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Before and After

"Don't yo' know I tol' yo' not to go swimmin' wid no white trash chillun, eh?" sternly asked Sambo Johnsing.

"But he wa'n't white before we went in," replied Sambo's small son.

—*Travelers' Beacon.*

"Dead Man's Delight"

Abraham Lincoln Jones, colored, was in indignant controversy with Washington Scott, also colored. The dice had been turning up in favor of the chocolate-tinged Washington, and a faint suspicion of fraud began to dawn upon Jones.

"Look heah, you niggah," he blurted out, "dem things got to tuhn diff'nt or dey's goin' be a big fuss roun' heah!"

"Fuss? Man, fuss? W'at kine of fuss yo' kallilate stahtin'? Know who I am? Down in Looville dey call me Wood Alcohol, I'se so tough."

"Wood Alcohol! Dat aint no name fo' yo," rejoined Abraham. "Why, down Nashville, whah I come from, dey'd call yo' Sweet Cidah."

—*Housekeeper's Almanac.*

Plain and Fancy Shuffling

"How come yuh ain't wukkin' today? Been fiahed?"

"N-n-naw. De man I wukked foh kinda resigned frum me."

"Whatcha mean—resigned frum yuh?"

"Resigned frum bein' mah boss."

"Uh-huh."

"How come yuh ain't wukkin' yoh own se'f? Has yuh been fiahed?"

"N-n-naw. De comp'ny I wuked foh done gwine out o' business."

"Which business is it gwine out of?"

"De business of lettin' me wuk foh it lak I was."

Amatory Speed

LADY—"Tobe, I'm sorry to hear your wife got a divorce."

TOBE—"Yessum, she done gone back to Alabama."

LADY—"Who will do my washing now?"

TOBE—"Well, mum, I'se co'tin' again, and I co'ts rapid."

—*Cincinnati Western Christian Advocate.*

The Last Word

You remind me forcibly of the case of a colored hack driver down South. One day he and his dilapidated cab and moth-eaten horse were all asleep by the curb. It was noon. Ten minutes till time for the train and the depot was a mile away. A fat traveling man of middle age came along sweating, toting two heavy grips and hastening toward the depot. Seeing the cab idle he called to the driver:

"'Hey, boy, can you get me to the train in ten minutes?'

"'Dunno, boss, dis hyer hoss he putty tolable ole. He war in the ahmy, boss man.'

"'Was he in the war? I was in the cavalry myself. Get into that cab and I'll get that horse there in time.'

"The driver got inside and the traveling man mounted the driver's seat. As he did he yelled, 'Tenshun!' The old horse stuck his head up for the first time in twenty years—tail ditto. 'Charge!' yelled the fare sharply. He charged. Away he went, striking fire from the boulders. The outfit reached the station just as the train did. 'Halt!' yelled the fare and leaped from the seat as the horse came to a skating stop. Tossing a dollar to the astonished occupant of the cab, the traveler ran to his train.

"That negro driver was the most astonished coon in twelve states. He had seen a miracle occur right under his nose. He muttered and chuckled and forgodsaked and good lawsamassied to himself almost continuously.

"Next day, about the same time, history repeated itself in the form of a younger but equally fat and belated traveling man, who wanted to make the train.

"'Yassah! boss man, ah think ah kin make hit,' and the man got in.

"'Ten-shun!' yelled the driver, and the horse obeyed.

"'Charge!' and again the horse did so.

Down to the station, across the railroad tracks, past the train, whose engine bell was ringing to start.

"'Say, nigger,' yelled the traveling man from the cab window, 'wynell don't you stop? Here's the depot.'

"'Ah knows dat, boss, but ah done fo'got dat las' word!'"

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

That's Easy

"Why is you all so happy?" "Done los' mah job."

—*Life.*

Fresh Fish

"Rastus, what dat you eatin'?" asked mammy of the little darky who was sitting in the back yard munching something.

"Eatin' a feesh."

"Whar'd yo' get dat feesh?"

"Off'n de fence."

"Well, Lawzee! Spit dat lizzud out!"

—*New York Times.*

Linda's Logic

A colored mammy came into the office of the estate for which she worked to receive her monthly wages. As she could not write, she always made her mark on the receipt—the usual cross. But on this occasion she made a circle.

"What's the matter, Linda?" the man in charge asked. "Why don't you make a cross as usual?"

"Why," Linda explained earnestly, "Ah done got married yesterday an' changed mah name."

—*Dry Goods Economist.*

The Impartial Sam

Sam, impaneled for jury service at a murder trial, had seemed a little too anxious to serve.

"Do you know the accused?" he was asked.

"Yassuh—dat is, nossuh," he replied, realizing that if he made an affirmative answer he would be disbarred from serving.

"Have you made up your mind as to his guilt or innocence?"

"Oh, no, suh."

"You think, then, that you could give his case a fair hearing?"

"Yassuh," replied Sam. "Leastways, ez fair ez de ole scamp deserves."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

CUPID

Carrying On

Two brothers were exchanging compliments, as brothers will, regarding their respective girl friends. "I hope you're not suffering from any hallucination that your girl is a raving beauty," sneered the elder. "I sure am," replied the younger Petersby, "and I'm going to continue to hug my illusion!"

—Farm Life.

Ergo

"What makes you think they're engaged?"

"She has a ring and he's broke."

—Mount Union Dynamo.

Sold!

YOUNG MAN—"So Miss Ethel is your oldest sister? Who comes after her?"

SMALL BOY—"Nobody ain't come yet; but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her."

—Everybody's Magazine.

Willing to Be Reasonable

THE MAGNATE (to hard-up suitor)—"Young man, d'yer know how I made my money?"

THE YOUNG MAN—"Yes—but I can't permit that to stand in the way of Muriel's happiness!"

—Humorist.

A Long Service

SUITOR: "Mr. Perkins, I've courted your daughter for fifteen years."

MR. PERKINS: "Well, what do you want?"

SUITOR: "To marry her."

PERKINS: "Well, I'll be hanged. I thought you wanted a pension or something."

—Travelers' Beacon.

Silver Threads

OLD GOTROX—"My daughter is too young to marry; she is only 18."

IMPECUNIOUS SUITOR—"I know, sir; but I have waited patiently for years and she doesn't seem to get any older."

—Boston Transcript.

Solo, Duet, Trio

SCENE—A cozy parlor, with dim-burning lamp. Two persons sitting close together on a couch—a man and a maid, of course.

Suddenly the youth's ardor took a painful form. He burst into verse sighing:

"You are gladness, you are sunshine,
You are happiness, I trow;
You are all to me, my darling,
That is lovely here below."

Not to be outdone, the fair damsel whispered:

"You are splendor, you are glory,
You are handsome, you are true;
All there is this side of heaven
I behold, my love, in you!"

Raptures! But suddenly a gruff voice broke in on their bliss, as father said sternly from the doorway:

"I am lightning, I am thunder,
I'm a roaring cataract;
I am earthquakes and volcanoes,
And I'll demonstrate the fact."

And he proceeded to do so.

—W-E.

Turn and Turn About

"Is Mr. Hansen courting you?"

"Not exactly yet. But he is approaching it step by step. When he first called he sat all the evening with the album in his lap. Next time he sat with my poodle in his lap. Next time he took my little brother in his lap. So, you see, I hope it will soon be my turn!"

—Trumbull Cheer.

He Took It All Right

He came down the garden path, a sad, sorrowful figure. She watched him with anxious eyes.

"How did father take it?" she asked.

"He took it all right," replied the young man.

"Oh, I am so glad, George!" she cried.

"Are you?" he replied, flopping forlornly by her side. "Well, I can't say that I am, dear. At first your father wouldn't listen to me."

"Why didn't you tell him that you had $2,500 in the bank, as I told you to?" she exclaimed.

"I did, after all else had failed," answered George dejectedly.

"And what did he do then?"

"Do!" echoed the young man, passing his hands wearily through his hair. "He borrowed it!"

—*W-E.*

First and Best

SHE (tenderly)—"And are mine the only lips you have kissed?"

HE—"Yes, and they are the sweetest of all."

—*Columbia Jester.*

Absolutely a Leader

HE—"Ah, every morning you are my first thought!"

SHE—"Your brother says the same!"

HE—"Yes, but I am up half an hour before him!"

—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

You Bet!

FATHER—"How is it, young man, that I find you kissing my daughter? How is it, young man?"

THE YOUNG MAN—"Great! Great!"

—*Trumbull Cheer.*

Mesalliance

THE HONORABLE BETTY—"Is it true that you are engaged to Lord Snobbery?"

THE HONORABLE ELSIE—"Yes, isn't it a bore? Everyone takes me for a chorus girl now!"

—*London Mail.*

All Good

"There are ten reasons why I will not marry you."

"And they are?"

"Well, the first is: You haven't any money, and the other nine are things I want."

—*Life.*

Taking No Chances

The train came to a grinding stop at a small town in the South and the head of a gentleman of color protruded from a window at the end of a car. Seated by his side could be seen a brown-skinned maiden.

"Does yo' know a cullud pusson by de name o' Jim Brown what lives here?" he asked of a station lounger.

"Ain' nevah heerd o' no Jim Brown hyah, an' Ah lived in dis town fo' ten years."

"Is you right suah dey ain't nevah been no Jim Brown aroun' hyah?"

"Positively."

"Den," announced the arrival, reaching for a suitcase, "dis is whah his new son-in-law gits off."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Love in the Print Shop

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" I said.
And she nodded her sweet permission.
So we went to press and rather guess
We printed a full edition.

"One edition is hardly enough,"
She said with a charming pout,
So again on the press the form we placed
And we got some extras out.

His One Limitation

"But," objected Mr. Sparker, when the young man had made known his wish to marry Miss Sparker, "you have never shown that you are capable of supporting a wife."

The young man seemed thoughtful, but was quick with his answer. "If, sir," he added, "you want her to marry a widower, I must confess that I can't qualify."

—*Farm Life.*

With Reservations

SHE—"Do you always think of me?"
HE—"Well, not exactly always, but whenever I think of anything I think of you."

—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

Sure Proof

BILL: "There are lots of girls who don't want to get married."
MARY: "How do you know?"
BILL: "I've asked them."

—*Upper Iowa Collegian.*

Already Unreasonable

"I won't marry Freddie. He doesn't love me."
"What's the matter now, Bluebelle?"
"He's giving his bachelor supper and won't let me attend."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Faith

MAE: "He simply worships her."
RAE: "I'll say he does. Why, he thinks that the parrot taught her to swear."

—*New York Sun and Globe.*

No Divided Attention

DORCAS: Do you ever allow a man to kiss you when you're out motoring with him?
PHILLIPPA: Never. If a man can drive safely while kissing me he's not giving the kiss the attention it deserves.

—*Kansas City Star.*

The Proposing Party

MRS. BROWN: "When I was a girl we used to have proposing parties. I don't suppose you ever hear of such a thing now."
MISS BRIGHT: "Why-er-yes. I had a proposing party call on me only last evening. How do you like my ring?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

Little beams of sunshine, little hugs and kisses,
Make the pretty maiden change her name to Mrs.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Banking Proposal

FIRST TELLER: "So you proposed to Nellie by letter, did you?"

SECOND TELLER: "Not exactly. You know she runs the S to Z book? Well, after the checks were sorted I wrote her a letter on the back of a check and slipped it into her stack. I proposed to her in it—"

FIRST TELLER: "Well, what did she do?"

SECOND TELLER: "She returned it marked 'Insufficient Funds.'"

There's Always a Way

VENDOR: "Buy a Christmas tree, lady, buy a tree and make the kiddies happy."

OLD MAID (*blushing*): "Sir! I have no children."

VENDOR: "Buy some mistletoe, lady! nice mistletoe!"

And New Complexion

"Dearest," he said, sighing, "it doesn't seem like the same old smile you used to give me."

"Oh, no, Jack," replied the sweet girl, "this is a new one. I have been studying at a school of dramatic art."

—*Toronto Telegram.*

Queer

ALICE: "Gladys is a queer girl."

VIRGINIA: "How's that?"

ALICE: "She told George he might kiss her if he could catch her."

VIRGINIA: "Well?"

ALICE: "She really ran."

—*Judge.*

Plenty of Reasons

MISS ANTIQUE: "You ought to get married, Mr. Oldchapp."

MR. OLDCHAPP (*earnestly*): "I have wished many times lately that I had a wife."

"Have you really?"

"Yes. If I had a wife she'd probably have a sewing machine and the sewing machine would have an oil can, and I could take it and oil my office door. It squeaks horribly."

—*Tid-Bits, London.*

On F 8

Weep to the tale of Willie T 8.
Who met a girl whose name was K 8.
He courted her at a fearful r 8.
And begged her soon to become his m 8.
"I would if I could," said lovely K 8.
"I pity your lonely unhappy st 8.
But, alas, alas, you've come too l 8.
I'm married already. The mother of 8.
Oh, 'tis a cruel and bitter f 8."

—*Northwestern Life Lines.*

Tears of Joy

SHE (*seated in park*): "Oh, Bob, we'd better be going. I'm sure I felt a raindrop."

HE: "Nonsense, dear: we are under a weeping willow."

—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

The Prize

FOND FATHER: "The man who marries my daughter, sir, wins a prize."

GUEST: "My word, that is a novel idea! Is it a money prize, or just a silver cup?"

—*Boston Globe.*

The Secret

HE (*elated*): "Edith, I've a great piece of news for you. Betty Bright has promised to be my wife."

SHE: "You call that news? Hm! Four weeks ago she asked me to be her bridesmaid."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Canine Cupid

HE: "I always kiss the stamps on your letters, because I know that your lips have touched them."

SHE: "Oh, dear! and to think that I dampen them on Fido's nose."

The Dream

HE: "I dreamt last night I proposed to the sweetest girl in the world."

SHE: "And what did I answer?"

Useful Habit

"I know I'm old, but I'm crazy about you," stated Mr. Moneybags. "When I go I'll leave all my fortune to you if you'll have me."

"Have you any bad habits?" asked Miss Goldielocks, thoughtfully.

"Only that I walk in my sleep, if you could call that a bad habit."

"You dear old thing. Of course I'll marry you. And we'll have our honeymoon on the top floor of some tall hotel, won't we?"

—*Bursts & Duds.*

Plain Spoken, Indeed

PERFECT LADY: "I wouldn't marry you if you was the last man on earth. I don't want to have nothing to do with you. Is that plain English?"

HE: "Oh, it's plain, but it isn't English."

—*Pacific Mutual News.*

Can't Be Done

ARDENT SUITOR: "Sir! I want your daughter for my wife."

IRATE FATHER: "Young man, you go home and tell your wife that she can't have my daughter."

—*Siwasher.*

Don't Talk That Way

The young man crawled into the august presence.

"I—I want to marry your daughter, sir."

"What?" the old man's face grew purple. "Marry my daughter? I am astonished! What on earth do you mean, sir? You" —

"Now, now," soothed the youth, seeing defeat looming near and wanting to get some sort of satisfaction out of the interview, "don't talk that way. You are prejudiced against the girl, sir. She's all right, really."

—*Tid-Bits.*

Keeping a Head

SHE: "I am telegraphing papa asking forgiveness."

HE (*broke*): "Better make it 'forgiveness and funds.'"

—*Boston Transcript.*

Soleful Days

DEMURE MAIDEN (*lately returned from College*): "—and father, Terry has lots of money, a big car, and a fine old southern family behind him."

FORCEFUL FATHER: "Well, I hope he's nice to boot."

—*Awgwan.*

Sociable Always

"How many times has Algernon proposed to you?"

"I haven't kept count," replied Miss Cayenne. "He is not a gifted conversationalist, and proposing is only his way of trying to say something pleasant."

—*Washington Star.*

Nice Little Sister

PLEASANT POLLY (*entertaining big sister's beau*): "Oh, Adolphus, guess what father said about you last night!"

ADOLPHUS: "I haven't an idea in the world."

PLEASANT POLLY: "Oh, shame! You listened."

—*Travelers' Beacon.*

Resolute Measures

"So the engagement is off?"

"Yes. She was so indignant when she heard about what he'd done that she tore off her engagement ring and flung it onto her right hand."

—*Bulletin* (*Sydney*).

A Time Measure

"Lez see!" mused Claudine of the rapid fire restaurant. "How long has Yosabelle been keeping company with Scrappy?"

"Aw, about two permanent waves," responded Heloise, the head waitress.

—*Kansas City Star.*

Some people say that talk is cheap,
But 'tis not safe to heed 'em;
I've known two simple words: "Be mine,"
To cost a man his freedom.

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Ardent Youth

THE PROFESSOR: "It is said that clergymen and soldiers appeal most strongly to women."

THE ARDENT YOUTH: "By Jove! I wish I were an army chaplain!"

—*London Opinion.*

Something Between

FITZNOODLE (*who has remained to an unreasonable hour Sunday night urging his suit*): "Then am I to understand, Miss Breezy, that you will not be my wife?"

MISS BREEZY (*sleepily restraining a yawn*): "That is it exactly. There is a yawning gulf between us."

The Flirt

FIRST HEN: "That big rooster has been making love to me."

SECOND HEN: "Did you give him any encouragement?"

FIRST HEN: "Just egged him on a bit."

—*Scalper.*

No Hurry

"My dear Madaline, I love you! Be mine!"

"I can't, Mr. Todd, I became engaged to-day."

"Well, then, perhaps to-morrow."

—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

Proceed

Brown was making a visit to a girl who lived in the country, and they were walking through the fields when they noticed a cow and a calf rubbing noses in bovine love. He spoke up: "The sight of that makes me want to do the same thing."

"Go ahead," she replied, "it's father's cow."

—*Ghost.*

Language of Love

YOUNG BRIDE: "Won't oos 'ittle umpsie dumpsie kiss oos 'ittle ootsie wootsie?"

MAN (*in next berth*): "You can't go anywhere nowadays without running across some of those damned foreigners!"

—*Virginia Reel.*

Batter Up!

"How would you like to sign up with me for a life game?" was the way a baseball fan proposed.

"I'm agreeable," replied the girl; "where's the diamond?"

It's Always Fair Weather

HE (*poet lover*): "My fair one, you reign supreme in my heart. Without you all would be dark and dreary. When the clouds gather and the snow and hail beat upon me, then I think of you. Immediately the warm southern winds come—the storms break—and through the dying showers I see your love shining bright and clear. My rainbow!"

SHE (*factory girl*): "Hey, is this a proposal or a weather report?"

—*Provident Between Ourselves.*

The Diamond Jubilee

As father opened the front door and went down the hall unmistakable sounds of joy were heard from the parlor. Mother emerged and came to greet him.

"What is it, maw?"

"Diamond jubilee."

"Huh?"

"It's Luella and her young man, paw."

"But what is this diamond jubilee business?"

"He has just finished the payments on the engagement ring."

The Spelling Bee

A young woman at a party lost her glove. The finder was a wealthy old bachelor named Page, and he returned it to her with the following note:

"If from your glove you take the letter 'g,' that glove is love and that I have for thee."

To this the young woman replied:

"If from your name you take the letter 'P,' then Page is age and that won't do for me."

His Dying Sneeze

"So," sobbed Illma Vaselineovitch, "Ivan Ninespotski died in battle! Do you say he uttered my name as he was dying?"

"Part of it," replied the returned soldier; "part of it."

—*New York World.*

The Right Approach

"Well, sir," shot the square-jawed financier coldly. "I'm listening. Go on. Tell me why you think that my daughter should be your wife. What have you ever done to make yourself fit to be my son-in-law?"

"Well, sir—in college I graduated at the head of my class—"

"Yes?"

"And I never drink highballs, smoke cigarettes, chew—"

"All right. That's something. But you'll have to give a better reason than that."

"I began working for $10 a week and now I am making $4,000 a year and my practice is growing."

"Let's hear more."

"Well, here is another reason. You know I am practicing law. A lady came into my office the other day, opened her bag, and showed me a packet of letters. They were from you, addressed to her in endearing terms such as 'Dear Baby.' I offered her $500 for them. If I produce the money to-day they are mine."

"You say you graduated at the head of your class?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, my son, I never told anybody about it, but I have always hoped that Mildred would marry a scholar."

And then as the young man hurried to the girl to break the happy news, he grinned: "The old scoundrel! What'll I ever do if he wants me to get those letters for him?"

—*Selling Aid.*

Nowadays

ETHELRED: "There's a certain question I've wanted to ask you for weeks."

ALFREDA: "Well, get a move on; I've had the answer waiting for months."

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Open-Minded

"So you propose to take my daughter from me without any warning?"

NERVOUS YOUNG MAN: "Not at all. If there is anything concerning her you want to warn me about, I'm willing to listen."

—*London Answer.*

THE DOCTORS

Test for the Hearing

A gruff old practitioner of the type of the last generation, who is official physician of the public schools of a nearby town, was examining the oral faculties of the pupils one day recently and, with watch in hand, gripped a little girl of 10 under the test. "Hear that?" he asked, with the timepiece at arm's length.

"No, sir," came the timid reply.

"Hear that?" he repeated, bringing it slightly nearer. There was no response and he carried the watch nearer and nearer with no better results. Finally, jamming it against the child's ear, he explained with some heat: "Now, don't you hear that?" There was the same monosyllabic reply and, with an air of deep disgust, the old doctor carried the watch to his own ear with the exclamation: "Gosh, the old thing ain't goin'!"

—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Quarantined, So to Speak

DOCTOR: "Have you taken every precaution to prevent spread of contagion in the family?"

RASTUS: "Abs-lutely, doctah, we've eben bought a sanitary cup an' we all drink from it!"

Of Course!

DOCTOR: "Put out your tongue—more than that—all of it."

CHILD: "But, doctor, I can't. It's fastened at the other end!"

—*Onward.*

The Old Answer

The doctor was examining Bosworth, a hospital corpsman, for advancement in rating. "What would you do if the captain fainted on the bridge?"

"Bring him to," warbled the aspiring corpsman.

"Then what?" asked the doctor.

"Bring him two more," returned the gob.

—*Naval Weekly.*

Fixing Him

DOCTOR: "Undoubtedly you need more exercise—what is your occupation?"

PATIENT: "I'm a piano shifter."

DOCTOR (*recovering quickly*): "Well—er—hereafter, shift two at a time."

—*London Opinion.*

Suspicion

The doctor had just left. Dad was all smiles. "John," said his wife, sharply, "just how much did you have to pay that fool doctor for saying spinach was hard to digest and of no great food value, and that you had better not eat any of it?"

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Old Pals

DOCTOR (*to Gravedigger*): "John, John, this is very bad. I must report your intoxicated condition to the minister."

GRAVEDIGGER: "Aw, come off, Doc. I've covered up many a mistake o' yourn. Can't you overlook one o' mine?"

—*London Humorist.*

Experience

"Your life hangs by a thread," said the doctor. The patient breathed a sign of relief; he was married, and often had buttons remain that way for a long, long time.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Paying His Debts

DOCTOR: "Young man, you owe your very remarkable recovery to your wife's tender care."

THE PATIENT: "It's kind of you to tell me, Doc. I shall make out the check to my wife."

—*Life.*

And the Office Hours?

"The sun," says Sir Herbert Barker, "is the greatest physician in the world."

"In England," comments the *London Humorist,* "the trouble is to get an appointment."

—*Toronto Telegram.*

Watch the Ticker

DOCTOR: "Well, how is our patient this morning?"

SICK BROKER: "Fine! My temperature slumped three points last night, but it rallied this morning and is now above par."

—*Boston Transcript.*

A Good Beginning

"Well, how is your son getting along with his studies to be a doctor?"

"Very well, thank you; he can already cure very small children."

—*Stockholm Strix.*

Always Obeyed

SHE: "Why can't you take me with you on your trip?"

HE: "Because the doctor told me not to take anything that disagreed with me."

—*New York Sun.*

The Mail Order Business

"Dear Doctor: My pet billy boat is seriously ill from eating a complete leather-bound set of Shakespeare. What do you prescribe?"

Answer: "Am sending *Literary Digest* by return mail."

Inspiring Perspiration

At the bedside of a patient who was a noted humorist, five doctors were in consultation as to the best means of producing a perspiration.

The sick man overheard the discussion and, after listening for a few moments, he turned his head toward the group and whispered with a dry chuckle:

"Just send in your bills, gentlemen; that will bring it on at once."

Prompt Service

"Madam," said one of our examiners, "it is quite evident that your neuritis is caused by your teeth, and they will have to come out. Let me see them, please."

"All right, doctor," she replied, "hold out your hand."

—*The Weekly App.*

Doctors Protected

DOCTOR: "You are slightly morbid, my dear lady. You should look about you and marry again."

WIDOW: "Oh, doctor, is this a proposal?"

DOCTOR: "Allow me to remind you, madam, that a doctor prescribes medicine, but he doesn't take it."

—*New York Tribune.*

Drugs Useless

"What is that stuff you are going to give my husband?" asked the agitated wife.

"An anesthetic," replied Dr. Argamonte. "After he has taken it he won't know anything."

"Then don't give it to him," she exclaimed. "He doesn't need it."

The Guarantee

"Are you sure," an anxious patient once asked a physician, "are you sure that I shall recover? I have heard that doctors sometimes give wrong diagnoses and have treated patients for pneumonia who afterwards died of typhoid fever."

"You've been wofully misinformed," replied the medico indignantly. "If I treat a man for pneumonia he dies of pneumonia."

—*The Crescent.*

Diagnosis Waiting

"I'm in powerful bad shape, Lum!" said a citizen of Straddle Ridge, in reply to an inquiry of an acquaintance. "I hain't been any account—to say account—for six weeks now. I kain't sleep nights to do no good, and I don't relish what I eat. I've got a grouping pain in my abandon the most of the time, and I'm plumb down in the back and low in my mind. I don't know what I ort to do."

"Get a new almanack," was the reply. "That'll furnish a new set of symptoms, that likely you'll know what to do for."

Piece Work

"What? Fifteen million marks to extract a tooth! I have to work an hour to earn that!"

"If you like, I will spend an hour in extracting the tooth!"

—*Munich Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

Wasted Money

When the doctor arrived he found the patient in tears. "Cheer up, my good man," he said, "you'll pull through all right."

"It isn't that, Doc," groaned the patient, "but just think of the money I've spent buying apples to keep you away."

—*Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.*

Eyeful and Earful

Miss Moss (*telephoning*): "Oh, doctor, I forgot to ask you about that eye medicine you gave me."

Doctor: "Well?"

Miss Moss: "Do I drop it in my eyes before or after meals?"

—*London Tit-Bits.*

A Sure-Fire Retailer

"When I was a boy," said the gray-haired physician, who happened to be in a reminiscent mood, "I wanted to be a soldier; but my parents persuaded me to study medicine."

"Oh, well," rejoined the sympathetic druggist, "such is life. Many a man with wholesale aspirations has to content himself with a retail business."

—*Tit-Bits.*

The Typesetter Again

What a difference the change of a letter makes, remarks the *Boston Transcript*. The most humorous misprint we can remember is this one, which went the rounds several years ago:

"The doctor felt the patient's purse and decided there was no hope."

Another Law Needed

Mr. Simpson was reading the newspaper.

"Here's a man got into a drunken brawl and was stabbed to death," he said aloud.

His wife glanced up from her knitting, and commented:

"In some low drinking den, I suppose?"

"No; th' paper says he got stabbed in th' thoracic cavity."

"Same thing; you'd think th' officers of the law would close such a place up."

—*Disston Crucible.*

Cure for Rabies

In a recent examination conducted by the civil service for a helper in the chemical department the following question was asked: "What are rabies and what would you do for them?"

And this was the unexpected reply on one paper: "Rabies are Jewish priests, and I wouldn't do a darn thing for them."

—*Trumbull Cheer.*

Off His Game

PATIENT: "You are quite sure that one of my legs is not longer than the other?"

DOCTOR: "Positive."

PATIENT: "And you know that I have nothing the matter with my eyes?"

DOCTOR: "Yes."

PATIENT: "And you are sure my heart, stomach and lungs are in good condition?"

DOCTOR: "Yes, I'm sure of that."

PATIENT: "Well, then, that professional must have sold me a rotten driver."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Safety First, Last and Always

The dear old lady entered the drug store and looked doubtfully at the youthful clerk behind the counter.

"I suppose," she began, "that you are a properly qualified druggist?"

"Yes, madam."

"You have passed all the examinations?"

"Certainly."

"Never poisoned anybody by mistake?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Very well, then," she replied, heaving a sigh of relief and laying a coin on the counter. "You may give me a nickel's worth of cough drops."

—*Bursts and Duds.*

The Cheerful One

"Doctor, why do you keep that cheerful assistant around? He tells the patients there is nothing the matter with them."

"I keep him for the ones who are really sick."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Time Enough in the Morning

"How are you feeling, ol' man," inquired the ward doctor of one of his patients.

"Not so bad, doctor," replied the patient, "but my breathing troubles me."

"Well," assured the doctor, "I'll see if I can stop that tomorrow."

—*Everybody's.*

Something on the Dollar

"I am sorry to tell you," said the doctor, "that there is no doubt you are suffering from smallpox."

The patient turned on his pillow and looked up at his wife.

"Julia, if any of my creditors call, tell them at last I am in a position to give them something."

—*Rochester Credit Association Bulletin.*

As Dr. Munyon Once Said

"Doctor!" The modern woman approached the medical man tremblingly. "Is there no hope of my husband—"

"Go on, madame."

"Is there no hope, doctor; is there no hope?"

"That depends, madame, on what you are hoping for," said the doctor, reaching for his hat.

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

The Wage Question

An old Viennese professor who had two sons on the operatic stage and two more in the medical line was asked how his boys were getting on.

"Well," he said, "two of 'em heal and the other two howl, and the howlers earn four times as much as the healers."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Too Kind, by Far

"If you think there's something wrong with your heart, why don't you consult the specialist?"

"I'm afraid he would say it was something fatal."

"Oh, nonsense! He wouldn't; he's an awfully good sort."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Quarantine

"This doctor says people with colds should be quarantined," remarked Mrs. Grouch. "I suppose that is so they can't give them to other people."

"No, of course not," growled her husband; "it is to keep other people from giving them advice on how to cure them."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Diagnosis

"Is Doc Oompah good at diagnosis?"

"I'll tell you how good he is. I went to him with $10.40 in my pocket. He charged me $10 for advice and 35 cents for medicine."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Value of Prayer

Probably there isn't a physician who doesn't have a few charity patients as well as those who can and do pay their bills, and one of these gave a good laugh to the attending nurses at the hospital.

"I'm very grateful for what you have done for me, doctor," said the woman, adding, "I pray for you every night."

"Why, that's very nice of you to think of me like that, Mrs. Blank," said the doctor, highly gratified.

"Lord, sir, it ain't a bit of trouble," replied the woman affably. "It ain't a bit of trouble to put your name in along with the others."

Strong Medicine

A farmer's mule had just balked in the road when the country doctor came by. The farmer asked him if he could give him something to start the mule. The physician said he could, and reaching into his medicine case, gave the mule some powder. The mule switched his tail, tossed his head, and started on a mad gallop up the road. The farmer looked first at the flying mule and then at the doctor.

"How much did that medicine cost?" he asked.

"Oh, about fifteen cents," said the physician.

"Well, give me a quarter's worth, quick—I got to catch that mule."

—*Travelers' Beacon.*

The Threat

Overheard: "Yus! an' I says to 'im: 'You shove any more water in my milk an' I'll tike it down ter the Town 'All an' 'ave it paralyzed by the local Anarchist.' "

Get the Doctor

A chap returned to his hotel late one night very much disturbed over the condition of a friend, who was promptly put to bed and a doctor called in.

The doctor examined the patient, while the friend looked on. The symptoms were plain.

"Do you see any pink elephants or skyblue tigers?" asked the physician.

"No," muttered the patient.

"See any sea serpents or giraffes turning handsprings on the rug?"

"No," said the sufferer.

"Well, you'll be all right when you sleep it off," said the doctor as he departed. But the friend was far from satisfied.

"Look here," he confided to the room clerk, over the desk. "My friend's in a bad fix. Did you hear him say he didn't see any elephants or tigers or sea serpents? Well, the room was full of 'em."

In the Drug Store

YOUNG LADY (*in drug store*): "Are you a doctor?"

THOMAS (*who jerks soda*): "No, madam, I'm a fizzician."

The Patent Medicine

A new patent medicine, take it from the industrious advertising man, "develops and beautifies the bust, rheumatism, fatigue, sprains, etc." Any time rheumatism attains its maximum beauty, please call us. We should like to see it.

—*Buffalo Evening Times.*

Help for the Young M.D.

JONES: "How is your young cousin, the doctor, getting on with his practice?"

SMITH: "Very slowly. The whole family is trying to help him out, but, of course, we can't be sick all the time."

—*Boston Globe.*

The Prescription

A tramp knocked at a kitchen door and said: "Please, kind lady, I'm a sick man. The doctor gimme this medicine, but I need something to take it with."

The woman was ready to help. "Poor fellow," she said, "do you want a spoon and a glass of water?"

"No, mum. I wouldn't trouble you, but this medicine haster be took after meals. Have you got a meal handy?"

—*Judge.*

Practice Makes Perfect

"Pardon me a moment, please," said the dentist to the victim, "but before beginning this work I must have my drill."

"Good gracious, man!" exclaimed the patient, "can't you pull a tooth without a rehearsal?"

—*Boys' Life.*

Not Enough Pills

DOCTOR: "I suppose, Mrs. Johnson, that you have given the medicine according to directions?"

MRS. JOHNSON: "Well, doctah, I done mah bes'. You said give Sam one o' dese heah pills three times a day ontil gone, but I done run out o' pills an' he hain't gone yit."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Serious Accident

"I 'aven't seen yer 'usband about lately, Mrs. 'iggins, I 'ope 'e's quite well?"

"Didn't you 'ear—'e fell off a tram an' got conclusion of the brain?"

—*Los Angeles Times.*

Professional Courtesy

EMINENT SPECIALIST: "So you went to a general practitioner. What fool advice did he give you?"

SHE: "Oh, he told me to see a specialist."

—*Judge.*

Never Lost a Case

"There goes a man who has never lost a case."

"What is he—doctor, lawyer or bootlegger?"

—*Life.*

Precautions

A tourist was asking a lot of questions about an English village and the oldest inhabitant was giving the answers.

"And how about the water supply—what precautions do you take against infection?"

"Well, first o' all, we boils it, sir."

"Good."

"An' then we filters it."

"Fine."

"An' then, sir, we drinks beer."

—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Better and Better

DOCTOR: "My treatment is doing you lots of good. You are looking much better to-day."

FAIR PATIENT: "Oh, I always look much better in this hat!"

—*Judge.*

A Born Salesman

A young physician was buying furniture for the equipment of his office. The salesman racked his brain to think of something else to sell him.

He had sold almost everything that was appropriate or necessary, when he had a happy thought.

"Oh, yes; I nearly forgot," he exclaimed. "You need a doormat."

"Not a new one," said the young doctor. "I'll get that at a second-hand store. A worn one will be a much better advertisement for me."

—*Pittsburgh Sun.*

An Experienced Prescriber

A victim of chronic bronchitis called on a doctor to be examined. The doctor, after careful questioning assured the patient that the ailment would respond readily to treatment.

"I suppose you must have had a great deal of experience with this disease?" said the sufferer.

The doctor smiled wisely, and replied: "Why, my dear sir, I've had bronchitis myself for over fifteen years."

—*The Christian Evangelist* (*St. Louis*).

Stud Stethoscopic Studied

Headlight Bill was a colored gentleman of sporting proclivities, who had got his name from a large diamond which he wore as a stud. He had occasion to consult a doctor about a "misery" in his chest.

The medical man eyed the stud keenly. This made Headlight somewhat uneasy.

After asking a number of questions, the doctor produced a stethoscope and placed it squarely over the stud. Finishing his examination the doctor looked solemn. So did the patient.

"An't it genuwine, doctah?" asked Headlight.

—*Pittsburgh Sun.*

Waste

The dying man shook his head tearfuly and maintained, "I won't take it, no, Ikey, it tastes awful."

"But, mine dear fren," groaned Ikey, "you can't die and leave all these expensive medicines wasted."

—*Bison.*

THE FAMILY

Troubles of the Stork

A man stepped off a car in New Rochelle, N. Y., accompanied by his wife and fourteen children. He was about to transfer to a Rye Beach bus when a policeman tapped him.

"Come along with me," he said.

"What for?" the man asked.

"I don't know," the policeman said as he led him away, "but after I've locked you up, I'll go back and find out why that crowd was following you."

Fair Warning for All

A sad looking woman of mature years appeared on the street pushing a baby carriage, in which was a fine, healthy infant, howling lustily. A friend approached.

"Why, Mrs. Lufkins!" she ejaculated. "What a darling baby! But you haven't any children. Whose is it?"

"You're wrong, my dear," replied the sad-faced one. "This is my husband. He went too far with the gland cure."

Unappreciative Papa

Little Mary's father had denied her a pleasure which she had expected to enjoy. That night when she said her prayers at her mother's knee, she concluded with this petition: "And please don't give my papa any more children. He don't know how to treat those he's got now."

—*Household Guest.*

Modernizing Education

"Physical culture, father, is perfectly lovely," exclaimed an enthusiastic young miss just from college. "Look! To develop the arms I grasp the rod in both hands and move it from left to right."

"Well, well," replied dad admiringly, "what won't science discover next? Why, if that rod had straw on the other end, you'd be sweeping."

The New Topsy

A friendly old lady passed a little child on the road feverishly making mud-pies. Questioning the little tot the woman finally asked: "And where were you born?"

"I wasn't born at all," was the reply; "I got a stepmother."

—*London Tit-Bits.*

Unanimous

"How dared you kiss my daughter last night on the veranda!"

"Well, to tell you the truth, ever since I saw her by daylight this morning I've been wondering the same thing."

—*London Mail.*

Give and Take

"What a trifling little cuss Runt is, anyhow!" ejaculated Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge. "But, one thing, shore and sartin, he don't get none of his orneriness from me!"

"No, I reckon not," replied Mrs. Johnson. "You don't 'pear to have lost none of your'n."

—*Kansas City Star.*

Bringing Up Mother

PEARL KNOSIT: "Mother, do look at Mrs. Dowd. She's actually eating her salad with her fish fork."

HER MOTHER: "Yes, I see. Poor thing! She has no daughter to guide her."

—*Detroit News.*

The Manager

THE FATHER: "What proof have you that you can support my daughter?"

THE ASPIRANT: "Haven't I been engaged to her for over a year?"

—*New York Post.*

The Unbearable One

"Harry," she said thoughtfully.

"What is it?" responded the worried business man rather shortly.

"I wish you could rearrange your business a little bit."

"How?"

"So as to be a bear on Wall Street instead of at home."

—*W-E.*

The Real Test

DEACON JOHNSON: "D' yo' tink yo' could support mah daughter ef yo' married her?"

ED BLACK: "Suttingly."

DEACON: "Hab yo' ebber seen her eat?"

ED: "Suttingly."

DEACON: "Hab yo' ebber seen her eat when nobody was watchin' her?"

—*Pathfinder.*

Inexperienced

A stingy man got a hot shot from his wife when he reproved her for taking a counterfeit bill. "I don't see how you were dumb enough to let a man pass a counterfeit on you," he roared.

"Well, you don't let me see real money often enough to know the difference," she hurled back at him.

—*Columbus Dispatch.*

His Assignment

"I have a job for you, Mr. Graffik," said the editor to the new reporter. "Are you married?"

"No, sir."

"I thought not. Get married instantly, and let me have three columns by ten o'clock on how to manage a wife."

—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Pitchers All

"Hello, Josh! Haven't seen you for quite a spell. What are your boys doing now?"

"Well, John's a baseball player and pitches the ball; Hank's a chorister and pitches the tune; Jim's a farmer and pitches the hay, while Bob's still in college and spends most of his time pitchin' into me for not sending more money," replied Josh.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Older and Wiser

"When I was a young man, I worked twelve hours a day."

SON: "I admire your youthful energy, dad, but I admire still more the mature wisdom which led you to stop it."

—*The Continent.*

The Happy Family

A small lad of six was presenting his application for a library card at the Irvington Branch Library. It is necessary that the librarian ask the given name of each parent. After telling his father's name the youngster, being asked his mother's given name, gave forth the startling information that he didn't know.

"What does your father call her?" further queried the librarian, hoping thus to elicit the desired response.

"He calls her 'Honey'," came the prompt reply, and then added as if for further enlightenment of a seemingly stupid librarian, "He likes her."

Extravagance

"Mummy, may I go to the circus this afternoon?"

"My dear child, what an idea. Fancy wanting to go to the circus when your Aunt Emily is here!"

—*Toronto Telegram.*

The Vacation

MRS. B.: "Does your husband intend to seek a cure for his deafness?"

MRS. A.: "Yes, but he is going to wait a couple of years longer, when the children will be through with their piano lessons."

Something Real to Worry About

"You look blue, old man."

"I am blue. I've been rejected."

"Oh, cheer up. There are plenty of other girls, you know."

"Girls be hanged! It's an insurance company that has done the rejecting."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Independence

"What are you going to be when you grow up, Jennie?"

"I'm going to be an old maid."

"An old maid, dear! Why?"

"'Cause I don't think I'd like to kiss a man a hundred times and tell him he's handsome every time I go shopping. I'd rather earn money and buy things for myself."

—*Photo Digest.*

Vanishing Ancestor

"How far do they trace their ancestry?"

"The grandfather, a City Bank Director, was traced as far as China; there all traces were lost."

—*London Opinion.*

Illustration

MRS. JAY: "Tom says that Mazie is too temperamental to make a happy home for a man. What is 'temperamental,' anyway?"

MR. JAY: "Hm. See that woman crossing the street—the one with a baby in her arms—carrying a market-basket—and two children clinging to her skirt?"

MRS. JAY: "Yes."

MR. JAY: "Well, she isn't temperamental."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

One in Every Home?

"How's your loud speaker?"

"She's fine, thanks—oh, I thought you meant my wife! She buzzes and speaks too much."

"Your wife?"

"No—my loud speaker."

This is not a vaudeville gag. It's just a bit of conversation picked up yesterday at the American Radio Exposition on the fourth floor of the Grand Central Palace.

—*The New York Herald.*

Two Common Denominators

"Hello, Jim," called the neighbor to Mr. Newpop. "Named that wonderful baby yet?"

"Well, almost," answered Newpop. "The two grandmothers have agreed to arbitrate."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Evidently!

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Gadgett, proudly, "we can trace our ancestors back to—to—well, I don't know exactly who, but we've been descending for centuries."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Little Nosmo

Many ministers could, from personal experience, tell of strange names bestowed upon infants at their baptism, but few could equal the following story recently told by the Bishop of Sodor and Man. A mother who was on the lookout for a good name for her child, saw on the door of a building the word "Nosmo." It attracted her, and she decided that she would adopt it. Some time later, passing the same building, she saw the name "King" on another door. She thought the two would sound well together, and so the boy was baptized "Nosmo King Smith." On her way home from the church where the baptism had taken place, she passed the building again. The two doors on which she had seen the names were now closed together, and what she read was not "Nosmo King," but "No Smoking."

—*The Argonaut* (*San Francisco*).

Send Him Back!

THE PRESSMAN (*interviewing notorious personage recently released from prison*): "And then shall I say that you walked forth from the grim fates of prison a free man?"

THE NOTORIETY: "No, no, you can't say that. I had the wife with me!"

—*London Humorist.*

Jim Smith's

"Caterpillars are the most voracious of all living creatures," said a naturalist. "In a month a caterpillar will eat about 600 times its weight."

Whereupon an old lady who was somewhat deaf, interposed, "Whose boy did you say he was?"

—*The Christian Advocate* (*New York*).

The Faithful Scout

AFFABLE VISITOR: "Well, and do you do a good deed every day, Tommy?"

TOMMY: "Yes, sir. Yesterday, I visited my aunt in the country, and she was glad. To-day, I came back home again, and she was glad again!"

—*The Humorist* (*London*).

THE FARM

Recapitulation

FARMER BROWN (*on being asked if the tornado of the night before had damaged his barn*): "Derned if I know, I ain't found the danged thing yet."

—*Disston Crucible.*

One Good Point

"How is your new hired man, Ezry?" asked Farmer Flint.

"Well, he ain't much of a worker," replied Farmer Fumblegate, "but he is the best checker player I ever hired."

—*Kansas City Star.*

The Pessimist

BOOK AGENT: "Now here is a wonderful book entitled 'How I Farmed for Profit'."

FARMER BITTERS: "I ain't got no time to read any fiction whatever."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

A Special Skill

"Is your new hired man a good worker?" asked Farmer Flint.

"Not pertickler," replied Farmer Fumblegate. "But he's one of the best acrobats I ever saw. I actually believe he can climb over the barbed wire fence without taking his hands out of his pockets."

—*Kansas City Star.*

Kept Too Busy

Little Bobby came crying into the house, rubbing the places where he had been butted by a pet sheep.

"But what did you do," his mother demanded, "when the sheep knocked you down?"

"I didn't do nothin'," Bobby declared protestingly. "I was gettin' up all the time."

—*Onward.*

Scientific Farming

Mary had a little cow
And, oh, how it did stutter.
In place of every quart of milk
It gave a pound of butter.

Can't Tell the Difference

The returned fresh-air kid was telling his mother of the wonders of the country. "And say, ma," he said, "out at Angola they get milk from cows, and it's just as good milk as any."

—*Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.*

The Newspaper Reader

TOURIST: "Looks as if you were going to have a fine fruit crop."

FARMER: "Too early to say. It's only been ruined three times so far this season."

—*Life.*

A Job for a Memory

An unemployable was offered work digging potatoes. He thought for a few moments, and then said:

"I don't think I'll take the job. Let the man dig them who planted them; he will know where to find them."

—*Good Hardware.*

Just Chores

The farmer's pink-cheeked daughter was coming up the lane. She was clad in a grimy pair of overalls, from the pockets of which bulged huge bunches of waste and sundry wrenches and pliers. In her hand was a dirty satchel rattling with an assortment of iron tools.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a'milkin', sir," she said.

"But why the tools?"

"Trouble," she said, "with that darned old milking machine, again."

—*The Travelers' Beacon.*

Do You Catch It?

MAY: "Gee, I have a creepy feeling.
FAY: "Ghosts?"
MAY: "No; chicken louse."

—*Farm Life.*

Half True

"They tell me you nave an oil well on your farm."
"There's some truth in it," replied Farmer Corntossel. "I got the well."

—*Successful Farming.*

One Thing at a Time

"Son, are you through the churning?"
"Yes, mother."
"Then why don't you go get the wood I told you to bring?"
"I'm waiting for old Tabby to finish cleanin' my boots."

—*Farm Life.*

The Mystery

"Seen any mysterious strangers around here lately?" casually inquired the detective from the city.
"Waal," answered Uncle Eben, "there was a feller over to town with a circus last week who took a pair o' rabbits out o' my whiskers."

—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Explained

MRS. YOUNGBRIDE: "Our cook says those eggs you sent yesterday were quite old."
FARMER: "Very, sorry, ma'am. They were the best we could get. You see, all the young chickens have been killed off, so the old hens are the only ones left to do the layin'."

—*Good Hardware.*

Laziness Not Wanted

FARMER: "Would you like to buy a jug of cider?"
TOURIST: "Well-er, is it ambitious and willing to work?"

—*New York World.*

Phonetic English

An Englishman living in the provinces received one morning the following bill from a man with whom he had dealings:

Osverada
Avordeos
Vechinovimome
IOS

Looks like some foreign language, but translated into normal English the words are, "Horse for a day," "Hay for the horse" and "Fetching of him home."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Fame

EDISON: "Who was it crossed the Delaware, Henry?"
FORD: "Let me think. Oh, yes—Burbank."

—*Legion Weekly.*

Hoss Trading

A horse dealer was trying to sell a horse. The animal was broken-winded but sleek. The owner trotted him around for inspection and, bringing him back to the farmer, stroked the horse's back and remarked: "Hasn't he a lovely coat?"

The prospect removed his pipe and said, as he looked at the heaving flanks of the animal: "Yeah, his coat's all right; but I don't like his pants."

—*The Prairie Farmer.*

Song of the Farm

I sing the bean, the onion meek,
The rutabaga and the leek,
For them my admiration grows,
Too many people sing the rose.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Up to Date

COW: "Can you beat it? There's so much system around here now that they file me in the barn under the letter C."

HEN: "Yes, I have my troubles with efficiency too. They've put a rubber stamp in my nest so I can date my eggs two weeks ahead."

—*Bursts and Duds.*

No Envy Required

"Don't you sometimes envy the idle rich?"

"No," replied the old farmer. "I know fellers that haint got a dollar who can be just as idle as anybody."

—*Boston Transcript.*

A Puritan Rejoinder

"You're not the only pebble on the beach," hissed the goose.

"You're no Plymouth Rock yourself?" answered the rooster.

—*Log.*

The Best Policy

A motorist speeding through a country neighborhood killed a hen. He stopped and pressed a $2 bill into the hand of little Edna, who was on her way to neighbor Reed's. Edna ran and told her mamma of her good fortune.

"Well," said her thrifty mother, "put the money in your bank and I will cut the hen's head off so we can eat her."

"Perhaps, mamma," said Edna thoughtfully, "as long as we have the money we had better let the Reeds eat the hen. It was their hen."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Persuasion Needed

To those who contribute to the support of humane work and the animals' welfare only under pressure or when cornered by some humanitarian, financial strategist, the attitude of Farmer Applegate's cow applies: "How much milk does that cow give?" asked the summer boarder.

"Wal," replied Farmer Applegate, "ef you mean by voluntary contribooshun, she don't give none. But ef ye kin get her cornered so she can't kick none to hurt, an able-bodied man kin take away about 'lev'n quarts a day from her."

A Strange Town

"I was up to Kay See a hull week once," said Oliver Onken of Jimpson Junction, "and never seed anybody I knowed."

"Didn't, eh?" returned Gene Greenhaw.

"No; I didn't even see anybody that reminded me of anybody I knowed."

—*Kansas City Star.*

Ready Arithmetic

"How many sheep have you got in this field?"

"Now, how many would you say?"

"Two hundred and fifty."

"Well, you are perfectly correct, but jiggered if I know how you counted so quickly."

"Easy enough. I just counted all the legs and divided by four."

—*London Mail.*

Practical

STUMP SPEAKER (*boastfully*): "I'm a practical farmer. Mention, if you can, just one thing I can't do on the farm."

VOICE (*from the rear*): "Kin you lay an egg?"

—*Houston Post.*

Advantages of Schooling

MOTORIST: "Say, buddy, how far is it to Bingville?"

FARMER'S BOY: "Well, mister, the way you are headed now it is just 24,996 miles; but if you turn around it is only four miles."

—*Pacific Mutual News.*

Progress

POSTMASTER: "No, not much doin' in taown. Did ye hear erbout Lem Huggins gettin' a telegram?"

FARMER: "Not Lem?"

POSTMASTER: "Yes, Lem."

FARMER: "By cricky! It does beat all the way the young fellers are forgin' ter the front."

—*U. G. I. Circle.*

One or the Other

The uncertainty of the cotton market is illustrated, a subscriber says, by the following conversation overheard between two colored men in a Texas town:

GEORGE (*displaying a roll of bills*): "See here, Sam, Ah's been on de Boahd dis mornin'."

SAM: "Ah sees. But you won't have it to-morrah! You can't never tell about dis cotton market. It's liable ter go up, or it's liable ter go down, or it's liable ter fluctuate!"

—*Haldeman-Julius Weekly.*

"Ain't Nature Grand?"

"Nature is a grand thing," said Jones. "It is wonderful to think of how nature brings the seed to shoot, the shoot to plant, the plant to bud, the bud to blossom and the blossom to fruit."

"Yeah," said Bingham, "you're right. An' didn't nature act sensible when it put four legs on a quadruped so'd t'hold up all th' corners!"

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Caught Coming or Going

"I can't afford to sell food for the prices I can get in town," said Farmer Corntossel.

"Why don't you move to town?"

"Then I couldn't afford to buy it."

—*Washington Star.*

Brief and Accurate

A youngster in a primary school wrote the following about the pig: "The pig is very dirty and will eat anything but rhubarb. He has very little, if any, ambition for himself."

—*Farm Journal.*

SIS' CAR'LINE: "I heard Uncle Mose was goin' into business for hisself. What's he gwine to do?"

SIS' VINEY: "He's gwine to raise chickens for the quality folks. He's done bought one of dem prevaricators."

—*Farm Journal.*

The Scientist

The small son of a well-known electrical engineer is more familiar with the appliances of modern civilization than with the small things of Nature, and when visiting the country unhesitatingly picked up a hornet to more closely inspect its mechanism. When his father hurried out to discover the cause of the commotion which immediately broke the peace of the summer day, the little lad was ruefully sucking a thumb while tears streamed down his face.

"Why, what is the trouble, son?" he was asked.

"It was that bug," he managed to explain between sobs. "I think his wirin' is defective. I touched him and he wasn't insulated at all!"

—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Easy Winning

"I hear you've sold your pig?"
"Yes, sold him last Thursday."
"What d'ye get?"
"Eight dollars."
"What'd it cost ye to raise it?"
"Paid three dollars for the shote, and five more for the feed."
"Didn't make much, did ye?"
"No, but I had the company of the pig all summer."

Farmer Solomon

In Missouri, where they raise more mules and children than in any other place in the world, a certain resident lived possessed of seventeen mules and three sons. In his will he disposed of the mules as follows: One-half to the eldest son, one-third to the next, and one-ninth to the youngest.

The administrator who went to divide the property drove a span of mules out to the farm, but when he went to divide the seventeen into halves, thirds and ninths he found it was impossible with live mules; mules not being very valuable, he unhitched one of his own, giving it with the other seventeen, making eighteen, when he proceeded to divide as follows: One-half, or nine, to the eldest, one-third, or six, to the next, and one-ninth, or two, to the youngest Adding up nine, six, two, he found that it made seventeen, so he hitched up his mule and went home rejoicing.

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Prudential

FARMER—"Now, come along, and I'll teach you to milk the cow."

COCKNEY HAND—"Seein' I'm new to it, Mister, hadn't I better learn on the calf?"

—*London Opinion.*

Fine Scheme

S. P. C. A. AGENT—"I have a report that you're in the habit of shooing your poultry into a field and then trying deliberately to run them down with an automobile. What's the idea?"

FARMER—"The idear is that I've lost more'n a dozen this past summer by sudden death on the highway, so I'm training the rest of them to be auto-shy."

—*Judge.*

THE GIRLS

Wisdom

A pretty girl has naught to say.
Perhaps that's very wise.
But when I meet one by the way,
I listen with my eyes.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Show

Though girls again will wear short skirts,
Take it from me,
It's not because they wanna show
Economy.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Sentimental Shorthand

On his tour of the district an inspector of city high schools came before a class of girls. He wrote upon the blackboard, "LXXX." Then, peering over the rims of his spectacles at a good-looking girl in the first row, he asked:

"Young lady, I'd like to have you tell me what that means."

"Love and kisses," the girl replied.

—*Everybody's.*

Not from Indiana

It was at a college dance. The young man had just been introduced to her and after a brief and awkward silence he ventured, "You are from the West, I understand."

"Yes, from Indiana," she replied. "Hoosier girl."

He started and flushed deeply. "Why-er-really," he stammered, "I—I don't know—that is, haven't quite decided yet."

—*W-E.*

Sounds Like a Catch

MAE—"So Freddie is teaching you baseball?"

RAE—"Yes; and when I asked him what a squeeze play was, I think he put one over on me."

—*Life.*

The Determined Sex

"Do you regard bobbed hair as a mark of feminine precedence?" "Absolutely," replied Miss Cayenne. "A boy's mother may still insist on trying to cut his hair, but a girl uncompromisingly demands the barber shop."

—Washington Star.

The Easy Sex

"I wonder why it is a girl can't catch a ball like a man."
"Oh, a man is so much bigger and easier to catch."

—Baseball Magazine.

The Wishing Ring

SHE—"If wishes came true, what would be your first?"
HE—"I would wish— Ah, if only I dared tell you."
SHE—"Go on, go on. What do you think I brought up wishing for?"

—Jack O'Lantern.

The Bad Guesser

ETHEL—"I don't see why you should be angry with Jack just because he tried to guess your age, my dear."
CLARA—"But he did!"

—Charleston News and Courier.

The Compleat Vocabulary

FIRST FLAPPER—"I'm refurnishing our guest-room."
SECOND DITTO—"How lovely!"
THE FIRST—"An old school friend is coming to visit me. The sweetest girl. I'm dying to see her again."
THE SECOND—"How lovely!"
THE FIRST—"She's in deep mourning. A rich young widow."
THE SECOND—"How lovely!"

—Columbia State.

No Infringements, Please

KITTY—"Bob told me last night that I was the most wonderful girl in the world."
MAME—"Gee! He ought to patent that before it gets around."

—Boston Transcript.

Matches Made in Heaven

An American tourist going through an old churchyard in Surrey saw a slab bearing the words:

"Dorothy Cecil Unmarried as Yet."

—*Boston Transcript.*

What?

HE—"I'm going to take my hat and go unless you give me a kiss!"

SHE—"Take it!"

—*Pathfinder.*

Comparatively Young

"A man is never older than he feels," declared the ancient beau, bravely. "Now I feel as a two-year-old."

"Horse or egg?" asked the sweet young thing brightly.

—*Tit-Bits.*

Unreasonable

CLARENCE—"What sort of a girl is Louise?"

JACK—"The kind of a girl that dances in a man's embrace all evening and then bawls him out for putting his arm around her on the way home."

—*Detroit News.*

They Call It Femininity

MOTHER—"Why are you going to all that trouble to open that letter so carefully, Maud?"

MAUD—"Oh, I had a quarrel with George, and intend to send his letter back unopened. I thought I would just see what he said before I returned it."

—*London Mail.*

No Coward

WILFRED—"What would you call a boy who hid behind a girl's skirt?"

ERNIE—"A magician."

Advance Information

SHE—"How did you know I was going to wear my hair curled this evening?"

HE—"I saw it in the papers this morning."

—*Stray Stories.*

HOME, SWEET HOME

Getting Experience

A certain Dr. C—— was once reading a very strenuous paper on total abstinence before a clerical club—so the story goes—when the entertainer went out to tell his wife how many she was to provide for at supper.

"What are they doing?" she asked, and was told the subject of the essay. "What shall I do?" she cried. "Here I have brandied peaches, and it is too late to change."

"Make no change," said her husband. "It will be all right."

The essayist had the post of honor at the right of the lady of the house, and she presented him with a dish of the peaches. After a while she said to him, "Dr. C——, won't you allow me to give you some more of these peaches?"

"Thank you," he replied. "They are excellent."

A little later she said: "Dr. C——, may I not give you another peach?"

"No, I thank you," said he apologetically, "but I will take a little more of the gravy."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Best Place

The illustrated Bible had a strong fascination for small Geraldine. With the book open on her lap, she looked up and said:

"Mother, do folks marry in heaven?"

"The Good Book says they do not, Geraldine."

"Well, do they marry in—in—the other place?"

"I suppose not, my dear."

Geraldine shut the Bible with a bang.

"Then I'm going to stay right here," she said.

A Clever Woman

"Mrs. Chink has hit on a plan to keep her husband from smoking in the parlor."

"What did she do?"

"She hung the portraits of her three former husbands there."

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Yes, But in London——

MISTRESS—"You had company last night, didn't you, Bettina?"

BETTY—"Only my Aunt Martha, ma'am."

MISTRESS—"Well, when you see her again, please teli her that she left her tobacco pouch on the piano."

Any Ice Today?

"Wonder why so many young couples marry in June."

"It's a wise custom. You wouldn't start 'em off facing a coal problem, would you?"

—Boston Transcript.

Worth Waiting For

"Don't move or I'll shoot!"

"All right, my friend," replied Mr. Dubwaite, who was surprised by a burglar in his house. "Would you mind if I called my wife downstairs?"

"Trying to spring something on me?"

"No. You see, she's been expecting a visit from a burglar for the last 20 years and I just want her to see what one looks like."

—Boston Transcript.

No Home Comforts

Ask a traveling man what kind of trip he had and he'll probably say: "Rotten. Didn't hear a single good joke while I was away."

—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Universal Instinct

IRATE WIFE (*discovering scofflaw husband on front steps fiddling with doorknob*)—"What are you doing there, Webster?"

HUSBAND (*continuing to turn knob*)—"Pshh! I'm trying to get Pittsburgh!"

—New York Sun.

Yes, My Dear!

"John, is there anything in life but love?" "Nothing, my dear. Will dinner be ready soon?"

—Judge.

That'll End It

PA—"At last I've found a way to make that young scamp of ours stop winking his eyes."

MA—"How?"

PA—"I'll show him the article in this science magazine where it says that every time we wink we give the eye a bath."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Question

"I don't see how we can go to Europe this summer."

"You know it's on the children's account."

"Yes, but have they that much in the bank?"

—*The Harvard Lampoon.*

He Was No Novice

"What is the greatest risk you take in your profession?" asked the cub reporter.

"Being mistaken for the woman's husband when we enter a house," said the notorious second-story man, who was sojourning in the county jail.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Hint for Housekeepers

WIFE—"Our rooms look perfectly disgraceful and here are visitors coming."

HUB—"Let's throw things around a little more and we can tell them we are housecleaning."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Peacemaker

AGENT—"Is the head of the house in?"

MAN—"Just a moment. (Calling loudly) 'Sophie!' (No answer.) Yes, what was it you wanted with me?"

—*Answers.*

It Must Be Experienced

"Why do they call it single blessedness."

"Are you married?"

"No."

"Then you wouldn't understand any explanation I could give you."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Signing Off

We closed the trap of a radio nut the other night. He was boasting about all the places he could get, and we, only having a crystal set ourselves, grew weary after an hour or two. "Well," said we, "there is one mighty important place you haven't been able to get on it." "Where is that?" he demanded indignantly. "Rich," said we as we handed him his hat.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Awful Temptation

MRS. A.—"Didn't you dismiss your cook sooner than you intended?"

MRS. B.—"Yes. Unfortunately, I read how to do it tactfully in the household hints column, and I couldn't resist trying to see how it would work."

—Boston Transcript.

Peace at Any Price

CUSTOMER—"I want to buy three lawn mowers."

DEALER—"You must have a big place."

CUSTOMER—"No, but I have two neighbors."

—Good Hardware.

Something Else Again

"Willie, I don't want you to play with that Jones boy any more; he's not a nice boy."

"His mother said he wasn't to play with me."

"Why, the insulting creature!"

—Boston Transcript.

Live and Learn

"George, you should get married," advised the Married Man. "It is wonderful to have a home waiting for your return at night; there is ecstasy in caring for a garden and a lawn; you can raise a dog from a pup; children are adorable and no trouble at all; a wife is an inspiration, and even if she does get suspicious you can always talk her out of it."

"I could if I could lie like you can," said the Bachelor thoughtfully.

—The 3-C Book.

No Hint Taken

"Do you know, Bridget, I can actually read my name on the dust on that table!"

Bridget's ready Irish wit was not for a moment nonplused.

"Faith, ma'am, and it's more than I can do. Shure, there's nothin' like edication, after all!"

—*Pearson's Magazine.*

The Cat as a Goat

MISTRESS—"Who broke that china jug?"

MAID—"The cat, mum."

MISTRESS—"What cat?"

MAID—"Why, ain't we got one?"

—*London Daily News.*

Not a Chance

She was a dainty young thing, dressed in the latest fashion, and as she tripped up the stairs the office boy gasped, then grinned, as she came to a standstill before him.

"Yes, miss?" he asked, rather impertinently.

"Could you tell me if Mr. Jenks is in?" she asked.

The boy nodded and pointed vaguely over his shoulder at the open door.

The girl hesitated for a moment.

"Do you know if he is engaged," she inquired.

The boy looked astonished.

"Engaged?" he almost shouted. "Engaged! Why, he's married and got two kids!"

—*Pittsburgh Post.*

The Curse of Inheritance

"No, I can't take the house. It has no lawn."

"Houses are hard to find, my friend. Why are you so insistent upon having a lawn?"

"My father left me a cast-iron deer."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

All Taken Care Of

HUSBAND—"I forgot to tell George to take care of the canaries while we are gone. I'll have to wire him."

WIFE—"Never mind, dear, I left the gas on."

—*Ski-U-Mah.*

Almost a Miracle

"So your daughter's married, I hear. I expect you found it very hard to part with her."

"Hard! I should think so. Between you and me, my boy, I began to think it was impossible!"

—*Alnwick Guardian.*

A New Cure

Jones was a pastmaster of the habit of carelessness. He dropped things around in any old place and afterward never remembered where that place was. One night he rose from bed to get some medicine, and swallowed his collar button in mistake for a cough drop.

"Mary," said he to his wife, when the awful truth dawned upon him, "I have swallowed my collar button."

"That's all right," responded wife in a tone of evident satisfaction. "There's nothing to worry about."

"Nothing to worry about?" returned father. "Do you——"

"That's what I said," interrupted little wifey. "For once in your life you know where you've put it."

No Partiality

"I'm bothered fierce with rats," said Mrs. Casey, owner of the boarding-house, as she talked over the back fence.

"Did yez buy any of thim rat biscuit for thim?" suggested Mrs. Kelly.

"Now, Mrs. Kelly, what kind av a house do you think I'm runnin'? Sure, if the bastes can't ate what the rest of us do, they kin go hungry."

—*Youth's World.*

A Boy's Best Friend

"How would you like a job beating rugs this afternoon, Bobby?" asked Bobby's mother.

"All right," replied Bobby, angelically, "but I'm afraid I can't take it, because Dad gave me 25 cents to do something for him this afternoon."

"What was that?"

"Not make a lot of noise."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Only Amateur Dramatics

The domestic row had been even more violent than usual.

"This is the last straw—the end!" stormed the enraged husband. "I'm going to leave you! Now! Forever!"

"You can't, dear," retorted his wife, suspiciously sweetly. "Your trousers haven't come back from the cleaner's."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Not Right in the First Place

The young wife sat plying her needle. A coat of her husband's was in her lap. As the husband appeared, she said, fretfully: "It's too bad, the careless way the tailor sewed this button on. This is the fifth time I've had to put it back for you."

—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Prognostication

Eve was in ecstasies. "It's simply lovely here in this Garden of Eden!" she exclaimed. "Do you think it will always remain summer?"

"No," replied Adam, pointing to the ripening apples. "I think we shall have an early fall."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Convalescent

"How is your wife getting on?" "She's improving slowly. She isn't well enough to attend to her household duties yet, but yesterday she was out shopping."

—*Toronto Telegram.*

Starting Something

SMALL BOY—"Pa, what did prehistoric monsters look like?"

FATHER—"I don't remember. Ask your mother."

—*Awgwan.*

Obliging

NEXTDOOR—"What are you going to sow here, turnip seed or summer squash?"

NAYBOR—"Which would your chickens prefer?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

They Go Up in Smoke Anyway

"Charlie, dear," said the fond wife, "I started today to economize on our weekly expenses."

"Good, darling. How did you do it?"

"I cut all your Havana cigars in half, so you'll have twice as many."

—*Cornell Widow.*

Evolution

"So you've got your old cook back. I thought she got married and went housekeeping."

"Yes, but she's given up that and come back to me."

"What was the trouble?"

"She couldn't get a girl."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Helping the Cause

"Please, mum," said the servant from next door, "missus sends her compliments, and will ye be so kind as to sing and play the piano this afternoon?"

"Why, certainly. Tell your mistress I'm glad she likes it," replied the lady.

"Oh, it isn't that, mum; she's expecting the landlord, and she wants some excuse for asking for a reduction of the rent."

—*W-E.*

She Is!

Mary had her little man
Insure his life one day.
The little man is dead and gone,
But Mary—she's O. K.

—*The Radiator.*

The Luxury

"I'm figgering on putting a tin roof on the bedroom of my house," announced Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, at the auction. "Roof leak?" asked an acquaintance. "Nope; not 'specially. But with a tin roof I can hear it rain in the morning, and won't have to get up till I—(*yaw-w-wm!*)—feel like it."

—*Kansas City Star.*

When Father Carves

"Somebody has removed the vise from my work bench." "It is attached to the dining room table, dad. We're going to use it tomorrow for the turkey."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Listening Inn

A married reader writes: "When my wife gets real mad she says, 'Now, sir, you listen to me!' and what follows invariably exemplifies the proverb that 'Listeners never hear any good of themselves.' "

—*Boston Transcript.*

Will

Mrs. Heck—"Of course your husband has made his will?"
Mrs. Peck (grimly)—"He has signed it."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Oh, Happy Dog!

"You vas only a dog, but I vish I vas you. Ven you go mit the bed in you shust durn round dree times und lay down. Ven I go mit the bed in I haf to lock up the blace und vind de clock und put the cat oud und undress myself und my vife vakes up und scolds me. Den de baby cries und I haf to valk him up und down; den maype ven I shust go to sleep it's time to get up again. Ven you get up you shust scratch yourself a couble of times und stretch, und you vas up. I haf to quick lite the fire, und put the kettle on, scrap mit my vife already und maype get some breakfast. You blay all tay und haf blenty of fun. I haf to vork all tay und haf blenty of drouble. Ven you die you vas dead; ven I die I haf to go to hell yet und lissen to all dem dam golfers."

Almost a Catastrophe

"Confound your trifling little picture!" yelled Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, to one of his numerous offspring. "If the water in that there well had been a little deeper and I'd a-been away or talking hoss-swap with some feller, you shore would have got your face washed before you got pulled out, and served you right, too!"

—*Kansas City Star.*

Ever Play Seven Pins?

Seven Ages of Women: Safety pins, whip pins, hair pins, fraternity pins, diamond pins, clothes pins, rolling pins.

—*Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.*

A Mahjong Lunatic

NEW EMPLOYER—"And why did you leave Mr. Duncan's employ?"

MARIE—"Well, it was like this: He came downstairs the other marnin' and began to hunt high and low, under sofas, chairs, and tables, for the east wind and a coupla dragons, and, Mrs. Smith, I'm not goin' to work for no lunatic."

—*Punch Bowl.*

Perfectly Reproduced

Up at our boarding house there are two children, a boy and a girl. The boy is the living photograph of his father, and the girl is the very photograph of her mother.

—*Ohio Sun Dial.*

Diagnosis

A youngster visiting his indulgent aunt partook heartily of cake and preserves. When asked if he hadn't had all that was good for him, he replied that he didn't know.

"But what do you think?"

"Ain't any use thinkin'."

"Well, you're a funny boy," said his aunt. "When will you know?"

"In half an hour."

"And how will you know?"

"Well, that's easy. If I ain't sick in half an hour, I'll be sorry I didn't take more; and if I'm sick I'll be sorry I took so much. That's the only way to tell that I know of."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Everything's All Right

The Smiths had started on their vacation.

"Oh, George," suddenly shrieked the wife, "I forgot to turn off the electric iron."

"Nothing will burn," replied George "I forgot to turn off the shower bath."

—*Travelers' Beacon.*

His Percipient Cat

An English barrister, after a particularly trying day, came home with his nerves on edge, and at once sought refuge in his own study, after having mussed up the atmosphere of the home.

He sat down by his fire and was gradually getting calmed down when the cat, which had been sitting there too, and had been morosely eyeing him, got up slowly and stalked across the room.

The master turned on her and indignantly demanded: "Now, what are *you* stamping around here for?"

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Scot's Funereal Thrift

A Scotchman woke up one morning to find that in the night his wife had passed away. He leaped from his bed and ran horror-stricken into the hall. "Mary," he called down stairs to the general servant in the kitchen, "come to the foot of the stairs quick."

"Yes, yes," she cried. "What is it? What is it?"

"Boil only one egg for breakfast this morning," he said.

—*Bison.*

The Diplomat

Edith, aged 5, was playing house with three of her friends when little Jane joined the party. Edith did not care to have the newcomer join in their play, so she said, "Jane, you will be the maid, and this is your afternoon off."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Her Radio Book

COOK—"What are we having tonight, ma'am?"

MISTRESS—"Why, I've just told you—clear soup, filet of sole, cutlets, cabinet pudding."

COOK—"I meant on the wireless, ma'am."

—*Punch.*

Unreasonable Dad

Mother says (writes R. E. S.): "There is no use trying to have a color scheme in the living room so long as the tobacco dad uses comes in red cans!"

—*Kansas City Star.*

A Business Woman

MRS. BRIDEY—"Dear, I've thought of a plan to get that fall suit you say you can't afford to buy me."

HUSBAND—"What is the plan?"

MRS. BRIDEY—"You know that $75 we've got saved to pay for the fire insurance policy? I'll tell the agent to charge it and deduct the amount from what they will owe us when the house burns down."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Garden Note

"See here," said Adam to Eve. "Do you realize that the high cost of living is crimping me badly? You simply must be less extravagant in the matter of clothes."

"All right, dear," answered Eve obligingly. "I'll help you to economize by turning over an old leaf."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Is the Crust Right?

MR. NEWLYWED—"Good gracious, dear, what a long pie! It is surely too big for just two."

MRS. NEWLYWED—"I'm sorry, Cecil, but I couldn't get any shorter rhubarb anywhere."

—*Pacific Mutual News.*

One at a Time, Please

"When Jack and I are married, I'm going to have three servants."

"You will probably have twenty-three, my dear—but not all at once."

—*Le Journal Amusant.*

Penny Wise, Etc.

Benjamin Franklin, having been touched by an impecunious relative to the extent of $50, was asked for a sheet of paper so that the borrower could give him a note for the amount. "What!" exclaimed Franklin, "do you want to waste my stationery as well as my money?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Perils of Electricity, or You Can Do It Better with Gas

An electric specialty company has had a peculiar damage suit filed against it. The plaintiff's petition contains these words:

"Plaintiff alleges that this defendant represented to her that this range would not become heated on the upper surface of the oven. That plaintiff, relying wholly upon this defendant's representation, placed her bath tub in the kitchen near the range. That, upon emerging from the tub, plaintiff's foot accidentally came into contact with the soap upon the floor and she was thus compelled to sit upon the range. That, although she arose therefrom in all diligence, she discovered she had been branded 'H-47.'"

—*Forbes Magazine, through U. G. I. Abstracts.*

Also Some Salad

MRS. YOUNGBRIDE (to butcher)—"I've just thought of something for dinner my husband is fond of. You have chickens?"

BUTCHER—"Yes'm. Nice and fresh."

MRS. YOUNGBRIDE—"Well, please cut out the croquettes, and I'll take them with me."

—*Travelers' Beacon.*

You've Been Looking

WILLIE (compelled to wash his face)—"Boo hoo! Boo hoo!"

YOUNG MOTHER—"What's the matter, Willie?"

WILLIE—"I don't see why I can't powder and paint my face when it's dirty, as you do, instead of always havin' to wash it."

—*Uncle Sam's Almanac.*

Then More Silence

"Hush, a moment, please," she said, "the children are going to deliver their night message to mother. It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them. They are so much nearer their God than we are, and they speak the love that is in their little hearts never so fully as when the dark has come. Listen!"

There was a moment of tense silence. Then—

"Mamma," came the message in a shrill whisper. "Willie didn't wash his feet."

—*Pacific Mutual News.*

Dizzy With Love

HE—"I wish we'd never met. Before we were married I had a nice balance in the bank, and now—"

SHE—"But, darling, 'love makes the world go round.'"

HE—"Yes, but I didn't expect it to go so fast as to make me lose my balance."

—*Pacific Mutual News.*

She Knew It

WILLIAM—"Are you sure your wife knows I'm going home to dinner with you?"

JOHNSON—"Knows! I should say so! Why, dear man, I argued with her about it this morning for half an hour!"

—*L. A. Express.*

The Likeness

The near-sighted man and his wife were inspecting the latest art exhibit with critical care.

"That's the ugliest portrait I've ever seen," he cried angrily, striving vainly for a better view of the abomination.

"Come away, you fool!" replied his wife. "You are looking at yourself in a mirror."

—*Bison.*

Try Later, Please

PARTY ON PHONE—"Have you any nice round steak?"

DISPR. ZACHRY—"No, Madam."

PARTY ON PHONE—"Have you any nice loin steak?"

DISPR. ZACHRY—"No, Madam."

PARTY ON PHONE (much exasperated)—"Well, for goodness' sake, why haven't you?"

DISPR. ZACHRY—"This is the Dispatcher's office and our trains have not killed any cows lately."

—*A. C. L. News.*

The Incentive

"Mother, was daddy a poor man when he married you?"

"Yes, my darling. And now see the money I made it necessary for him to make."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Saved

McPherson (during a thunderstorm)—"Pit yon candle oot, Mary. Ye shouldna waste guid lightning."

—*Punch.*

Nothing to Excess

"Haven't I told you," asked the father, "always to tell the truth?" "Yes, you told me that," the young man admitted, "and at another time you told me never to become the slave of a habit."

—*Washington Star.*

The Two-Party Wall

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkinton had at last obtained a small apartment and Mr. Jenkinton was hanging the pictures. There was a certain bit which he decided must go up, but which was too small to suspend from the rail. He thereupon got a substantial nail and hammered it into the wall. There came a knock at the door.

"It's our neighbor," said the wife. "Your hammering has disturbed him."

When the door was opened Mr. Jenkinton immediately began to apologize.

"Oh, that's all right," said the neighbor, cheerily. "I only came to ask if I might hang a picture on the other end of the nail."

—*Judge.*

Chop Sticks

"How did you like the queer little Chinese back-scratchers I gave you for Christmas, Nan?"

"My Dear! Were those back-scratchers? And here I've been making poor Peter eat his salad with them!"

—*Judge.*

No Mathematician

Mrs. Crawford—"My husband means well, but he's an old fogy."

Mrs. Crabshaw—"That's the way with mine. He bought a cheap car, when with the same money he could have paid an installment on an expensive one."

—*New York Sun and Globe.*

Der Tag

"The time will come," thundered the lecturer on woman's rights, "when women will get men's wages!"

"Yes," said the meek little man in the rear seat, "next Saturday night."

Henpecked

THOUGHTFUL FRIEND—"My good man, you had better take the street car home."

ILLUMINATED ONE—"Sh' no ushe! Wife wouldn't let me —hic—keep it in the houshe."

Help Wanted

"Why didn't you hire that cook?" asked Jones. "Because," sighed his wife, "she wanted a car and chauffeur for her own private use and an assistant to do the cooking. I didn't wait to hear any more, but she would have insisted on your bank account being put in her name, and maybe she might have been willing to let us stay in our own home, though I doubt it."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

She Knew!

A woman advertised for a caretaker for her town home, and after interviewing a large number of applicants, found one that suited her. "Thanks for giving me the job," said the man, "and might I ask you a question? You stated in the ad that you wanted a married man. Does that mean you have some work in view for my wife?"

"Oh, no," replied the woman. "I wanted a married man, so as to be sure I'd get some one used to taking orders from a woman."

—The Argonaut (San Francisco).

Thorough

"Susie," said the girl's mistress, "go and see if the cake's done. Stick a knife in it. It's done if the knife comes out clean."

Susie departed. Some minutes later she returned beaming.

"The knife come out as clean as a whistle," she said, "so I stuck the rest of the knives in it, and the forks and spoons, too."

—London Opinion.

But It Was Fifty-Fifty

HUBB—"Haven't I always given you my salary check on the first of every month?"

WIFF—"Yes, but you never told me you got paid on the first and fifteenth, you embezzler!"

—*American Legion Weekly.*

The Wise Man

"Sorry, sir, but I can't get the lady off the wire."

"Tell her the soup's burning, central, there's a good girl."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Experienced

"We want a man for our information bureau," said the manager. "He must be a wide-awake fellow and accustomed to complaints."

"That's me," replied the applicant. "I'm the father of twins."

—*Cornell Widow.*

His "Full" Name

The man who is taking statistics for the new city directory approaches a movers' home in the suburb. At the doorway stands a stout, determined-looking lady.

"Madam," he says, "my call is official. I am compiling statistics on the inhabitants in this part of our city. Might I ask what your name is?"

"Duffy—Honoria Duffy."

"And your husband's name?"

"Naturally it's the same as me own—Duffy."

"I mean his full name."

"Well, when he's full he thinks it's Jack Dempsey, but when I lay me hands on him it's still Duffy."

—*The McNaught Syndicate.*

Modern Home Manager

"Well, Art, I can tell you're a married man all right. No holes in your stockings any more."

"No. One of the first things my wife taught me was how to darn 'em."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

THE HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

Try and Get Them

A hotel manager coming along the corridor saw the "boots" kneeling on the floor and cleaning a pair of boots outside a bedroom door.

"Haven't I told you that you are not to clean the boots in the corridor, but to take them downstairs?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why are you doing it?"

"Because the man in this room is a Scotchman, sir, and he's hanging on to the laces."

—*Cassell's Weekly (London).*

Boy, Page the Hotel Clock

A young woman, using her acquired and best novelette accent, inquired of the desk clerk at the Rosslyn hotel in Los Angeles the other day: "Please tell me wheah is the Hotel Clock?"

"Up there, madam," he replied, pointing to the clock overhead.

"It is the Hotel Clock I want," she replied, a fiery note coming into her voice.

"And there it still is," insisted the clerk, politely but maliciously.

With flaming eyes she sputtered back: "Don't try to kid me, you poor fish. Tell me where the Clark Hotel is before I call the manager!"

—*Hotel Financialist.*

Answered

BOARDER—"I don't like the way you conduct your establishment. Ain't you never had a gentleman stayin' here before?"

LANDLADY—"Are you a gentleman?"

"I sure am."

"Then I never have."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Sentiment Thrown Away

"You may like to know," said the landlord, when he was making out his bill, "that General Lafayette once slept in the bed you occupied last night."

"Did he?" the motorist tourist replied. "He must have been some sleeper."

All Modern Conveniences

CLERK—"Do you want a room for 25 cents or 50 cents?"
STRANGER—"What's the difference?"
CLERK—"Well, we put a rat-trap in the 50-cent room."

—*Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.*

Fair Warning

AMERICAN (*in London*)—"Say, waiter, doesn't anybody ever laugh in this hotel?"
WAITER—"Well, yes, sir, we have had complaints."

—*Passing Show.*

And So They Knew

MRS. YOUNGBRIDE (*just back from honeymoon*)—"Poor Bertie was so embarrassed when he went to the hotel, what do you suppose he said to the clerk? I thought I'd die! He said, 'I'd like a room with a wife for myself and bath.'"

—*Pacific Mutual News.*

An Antique

A salesmanlike-looking inspector was surprised to find a dirty roller towel in the washroom. Indignantly he said to the landlord:

"Don't you know that it has been against the law for years to put up a roller towel in this State?"

"Sure, I know it," replied the proprietor, "but no ex-post facto law goes in Kansas, and that there towel was put up before the law was passed."

—*Topeka Capitol.*

"Not Responsible," Etc.

"The hotel is so crowded, sir, that the best we can do is to put you in the same room with the proprietor."

"That will be all right; just put my valuables in the safe."

—*The Tatler.*

Second Man Wins

HOTEL CLERK—"Why, how did you get here?"

HARD EGG—"I just blew in from Montana with a bunch of cattle."

HOTEL CLERK—"Well, where are the rest of them?"

HARD EGG—"Down at the stockade. I ain't as particular as they are."

—*Yellow Jacket.*

Getting the View

"Your advertisement said that at this hotel there is a beautiful view for miles and miles."

"So there is. Just put your head out of that window and look up."

—*Record.*

Putting in the Class

"Waiter, what is this on the bill?"

"Bungalow fluff, sir, at forty cents a portion."

"But what is it?"

"Formerly cottage pudding, sir, at fifteen."

—*Judge.*

How It's Worked

GUEST: "Waiter, this steak is like leather and this knife is dull."

WAITER: "You must strop the knife on the steak."

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Getting Good Service

"You say you've worn this hat for two years?"

"Yes, sir, and it looks all right still. Twice I've had it cleaned and once I exchanged it in a restaurant for one that was entirely new."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Appreciation

MRS. PANCAKE (*to boarder*): "Anything wrong with your steak, Mr. Hard-up?"

BOARDER: "A trifle overtrained, maybe, madam, but, really, I never saw a firmer muscle."

—*Pathfinder.*

Table d'Hote

It happened in a Powell street restaurant. Bucolic was his dress and bucolic was his complexion, but wealth radiated from him—from his expensive Stetson to the big diamond on his finger. He sat down for his meal, and the recklessness with which he ordered commanded the respect of his greedy waiter.

"And now," said the waiter, as he brushed off the table, "I suppose you'll have a demi-tasse?"

"You bet," said the man from the country. "And while you're back in the kitchen bring me a cup of coffee, too."

—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Oh, Can't Complain

A New York student who wears tortoiseshell glasses and plans some day to convert the heathen in foreign lands, received a rude shock in a Broadway restaurant the other evening.

Finding a corner table he adjusted his glasses and gave the menu a stern look. Then he turned to the waitress who was standing at his elbow.

"How's the chicken to-day?" he asked.

"Fine, Old Top! How's the kid?" was the reply.

Too Late

I gave my order to the waiter,
And got it 40 minutes later.
To get it sooner I had orter
Tipped that sloth another quarter.

—*Kansas City Star.*

A Tip

"Don't tell me," said Uncle Eben, "dat politeness don't cost nuffin'. I has been a head waiter."

—*Washington Star.*

Too Bad

"It's sad," said the sentimental landlady at the table, "to think this poor little lamb should be slaughtered in the flower of its youth just to satisfy our appetites."

"Yes," agreed the cynical boarder, "it is tough."

—*Carpetbagger.*

The Idea

The waitress, very much out of sorts, sailed haughtily up to the table at which sat the grouchy customer. She slammed down the cutlery, snatched a napkin from a pile, and tossed it in front of him.

Then, striking a furious pose, she glared at him.

"Whatcha want?" she snapped.

"Coupla eggs," growled the diner.

"How ya want 'em?"

"Just like you are."

For Old Time's Sake

The hotel patron had waited fully an hour for a very slow waiter to serve two courses.

"Now, brother," he said to the waiter, "can you bring me some tomato salad?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter.

"And," continued the customer, "while you're away you might send me a postal card every now and then."

At the Charity Fete

THE WAITER: "Did you have a vanilla or a strawberry ice, madam?"

THE GIRL: "It tasted like glue."

THE WAITER: "Ah! Then it was strawberry. The vanilla tastes like paste."

—*London Opinion.*

The Lucky Find

"Here's a man found nine pearls in an oyster stew. Wonderful, isn't it?"

"Oh, fairly startling. But I thought you were going to try to lead me to believe he found nine oysters."

—*London Humorist.*

Looking Younger Than Ever

WISE: "Are you the young lady who took my order?"

WAITRESS: "Yessir."

WISE: "You're still looking well. How are your grandchildren?"

—*Travelers' Beacon.*

Menu Complete

"My friend, your restaurant is not very imposing, if you will allow me to say so."

"Maybe not."

"Then why this long list of French dishes?"

"Nobody can pronounce them."

"But suppose a customer points?"

"Then we're out."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Self-Service

An American officer remarked to the manager of a Paris restaurant on the window of which was written the comprehensive claim, *"Ici on parle toutes les langues,"* "You must have a great many interpreters here."

"Not one," was the reply.

"Who, then, is it that speaks all the languages?"

"The customers, monsieur."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Horrors of Translation

An American lady was visiting Paris with her daughter Mary. One day at dinner she thought she would like some horseradish, which she pronounced horseredish.

"Mary," she said to her daughter, "I'd like some horseredish; ask the waiter, will you?"

Mary did not know the French word. "But," said the old lady, "cheval is horse and rouge is red; now if I only knew what ish was we'd have it."

Who Did You Think?

"Say!" demanded the lone diner of a group of chatting waitresses. "Who's waiting at this table?"

"Why, you are, of course," they retorted as one woman.

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Fresh Made

HEADWAITER (*to waiter*): "The customer in the corner has ordered fresh-made coffee. Just keep him waiting 10 minutes."

—*Klos-Hans* (*Copenhagen*).

Waitress With Experience

For days Anne had been seeking employment. Work—of any description; her pride was but a shred of its former self.

Anne, chilled and despondent, was slowly walking up one of the side streets, hungrily gazing into the windows. In one of the windows appeared a placard—"Waitress Wanted."

Eagerly Anne entered and nervously inquired for the manager. The manager asked.

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"The sign in the window says you want a waitress and I'd like to have the job."

"Have you had any experience? Do you think you are able to carry, without accident, heavy trays of food, people moving all around you and sometimes jostling you? Can you be courteous under ——"

"Gee, Mister," interrupted Anne, "I've been eatin' in cafeterias for the last three years. Ain't that experience enough?"

—*Uncle Sam's Almanac.*

Getting It Straight

"Are you the hard-boiled egg, sir?" asked a waiter of a gentleman at table. The cafe was one so noted for the civility of its attendants that the guest looked up in amazement.

"I beg pardon, sir," said the waiter. "You are the young pig."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Its Strong Points

"I am happy to know that my establishment was recommended to you by one of my former boarders."

"Yes, indeed, ma'am; I'm trying to get thin, you see, and he advised me to come here."

—*Buen Humor* (*Madrid*).

Equity

An impecunious tenant had not paid the rent of his room for several months.

"Look here," said the landlord, "I'll meet you half-way. I am ready to forget half of what you owe!"

"Right. I'll meet you. I'll forget the other half!"

—*Buen Humor* (*Madrid*).

THE JOKERS

The Meanest Man

BLAKE: "Jones is one of those men who have a mean sense of humor."

DRAKE: "Yes, he's as bad as the prison warden who put a tack on the electric chair."

—*Bursts and Duds.*

A Snappy "Line"

A man seeing the notice, "Iron Sinks," in a shop window, went inside and said that he was perfectly aware of the fact that "iron sinks." Alive to the occasion, the shopkeeper retaliated: "Yes, I know, and time flies but wine vaults. Also sulphur springs, jam rolls, grass slopes, music stands, moonlight walks, rubber tires, and the organ stops."

"Quite true," agreed the wag. "But you've forgotten one thing."

"What's that?" asked the shopkeeper incautiously.

"Marble busts," replied the visitor, sweetly, as he bowed himself out of the door.

Witty

IT: "What is the difference between a flea and an elephant?"

SELF: "I don't know. What?"

IT: "Why, an elephant can have fleas but a flea can't have elephants."

—*Witt.*

Two Englishmen

At a dinner an American woman sitting near the Bishop of London said to him: "Bishop, I wish you would set my mind at rest as to the similarity or dissimilarity between your country and ours on one point. Does the butterfly because the tomato can?"

The Bishop laughed heartily at this vivacious sally.

Not so a young Englishman of his party, who, after dinner, sought his host. "I want to know, you know," said he, "about that joke of Miss B's. She asked if the butter flew because the tomatoes could. Do tell me what the point is."

Iowan Fool at the Shore

An ex-governor of Iowa tells of his experience at a New Jersey clambake.

"I began my speech," said he, "by stating that I had been enjoying their low-necked clams. A long-faced old codger across the table scowled and said in a stage whisper: 'Little necks, not low necks.'

"I paid no attention to him, but after dinner he followed me out of the hall. 'You don't have many clams in Iowa, I reckon,' he said. 'Well,' I replied, 'we have some, but it's a good way to water and in driving them across the country their feet get sore and they don't thrive very well.' 'Why, man alive,' said he, 'clams haven't any feet!'

"Soon after that he buttonholed one of my friends. 'Is that fellow governor of Iowa?' he demanded. My friend admitted that I was. 'Well,' said the old fellow, 'perhaps he may be a smart man enough for Iowa, but he's an awful fool at the seashore.'"

—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Japanese Wit

Admiral Montagu was rather fond of telling the story of a young Japanese, with the national love of cleanliness, who came to London to study. As he was a stranger in the city he had to select his own lodgings. His first choice was not happy. The hall especially was dirty. This the newcomer did not like, but decided to say nothing. One rainy day the maid servant put up this notice:

"Please wipe your feet."

Seizing his opportunity, the student wrote underneath:

"On going out!"

Tact

KING ALFRED (*entering a shop of the day*): "Ho, varlet! How are my candle clocks selling?"

SHOPKEEPER: "Oh, splendidly—splendidly, your Majesty. They're going like hot ca—er—that is to say, they're having an excellent sale, your Majesty."

—*Weekly Telegraph* (*London*).

Adolescent Laughter

SOPH: "Why does a stork stand on one foot?"
FRESH: "I'll bite, why does he?"
SOPH: "If he'd lift the other foot, he'd fall down."

—*Chaparr*

Man's Best Friend

"Well, here is a dog story that can't be beat: My friend Smith had a most intelligent retriever. One night Smith's house caught fire. All was instant confusion. Old Smith and wife flew for the children and bundled out with them in quick order. Alas, one of them had been left behind! But, up jumped the dog, rushed into the house, and soon reappeared with the missing child. Everyone was saved; but Rover dashed through the flames again. What did the dog want? No one knew. Presently the noble animal reappeared, scorched and burned, with—what do you think?"

"Give it up," cried the eager listeners.

"With the fire insurance policy, wrapped in a damp towel, gentlemen!"

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Happy Father Adam

Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man in days of yore
Could say when he had told a joke:
"I've heard that one before."

—*Wallaces' Farmer* (*Des Moines, Iowa*).

THE KIDS

Polite Though Tempted

AUNT: "And were you a very good little girl at church this morning, Sallie?"

SALLIE: "Oh, yes, Aunty. A man offered me a big plate full of money, and I said, 'No, thank you.' "

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

"Searchie Said"

The new baby had not yet been christened. "I wish you'd call her Serchie, mamma," said little Elsie.

"Searchie? I never heard of any such name, dear," said her mother.

"Why, mamma, surely you haven't forgotten the song: 'I'm Going A-Milking, Searchie Said!' "

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Hardened Sinner

NURSE: "Do you know what happens to little girls who tell fibs?"

BETTY: "Ho! You can't scare me. I've already told three fibs in my lifetime."

—*The Travelers' Beacon.*

Practical

"Ma, can't I have another apple dumpling?" asked 6-year-old Etta.

"No, dear, there is but one for each of us; the cook counted noses."

"Oh, dear! I wish she had counted ears," said Etta.

—*Boston Transcript.*

That "Second Turning"

A kindly looking old gentleman was stopped by a little girl carrying a parcel. "Please, sir," she said politely, "is this the second turning to the left?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

"The Easiest Way"

"Frances," said the little girl's mamma, who was entertaining callers in the parlor, "you came downstairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. Now go back and come downstairs like a lady."

Frances retired and after a few moments re-entered the parlor.

"Did you hear me come downstairs this time, mamma?"

"No, dear; I am glad you came down quietly. Now, don't ever let me have to tell you again not to come down noisily. Now tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, when the first time you made so much noise."

"The last time I slid down the banisters," explained Frances.

—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Rationalistic Faith

Two little boys in a Kansas village whose parents go out a good deal in the evening, are left in care of a grandmother who looks after them. A few nights before Christmas, says *The Saturday Evening Post,* the boys were getting ready to go to bed and were saying their prayers.

Little Jimmie was petitioning for a certain line of Christmas presents, and he was doing it in a voice that could be heard for half a mile. The noise annoyed his older brother, who interrupted Jimmie to ask:

"What you prayin' for Christmas presents so loud for? The Lord ain't deef."

"I know it," answered Jimmie, "but grandma is!"

She "That Thtill"

Both the photographer and the mother had failed to make the restless little four-year-old sit still long enough to have her picture taken. Finally the photographer suggested that the "little darling" might be quiet if her mother would leave the room for a few minutes. During her absence the picture was taken successfully. On the way home the mother asked, "What did the nice man say to make mother's little darling sit still?"

"He thed, 'You thit thtill, you little newthuns, or I'll knock your block off,' tho I that thtill," she explained.

—*W-E.*

The Grocer's Heart

SMALL BOY: "Say, Mister, was you ever a little boy?"

GROCER: "Why certainly."

SMALL BOY: "And did you ever visit the woodshed with your Pop?"

GROCER (*sympathetically*): "Yes, yes, lad, I know."

SMALL BOY: "And after your Pop had finished tannin' you, did you ever make a vow that if you ever had the chance, you'd do all you could to stop such injustice to little boys?"

GROCER (*reaching for his handkerchief*): "Yes, lad, I did, I did, many a time."

SMALL BOY: "Well, I want five pounds of sugar, and I've lost the money."

—*Rochester Retailer.*

Mother Was Bragging

"Alfred," said his mother in a low, tense voice, "if you disobey me, I will spank you right here on the street."

The little fellow looked up. "Mother," he inquired with interest, "where would you sit?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

Precisely

AUNT: "Can you explain wireless telegraphy to me, Arthur?"

ARTHUR: "Well, if you had a very long dog, reaching from London to Liverpool, and you trod on its tail in London, it would bark in Liverpool. That's telegraphy; and wireless is precisely the same only without the dog."

—*The Passing Show* (*London*).

Ever See an "Also"?

Effie seemed disappointed as she came out of the circus tent. "I didn't see the 'also,'" she said, "and I never saw a picture of one and I wanted so much to know what he looks like."

"There's no animal called the also," said her father. "Where did you hear about it?"

"It's on the billboard on Main street," said Effie.

Sure enough, when they reached the billboard her father found that the poster read: "Magnificent collection of wild animals. A black bear and a white also."

—*W-E.*

So Young, So Knowing

"Please read me the poem you are reading, mother," begged a little boy, sweetly. "But I'm afraid it's too old for you, dear," his mother answered. "I'm afraid you wouldn't be able to understand it."

"Oh, yes, I would," was the calm answer, "as long as you didn't try to explain."

—*Washington Star.*

Joke on the Cook

THE TINKER: "I've come to fix that old tub in the kitchen."

LITTLE GIRL: "Oh, mammie, here's the doctor to see the cook."

—*Answers.*

True!

ELSIE (*with picture book*): "I'd just love to be a mermaid."

MARGIE: "I wouldn't. What would I hang up for Christmas?"

—*W-E.*

Mars and Bellona

"It's no wonder you're such a sissy," declared the bad boy. "Your pa and ma were married by a justice of the peace."

"Well," retorted independent Mary, "from the noise I hear coming from your house, your pa and ma must have been married by the secretary of war."

—*Pickup.*

A Little Mirror

At a private entertainment a guest had just risen from the piano. "Would you like to be able to sing and play as I do, dear?" she asked a 5-year-old miss.

"No, ma'am."

"And why not?"

"'Cause," explained the little girl, "I wouldn't like to have people say such horrid things about me."

—*Pathfinder.*

Lucky Boy

"You seem fond of the druggist's little boy."

"Yes, he kin git all the pills he wants fer our air guns."

Revelations

There were callers at the house and little Charles felt that he should contribute something to the conversation. "We've had chicken four times this week," he offered politely.

"Four chickens? What luxury!" exclaimed one of the visitors, smiling.

"Oh, no," said Charles. "It was the same chicken."

—*Houston Post.*

A Wise Daddy

"Great governor!" snarled Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge. "What in tunkett is the baby crying for now?"

"Oh, dear! I don't know!" responded Mrs. Johnson.

"Well, then, give him what he ortn't to have. That's what the little cuss is crying for."

—*Kansas City Star.*

Pa Had "Been There"

JOHNNY: "I guess pa must have been pretty naughty when he was a boy."

MOTHER: "Why, dear?"

JOHNNY: "'Cause he knows so exactly what questions to ask me when he wants to know what I've been up to."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Poor Auntie!

BOBBY: "Ma, why don't hens have teeth?"

MOTHER: "They don't need them, dear; they have bills for teeth."

BOBBY: "Aunt Kate has a bill for teeth. Is that the reason she's called an old hen?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

Smarty

"Pa," said Clarence.

"Huh!" grumbled his dad.

"I just wanted to ask you if the toast you spoke about drinking at the banquet last night was milk toast?"

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Happy Medium

FATHER (*home on leave*) : "I hope you have been a good boy during my absence, Jack?"

JACK: "Well, no, I'm afraid I haven't."

FATHER: "Indeed! I hope you haven't been very bad?"

JACK: "No-o! Just comfortable!"

—*Windsor.*

Natural Question

"To-morrow," announced 5-year-old Frank proudly to his Sunday school teacher, "is my birthday."

"Why," returned she, "it is mine, too!"

The boy's face clouded with perplexity as he said. "How did you get so much bigger'n me?"

—*Youth's World.*

They Do It

KIND GENTLEMAN: "What are you crying for?"

SMALL BOY: "I forget."

"Then why do you cry?"

"'Cause I can't remember."

All of Us

"Mamma," complained little Elsie, "I don't feel very well."

"That's too bad, dear," said mother sympathetically. "Where do you feel worst?"

"In school, mamma."

—*Pathfinder.*

Rubicon

"Go back and lick 'im."

"But 'e's given me two black eyes, Jim."

"Garn, 'e can't give yer any more, can 'e?"

—*Passing Show* (*London.*)

Just a Little Bit More

BOBBY: "Mamma, did you buy me from the stork?"

MAMA: "Yes, dearie; why do you ask?"

BOBBY: "Oh, I often wondered why you didn't pay a few more dollars and pick out a little boy without freckles."

—*Kansas City Star.*

Why Not?

MOTHER: "Don't forget, dear, to include grandma in your prayers to-night, that God should bless her and let her live to be very old."

DOROTHY: "Oh, she's old enough. I'd rather pray that God would make her young."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Gum Menace

A three-year-old, sitting in the crowded waiting room of a dental office with his mother, had investigated all the nooks and corners, windows and doors, upset the magazines and made himself the center of attraction. One of the ladies noticing that he was chewing gum, it occurred to her as he walked toward her to ask him for a piece of gum.

He answered, "Nit, I will! you find yourself a piece under the window sill, like I did."

Disappointed

FATHER (*at foot of steps*): "What's all that racket about up there? I want you to shut up and go to sleep."

SMALL SON (*in sobs*): "Nurse said that if I kept on crying, a great big mouse with big green eyes would come and sit on the end of my bed, and I've kept on crying, but it hasn't come yet."

—*P. R. R. Mutual Magazine.*

Father—Devil

FIRST LITTLE GIRL: "Do you believe there's a devil?"

SECOND DITTO: "No! It's like Santa Claus. It's your father."

—*London Daily News.*

Flannel is Common

"We ought to have named that boy 'Flannel,'" remarked the father.

"Why should we have named him 'Flannel?'" asked the mother in surprise.

"Because he shrinks from washing."

—*Public Health.*

Blasé

Little Solange, six years old, was looking at herself in the mirror ceaselessly and making a thousand and one elegant gestures. Her good mother, without appearing to notice, began to tell her:

"I once knew a little girl who thought she was very beautiful, but it was really just the opposite, and the more she admired herself the uglier and more frightful she actually became, and one day . . ."

But Solange continued to survey herself.

"Oh, Mother dear," she said with a languid air, "if you only knew how little that story interests me!"

—*L'Echo de Paris.*

And Potatoes in His Ears

"Jimmie," said the teacher, "why don't you wash your face? I can see what you had for breakfast this morning."

LITTLE BOY: "What was it?"

TEACHER: "Eggs."

LITTLE BOY: "Wrong, teacher; that was yesterday."

—*Capper's News.*

Poor Child!

A small girl asked her mother: "If I grow up will I have a husband like papa?"

"Yes, my dear," mother replied.

"And if I do not get married will I be an old maid like Aunt Susan?"

"Yes, you will," was the reply.

The little girl thought for a moment, put her hands to her head and said: "Well, I am in a fix!"

—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

He Earned It

"Father, will you give me ten cents for a poor man who is outside crying?"

"Yes, son, here 'tis. You are a charitable boy. What is he crying about?"

"He's crying, 'Fresh roasted peanuts, five cents a bag!'"

—*Pacific Mutual News.*

They Certainly Are!

Two boys from New York's East Side were discussing capital punishment. "They're not hangin' 'em any more now," said one; "they're killin' 'em with elocution."

—*Disston Crucible.*

Not For Him!

A little chap was offered a chance to spend a week in the country, but refused. Coaxing, pleading, arguing, promising of untold wonders, alike brought from him nothing but the stubborn ultimatum: "No country for me!"

"But why not?" some one asked finally.

"Because," he responded, "they have thrashin' machines down there an' it's bad enough here where it's done by hand."

—*Interior.*

Nth Degree Theology

Percy is apparently a very bright little boy, for the other day he startled his mother, who was showing him pictures, by saying: "Mummy, I wish a lion would eat me up."

"Oh, Percy, why?" she asked.

"Because it would be such a sell for the lion. He would think I was inside him, and I should be in Heaven!"

A Good Swap

It was Robert's first visit to the zoo.

"What do you think of the animals?" inquired Uncle Ben.

After a critical inspection of the exhibit the boy replied: "I think the kangaroo and the elephant should change tails."

—*Travelers' Beacon.*

Artless Edward

Little Edward, aged three, is much afraid of thunder and lightning. One night during a severe electrical storm his mother tried to comfort him by telling him the need of rain and that he must not be afraid, for it was all the Lord's work.

Just as she finished there came a violent clap of thunder. Very innocently he asked, "Well, Mama, when is the Lord going to quit work?"

—*Everybody's.*

Efficiency

The coasting was fine and Tommy was angry at having to stay home and take charge of his baby brother while their mother went shopping. When she returned she inquired: "How long did it take to put your little brother to sleep?"

"Only one round," said Tommy.

—*Boston Transcript.*

No, Only a Pebble

They were waiting in the hairdresser's while Mrs. Max Cohen was getting a marcel wave.

Stroking her father's gleaming bald head Harriet cooed: "No waves for you, daddy, you're all beach!"

—*L. A. Times.*

Marrying for Money

ALICE (*aged seven*): "Ma, I want a penny."

MOTHER: "What do you want it for, dear?"

ALICE: "I asked Johnny Jones to pretend we're getting married and he says he won't do it unless I have a dowry!"

"Won't God Laugh?" or Will He?

Charlie Chaplin said at a Los Angeles reception:

"My very best compliment was made to me by a little Philadelphia girl. One evening, after her prayers were finished, she turned to her mother and asked:

" 'Mama, will I go to heaven when I die?'

" 'Yes, dear,' said her mother, 'if you're good and always do what mama tells you.'

" 'And will you go to heaven when you die, mama?'

" 'Yes, of course.'

" 'Mama, will Charlie Chaplin go to heaven when he dies?'

" 'Oh, I guess so.'

"The little girl in her long white night gown clapped her hands and jumped up and down ecstatically.

" 'Oh, mama,' she said, 'won't God laugh!' "

Yes, Wouldn't He!

SMALL BOY (*to stranger who has rescued him*): "Thank you, mister. I'm glad you pulled me out. I woulda got into a awful row at home if I'd been drowned."

—*Pathfinder.*

Been Ratiocinated Out of Boston

Four-year-old Doris was getting ready for bed. Suddenly she turned to her mother and asked: "Mother, are we going to move to-morrow?"

"Yes, dear, this is the last night you will sleep here," she was told.

"Then," said wee Doris, kneeling beside her bed, "I'd better say good-bye to God now if we move to Boston in the morning."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

A Utilitarian Napkin

MOTHER (*at breakfast table*): "You always ought to use your napkin, Georgie."

GEORGIE: "I am usin' it, mother; I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it."

—*Northwestern Life Lines.*

Unafraid

"If you eat another piece of cake,
You'll surely burst," said mother.
"Then pass the cake and clear the way,"
Responded little brother.

—*Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.*

Probably Has Nothing to Give

TEACHER: "Why, Jimmie, is it true that your mother has diphtheria?"

JIMMIE: "Yes, ma'am."

TEACHER: "But don't you know you mustn't come to school; you might get it from your mother and then give it to the whole class?"

JIMMIE: "No, ma'am; it's only my stepmother, an' she never gives me nuttin'!"

Growing

SON: "Papa, give me a nickel."

PAPA: "Why, son, you're too big to be begging for nickels."

SON: "Guess you're right, papa, make it a dime."

—*The Leatherneck (Washington).*

Yes, Where?

"Ma, do cats go to heaven?"

"Conan Doyle says they do, dear, but I have never thought so."

"Well, if they don't, where do the angels get the strings for their harps?"

—*Travelers' Beacon.*

And You'd Go Miles for One

Marjorie's mother was entertaining the minister the other afternoon while Marjorie was using her pencil in the corner of the room. The minister inquired what she was doing. "I was drawing your picture," answered Marjorie, "but I don't think it looks like you. I think I'll put a hump on it, and call it a camel."

—*Toronto Telegram.*

This Terrible Present

PHOTOGRAPHER: "Watch, and you'll see a pretty little dickey bird come out."

MODERN CHILD: "Oh, don't be an ass—expose your plate and let's get this over!"

—*Royal Magazine.*

Pa Pages Bobbie

"Bob-bie!" called his mother. The boy playing in a field nearby made no move. "Robert!" The tone was sharper now and the youngster at the home-plate looked worried. "Robert Jones!" That was enough. Flinging down the bat, Bobbie grumbled to his playmates: "Aw, fellers, I gotto go. Don't ya hear? I'm bein' paged."

—*Boston Transcript.*

And Uncle Slapped His Knee

"Uncle Louis," said little Eleanor, "do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained 20 pounds in a few weeks?"

"Nonsense! Impossible!" exclaimed Uncle Louis. "Whose baby was it?"

"The elephant's baby," remarked little Eleanor.

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Molly Make-Believe

"I say, Cook," said five-year-old Molly, feeling a bit hungry, "let's play I'm an awful-looking tramp. I'll ask you to give me a piece of pie and you get frightened and give it to me."

—*Toronto Telegram.*

Poor Pussy!

MOTHER: "I'm ashamed of you, Betty! Why are you whipping poor pussy?"

BETTY: "'Cos he's dirty. He spits on his feet and wipes them on his face."

—*Pathfinder.*

Another Slander

"Are you a messenger boy?" asked the near-sighted man of a boy in the street.

"No, sir," was the indignant reply. "It's my sore toe that makes me walk so slowly."

—*Tit-Bits.*

Puzzling

Elizabeth came to school one day in a state of suppressed excitement. Going straight to the teacher's desk she exclaimed exultantly: "I've got a new little sister!"

"How very nice," replied the teacher.

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "but this is only a half-sister."

"Why, that doesn't make any difference, does it?"

"No, but I never can understand where the other half is."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Grandpa and the Ark

Little Marie was sitting on her grandfather's knee one day, and after looking at him intently for a time, she said:

"Grandpa, were you in the ark?"

"Certainly not, my dear," answered the astonished man.

"Then why weren't you drowned?"

"Little Pet" Lashes Out

"And did my little pet learn anything at school to-day?"

LITTLE PET: "I learnt two kids better'n to call me mamma's little pet!"

—*London Mail.*

Not Often, Tommy

"Look, dear," said Tommy's mother, while they were at the Zoo, "there's an eagle. Just think, eagles are so strong they have been known to carry off a little child."

"That's nothing!" said Tommy. "The stork sometimes carries three or four at a time."

—*Boston Transcript.*

A Born Trader

A microscopic youth, with a penny clutched firmly in his moist hand, stood on tiptoe in front of a candy counter, inspecting the goods. Nothing seemed to please him and finally the clerk, in exasperation, said:

"See here, young fellow, do you want to buy the whole world with a fence around it for a penny?"

The prospective purchaser meditated a moment and then replied:

"Let's see it."

—*Dry Goods Economist.*

Of Course She Could

Father and mother were discussing the costumes they were to wear at a fancy dress ball. Joan, 7, was an interested listener.

"Mother," she said, "can I go as a milkmaid?"

"No, dear, you're too small."

"But, mummie," pleaded Joan, "I could go as a condensed milkmaid."

—*Family News.*

Quite Done

"Mamma," said a little boy, who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it is brown?"

—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Through His Snub Nose

CALLER: "And is this the new baby?"

FOND MOTHER: "Isn't he splendid?"

CALLER: "Yes, indeed."

MOTHER: "And so bright! See how intelligently he breathes."

—*Pearson's Weekly* (*London*).

The Newer History

It was at the closing exercises at a city public school and Marjorie was reading a composition of her own on "Grant's Work in the Civil War."

She was getting along fine until she started to describe Lee's surrender.

"Lee," she said, "was handsomely attired in full uniform, while Grant wore nothing but an old ragged Union suit."

—*Business Outlook.*

A Matter of Hope?

"Mamma," exclaimed little Mary, bursting into the room, "they're teaching domestic silence at school now."

"You mean domestic science, dear," corrected her mother.

"Perhaps," interposed father mildly, "the little darling means what she says."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

In Her Heart

CALLER: "What a cute little baby! What is he saying?"

PERPLEXED FATHER: "I don't know. His mother carries the code book."

—*Passing Show* (*London*).

A Mess of a Muff

Nurse was bringing little Betty home from a party and took her hand to help her up a high curbstone.

"Good gracious, Betty," she cried. "How sticky your hands are!"

"So would yours be," replied Betty serenely, "if you had two meringues and a chocolate eclair in your muff."

—*Toronto Telegram.*

Monster!

SUPERINTENDENT OF SUNDAY SCHOOL (*whose enthusiasm runs toward regular attendance*): "Out of the entire school, only one pupil is absent to-day—little Doris Smith—let us hope that she is ill."

—*London Opinion.*

Why It Had Nine Lives

MOTHER: "Don't ask so many questions, Katie. Don't you know that curiosity once killed a cat?"

KATIE: "What did the cat want to know, mother?"

—*Chesapeake Pilot.*

Well—We Let It Stand!

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: "Who can tell me the name of the first man and the first woman?"

LITTLE BOY: "Adam and Evil."

—*Selected.*

Home-Training

A visitor said to a little girl, "And what will you do, my dear, when you are as big as your mother?"

"Diet," said the modern child.

—*Tit-Bits (London).*

Rock-ribbed Religion

Little Johnnie, aged six, had been to church, and had displayed more than usual interest in the sermon, in which the origin of Eve had been dwelt on at some length.

On his return from service, there being guests at dinner, he had also displayed a good deal of interest in the eatables, especially the pie and cakes.

Some time afterwards, being missed, he was found sitting quietly in a corner with his hands pressed tightly over his ribs, and an expression of awful anxiety on his face.

"Why, what on earth is the matter?" asked his mother in alarm.

"Mamma, I'm afraid I'm going to have a wife," little Johnnie replied.

—*Brisbane Mail.*

Bobby's Single Chance

BOBBY: "Can't I change my name to-day, ma?"

MOTHER: "What in the world do you want to change your name for?"

BOBBY: " 'Cause pa said he will whip me when he gets home, as sure as my name's Robert."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Loyalty

"Now, my little man," said the barber to a youngster in the barber's chair, "how do you want your hair cut?"

"With a hole in the top, like dad's," was the reply.

—*Pittsburgh Sun.*

"In the Bible"

Nancy, aged seven, is lunching with her mother in a restaurant.

MOTHER (*helping herself to sauce*): "You won't like this, dear, it's parsley sauce."

NANCY: "Oh! let me have some, mummy. I know I should like it."

MOTHER: "Why, you haven't tasted it."

NANCY: "No, but I've read about it in the Bible."

MOTHER (*surprised*): "Where?"

NANCY: "I've been reading about the man who was sick of the parsley, and I want to try."

—*Brisbane Mail.*

"A Very Feeling Little Fellow"

Shrieks and yells of the most appalling type were issuing from the little cottage, and quite a crowd had collected. Presently, clothed in the full majesty and dignity of the law, a policeman came striding on to the scene.

"Now, then," he cried gruffly, "what is all this about?"

"Please, sir," spoke up a small boy, "that's only my brother. He's crying because mama's eyesight ain't very good and she's deaf, too."

A ghastly series of shrieks interrupted the explanation.

"He must be a very feeling little fellow," remarked the officer, wiping away a furtive tear.

"Yes, sir, he is. You see, ma's mending his trousers, and he's got them on."

—*Los Angeles Times.*

The Sins of the Fathers

"When I'm a man—" began Robbie after a stormy interview with his father.

"What will you do?" asked his mother.

"I'll name my boy after papa—and oh! how I'll spank him!"

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

THE LADIES

Back to Eve

"Hurrah, darling," cried hubby, rushing home one day. "I've made dollars to-day over a big deal. Now you can have some decent clothes for Christmas."

"Indeed, I'll do no such thing," retorted his wife. "I'll have the kind other women wear."

—*Japan Advertiser.*

Ouch!

She was caught in a pouring rain without an umbrella. A friend coming along was about to pass without speaking.

"What are you trying to do—cut me?" she demanded.

"Oh, is that you, dear?" said the friend. "I didn't recognize you without your complexion."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Dear Old Soul!

An old lady approached a Gore Park taxi last night with a view to hiring the car. "Sorry, madam," said the driver, "but I'm engaged."

"Oh, I do hope you'll be so happy," gurgled the O. L. with a beaming smile.

—*Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.*

Phew!

THE MODEL: "Mr. Smiers wants me for a fine picture he's going to paint, 'Cleopatra and the Snake.'"

HER RIVAL: "Indeed! And who is he going to get for Cleopatra?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Complete Reply

CANDID HOSTESS (*on seeing her nephew's fiancée for the first time*): "I never should have known you from your photograph. Reggie told me you were so pretty."

REGGIE'S FIANCÉE: "No, I'm not pretty, so I have to try to be nice, and it's such a bore. Have you ever tried?"

—*Punch.*

Settles It!

"But $6,000 seems a good deal to pay for a car."

"Now don't be foolish, hubby. He'll throw in a flower holder."

—*Washington Star.*

Salesmanship

"You seem able-bodied and healthy," she remarked; "you ought to be strong enough to work."

"True enough, lady," he replied. "And you seem beautiful enough to be in the movies, but evidently you prefer the simple life." Her cold look vanished and she gave him a good meal.

—*Pathfinder.*

A Good-for-Nothing Cuss

A woman was relating to a friend her experiences at a wedding. She described the bride's white satin gown, veil, slippers, flowers and everything.

"And what did the bridegroom wear?" asked the friend.

"Well, do you know that good-for-nothing cuss never showed up at all," was the astonishing reply.

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Species

Two high school girls were engaged in conversation on the street. Said the first: "Tom tried to kiss me last night and I wouldn't let him."

"Did it make him angry?" her companion asked.

"I should say so. He said he wished he had called on you."

—*Maryville Democrat-Forum.*

We Make No Comment

A number of men were gathered at the club, and the talk drifted around to why men grow bald so young. While some thought it was due to the over-wearing of hats, others adhered to the idea that it came from over-exercise of the brain. Finally a little hen-pecked individual ventured this opinion: "I agree with the latter theory and can give you a concrete example to back it up. Did anyone of you ever see a moustache on a woman?"

—*N. W. Life Line.*

We Don't Believe It

"No, Mr. Smith," she said, gentle but firmly; "I can never be your wife." Then he struggled to his feet and said in broken tones: "Are all my hopes to be thus dashed to pieces? Am I never to be known as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Smith?" This was too much for the girl, and she succumbed.

—*Pearson's Weekly.*

A Crabbed Judge

JUDGE (*to elderly witness*): "Your age, madam?"
WITNESS: "Thirty."
JUDGE: "Thirty what?"
WITNESS: "Years, of course."
JUDGE: "Thanks, I thought it might be months."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Don't Laugh!

The woman lecturer was going strong.

"Yes," she cried emphatically, "women have been misjudged for ages. They have suffered in a thousand ways."

She paused to give the listeners time to consider the momentous statement.

"There's one way in which they never have suffered and never will," murmured a meek little man.

The lecturer fixed her eye on him.

"And what way is that," she demanded.

"They have never suffered in silence."

—*W-E.*

Oh, This Languidge!

The charming wife of a French diplomat had never thoroughly mastered the English language. She was urging an American naval officer to attend a dinner, the invitation to which he had already declined. The lady insisted that he must go, but the young officer said he could not possibly do so, as he had "burned his bridges behind him."

The lady misunderstood the word.

"That will be all right," she exclaimed. "I lend you a pair of my husband's."

—*Disston Crucible.*

Or "Too Perfectly 'Grand'"

"What a topping get-up!"

"Do you like it?"

"Oh, my dear, I simply love it. It's just too hideously fashionable for words!"

—*Bystander* (*London*).

Confounded Little Brat

MRS. PARISH (*to clerical caller*): "Oh, Mr. Spivvins, there was something I wanted to ask you and I can't remember what it is."

HER LITTLE DAUGHTER (*chiming in*): "I know, mummy. You were wondering the other day if Mrs. Spivvins got all her clothes from the second-hand store."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Why Japanese Should be Excluded

The following amusing letter from "Japanese Lady" appears in the *Shipping Register* of San Francisco:

"Sometime ago you publish in your voluble paper article on female shipping steamer. I have thought to write you about female engine on train. You know why? Yes, they call she for many becauses.

"They wear jacket with yokas, pins, hangers, straps, shields, stays. They have apron also lap. They have not only shoes but have pumps. Also hose and drag train (psgr. and freight) behind; behind time all time. They attract men with puffs and mufflers and when draft too strong petticoat goes up. This also attract. Sometime they foam and refuse work when at such time they should be switched. They need guiding—it always require man manager. They require man to feed them. When abuse are given they quickly make scrap.

"They are steadier when coupled up but my cousin say they hell of expense. Is not enough reason?"

A Hatpin Jab

"What did you say when he proposed to you?" asked Miss Cayenne.

"I told him," replied the superior girl, "that he was one of those who are their own worst enemies."

"Merely because he proposed to you?"

—*Washington Star.*

God's Alter Ego

It is told of Mrs. Gladstone that a number of ladies in her drawing-room once became engaged in earnest discussion of a difficult problem. It chanced that at the time the great prime minister was in his study upstairs. As the argument in the drawing-room became hopelessly involved, a devout lady of the company took advantage of a lull to say:

"Ah, well, there is One above Who knows it all."

Mrs. Gladstone beamed.

"Yes," she said proudly. "And William will be down directly to tell us all about it."

It's Being Done

They were chatting confidentially on an inbound car. "Do you know," said one, "I am thinking about getting married again."

"You don't say?" The second woman leaned forward with interest. "Who is it this time?"

"I don't know exactly," was the reply, "but I think I'll try and get one of my former husbands. It's such a job to break in a new one."

—*Boston Transcript.*

An Entirely Reasonable Question

A distinguished astronomer tells of a visit paid by several young Western women to his observatory.

"I had done my best," said he, "to answer with credit the running fire of questions which my fair callers propounded. I think I had named even the remotest constellations for them, and was congratulating myself upon the outcome, when one of the younger members of the party interjected:

"But, as it has never been proved that stars are inhabited, how do the astronomers ever find out their names?' "

—*The Continent* (*Chicago*).

Justifiable Euphemism

MAUDE: "What a beautiful new gown Helen is wearing. Says it's imported, doesn't she?"

MARIE: "Not exactly in those words. It's her last season's dress. The dressmaker has turned it inside out, and now she says it is from the other side."

—*Boston Transcript.*

A Quick and Merry Maiden

It was at a fashionable London dinner, where brilliant guests made merry amid the sumptuous luxury of their titled host. The table was lighted by myriads of tall candles which cast flickering shadows on the faces of the brilliant company.

Next to the Bishop sat a young girl, noted even among these blasé folk as one well versed in repartee. She provoked gales of laughter from her reverend partner throughout the dinner. It so happened that during the fish course the Bishop chanced to spill some salt. Gracefully he took a pinch of it in his long tapering fingers, tossed it over his left shoulder with some petty badinage. Unfortunately some of the salt chanced to slip down the maiden's back. Thereupon she, with a roguish smile, wagged her finger at His Grace and remarked:

"Aha! Bishop, you can't catch me that way."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Settled It!

"Pa," said Clarence, "can a woman be elected President of the United States?"

"No," growled his dad.

"Of course, she can, you fool!" snapped ma.

"Of course, she can't," retorted dad; "a person has to be 40 years old to be elected."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Perfect Apology

A man who discovered that he was standing on a woman's train had the presence of mind to remark: "Though I may not have the power to draw an angel from the skies, I have pinned one to the earth."

She excused him.

—*Toronto Telegram.*

"In God's Own Great Outdoors"

Yesterday we ran into an acquaintance at the door of a restaurant. "Where are you going?" we asked, for he wore neither hat nor coat. He hiccupped elaborately and clutched our shoulder.

"Out," he said. "Out into great open spaces where women are women."

—*New York Tribune.*

THE LAW

The Judge's Thick Head

In a magistrate's court the other day a witness was being examined in a case where the defendant was charged with breaking the windshield of an automobile with a large stone.

"Was it as big as this book?" inquired the judge.

"Why, yes, it was much larger," replied the willing witness.

"Was it as big as these two books together?"

"Much bigger."

"Was it as large as my head?"

"It was as long, but not so thick," replied the witness, amid much laughter.

—*Kreolite News.*

Contempt of Court

"Yes," said the dark man, "my name is Isaac Abraham Jacob Cohen, but I don't like it. It cost me £20 the other day."

"How on earth was that?" asked his friend.

"Vy, it vas this way. I vas in court, and the judge said to me, 'Vat is your name?' and I said, 'Isaac Abraham Jacob Cohen,' and he said, 'Are you a Jew?' and I said, 'Don't be a fool!' and he fined me £20."

—*London Daily News.*

His "Brief"

"Isn't a law-suit involving a patent right about the dullest thing imaginable?" asked one lawyer of another.

"Not always," was the reply. "I attended a trial of that character not long ago that was really funny. A tall lawyer named Short was reading a six-thousand-word document he called a brief!"

—*Everybody's.*

First Doesn't Count

JUDGE: "Guilty or not guilty?"

RASTUS: "Not guilty, suh."

JUDGE: "Have you ever been in jail?"

RASTUS: "No, suh; I never stole nuthin' before."

—*Baltimore Trolley Topics.*

Alibi

Cole Black had fallen afoul of the law and was having a preliminary conference with his attorney. "Can you prove an alibi?" asked the latter.

"Al—says which, boss?"

"Alibi. Can you prove where you were at the time the offense was committed?"

"Lawdy, boss, dat's jes' what Ah's skeered dey's gwine to do!"

—*Pathfinder.*

Pat Henry in Trouble

An actor came before a country magistrate for speeding. Pleading his own case he dramatically exclaimed: "As Patrick Henry said, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'"

The magistrate turned to the county constable: "Arrest this Henry feller, too. He seems to be as bad as this here city smart alec."

—*Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.*

Last and Least

JUDGE (*to victim of hold-up*): "While you were being relieved of your valuables, did you call the police?"

VICTIM: "Yes, your Honor, everything I could think of."

—*Judge.*

Even-Handed Justice

"Well, sir," said Tud Differdang, of Turkey Trot, "when I was over at Slippery Slap tuther day I listened to a queer trial."

"Di, eh?"

"Eh-yah! They had a couple of brothers-in-law up for fighting. 'Pears like, in the course of the rucus Jim Waller had pulled out Tobe Snatch's whiskers by the roots. Well, after the jury had studied the case for quite a spell they took and turned Jim loose and fined Tobe 15 cents, the price of a shave."

—*Kansas City Star.*

A Perfected Gift

"Prisoner, did you steal that rug?"

"No, yer Honor. A lady gave it to me and told me to beat it, and I did."

—*Georgia Yellow Jacket.*

A Licensed Collar

POLICE SERGEANT (to agitated lady whose necklace has been stolen)—"Can you describe the lost article?"

"Certainly. It's a platinum dog collar set with rose diamonds."

"Has the dog a license?"

—*Life.*

Right Side Up

An attorney was arguing a case before a Judge. The Judge listened with impatience and then burst out with: "Nonsense, sir! You have your points of law all upside down!"

"I don't doubt that they seem so to Your Honor," replied the attorney, with a respectful bow, "but you'll think differently when Your Honor is reversed."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

No Honor Among Thieves

JUDGE—"You say you were alone when you committed the robbery?"

NITRO BILL—"Yes, yer Honor, I allus does me little jobs alone. When y've got a pal it's 10 ter 1 he turns out dishonest."

—*New York Sun and Globe.*

"This Freedom"

We must refrain from this,
  We must refrain from that.
To everything that smacks of bliss
  The law announces "Scat."
Upon the jaded brain
  The cry beats like a gong.
"Refrain, refrain, refrain"—
  Ain't life a grand sweet song?

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Did They Throw Him?

MAGISTRATE OF IRISH COURT (after a turbulent scene amongst general public)—"The next person that shouts 'Down with England,' I'll have thrown out into the street."

PRISONER (excitedly)—"Down wid England!"

—*London Opinion.*

"The Truth, the Whole Truth"

MAGISTRATE (*to witness*)—"You say you saw the defendant standing at the street corner?"

WITNESS—"Yes, your honor. And while I stood there watching he put his fingers to his mouth and whistled."

"And what followed?"

"His dog, your worship."

London Tit-bits.

The House Shortage

The police officer arrested a man for speeding, saw him sentenced to six months, and then whispered to him as he was being led away: "Excuse me, sir, but don't you want to rent your flat while you're away?"

—Toronto Telegram.

Vi et Armis

There was a little lawyer man
Who gently smiled as he began
Her dear husband's will to scan,
And, thinking of his coming fee,
He said to her quite tenderly,
"You have a nice fat legacy."
Next morning as he lay in bed,
With plasters on his broken head,
He wondered what in hell he said.

—Mink.

A Human Judge

MAGISTRATE—"You assaulted this man merely because he differed from you in an argument. Is that so?"

DEFENDANT—"I couldn't help it, your honor; the man is a perfect idiot."

MAGISTRATE—"Well, you must pay a fine of $50 and costs, and in future you should try and remember that idiots are human beings just like you and me."

Puts 'Em at Ease

"And, speaking of law," said a young practitioner, "what is the first question to put to a witness on the stand?" "I always ask if they are chewing gum," responded an old legal light.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not "Agin" Him

A famous barrister was examining a witness whom he had reason to suspect of deliberate perjury. At length, becoming impatient, he asked the witness very impressively: "Do you know the nature of an oath, sir?" "I do." "Are you not aware, sir, that you are commanded in the Decalogue not to bear false witness against thy neighbor?" "I am, but sure, I'm not bearin' false witness agin him. I'm bearin' false witness for him."

—*Pittsburgh Commercial Telegraph.*

Hire and Sale

The judge was evidently getting a bit fed up with the jury, and at last he announced: "I discharge this jury!" A tall, lean member of the twelve then rose. "Say, judge, you can't discharge me!"

"Can't discharge you? Why not?" thundered the other.

"Waal," replied the juryman, pointing to counsel of the defense, "I was hired by that guy over there!"

—*U. G. I. Circle.*

Just a Hint

Secretary Mellon talked wittily about taxation at a dinner party in Washington.

" 'What is the difference,' a young wife asked her husband, 'between direct and indirect taxation?'

" 'The difference,' he said, 'is the same as the difference between asking me for money and going through my pockets while I'm asleep.' "

—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Guaranteed for Six Months

A chap was arrested for assault and battery and brought before the judge.

JUDGE (*to prisoner*)—"What is your name, your occupation, and what are you charged with?"

PRISONER—"My name is Sparks, I am an electrician, and I am charged with battery."

JUDGE—"Officer, put this man in a dry cell."

—*The Inland Merchant.*

Could Cry—Couldn't Sing

A newly appointed crier in a country court in Australia, where there are many Chinese, was ordered by the judge to summon a witness to the stand. "Call for Ah Song," was the command. The crier was puzzled for a moment. He glanced shyly at the judge, but, seeing that he was perfectly grave, he turned to the court and said: "Gentlemen, would any of you favor his worship with a song?"

Judge and Pup

His Worship—"What we want you to tell us is the exact words used by the prisoner when he spoke to you."

Witness—"He said, your Worship, that he stole the pup."

His Worship—"No, no, he would not have used the third person."

Witness—"But, your Worship, there was no third person."

His Worship—"Then he must have said, 'I stole the pup.' "

Winess—"Well, maybe you did, your Worship, but he did not tell on you."

Unquestionably True

Judge—"What brought you here?"

Prisoner—"Two policemen."

Judge—"Drunk, I suppose?"

Prisoner—"Yes, both of them."

—*New York Times.*

Judicial Omnipotence

A judge was crossing to Ireland from Holyhead one stormy night, when he knocked against a lawyer suffering severely from sea-sickness. "Can I do anything for you?" inquired the judge. "Yes," gasped the sufferer, "will your lordship overrule this motion?"

—*Answers.*

Polite Unto Death

Warden (*to murderer in electric chair*)—"Is there anything you would like to do before I push the fatal button?"

Thoughtful Murderer—"Yea, I would like to give my seat to a lady."

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

No Chance A-tall

"Sam, do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"

"Ah does, sah."

"Well, Sam, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Jedge, wif all dem limitations you jes' put on me, Ah don't believe Ah has anything at all to say."

—*Rochester (N. Y.) Times-Union.*

A Legal Bath

An Ontario farmer caught a young woman doing a "September Morn" on his property, and had her haled before the county magistrate.

"What's the charge?" asked his honor.

"Taking a bath in the spring, your wusship," said the constable.

The aged dispenser of justice consulted a dog-eared copy of the statutes and buried himself in its pages for several minutes, then, closing the legal tome and stroking his beard, he said very solemnly:

"The charge is dismissed and the miss is discharged. I find that she had jest as much right to take a bath in the spring as in the fall."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Not in Issue

First Attorney—"Your Honor, unfortunately, I am opposed by an unmitigated scoundrel."

Second Attorney—"My learned friend is such a notorious liar—"

Judge (sharply)—"The counsel will kindly confine their remarks to such matters as are in dispute."

—*Virginia Reel.*

Meticulus Boston Prisoner

"You are an educated man," said the Judge, "but this is a disgraceful crime you have been found guilty of. Have you anything to say before sentence?" "Only this, your Honor," replied the pedant. "Whatever the sentence may be, for heaven's sake don't end it with a preposition."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Just About!

BLINKS—"Where can you find the truth these days?"

JINKS—"About half way between how fast he tells the Judge his car can go and how fast he tells his friends it can go."

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

His Honor's Verbal Spigot

A certain presiding judge at a trial took it upon himself to correct the tendency of a woman witness to deviate too much from the subject of her testimony.

"Madam," said His Honor, "you must employ fewer words. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Then you must, in the fewest words of which you are capable, answer the plain and simple question, whether on the night under discussion, when you were crossing the street, with your baby on your arm, and the street car was bearing down on the one side and the taxicab and the truck were attempting to pass said street car on the other, you saw the plaintiff between the street car and the taxicab, or whether or when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the street car, the truck or the taxicab or either, or any two, and which of them, respectively, or how it was."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Feared "Retribution's Righteous Blow"

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "will you have trial by judge or jury?"

"By jury, your Honor," replied the defendant. "I'll take no chance on you."

"What!" roared the Court. "Do you mean to say that I would—"

"I don't mean t'say nothing," said the prisoner stoutly, "but I ain't takin' no chances. I done some plumbin' work for you last winter."

—*Progressive Labor World.*

Hand, Not Ham

THE TRAMP (who has entered a country grocery but notices a policeman)— ". . . and so I humbly ask if you would kindly —give a fellow—your daughter's hand!"

—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

Septic Justice

"My, my, but these judges are particular." "What now, Bluebelle?" "I see a judge threw a man's case out of Court because he did not come into Court with clean hands."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

At Least a Temporary Cure

JUDGE—"So you tried to drive by the officer after he blew his whistle?"

MOTORIST—"Your honor, I'm deaf."

JUDGE—"That may be, but you'll get your hearing in the morning. Next case."

—*Princeton Tiger.*

Hadn't a Legal Mind

The prosecuting attorney was examining a negro witness.

"Now, Mose," he said, "tell us what you know about this fight."

"Well, boss," began Mose, "I thinks—"

"I don't want to know what you think. Tell us what you know."

"I thinks—"

"I told you not to tell what you think."

"But, boss," said Mose, apologetically, "I ain't no lawyer. can't talk without thinking."

—*The Open Road.*

Earning His Fine

MAGISTRATE—"This man's watch was fastened in his pocket by a safety chain. How did you manage to get it out?"

PICKPOCKET—"My fee, your worship, is three guineas for the full course of six lessons."

—*Passing Show (London).*

Revenge

FIRST LAWYER—"I got even with that fellow who black-balled me at the club."

SECOND LAWYER—"How?"

FIRST—"His wife came to see me about divorcing him and I praised him up so highly she's decided to stick to him."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Would Have Saved Her Skin

The following is reported to be the verdict of an Iowa jury in a suit against a railroad company: "If the train had run as it should have ran; if the bell had rang as it should have rang; if the whistle had blowed as it should have blew, both of which it did neither—the cow would have not been injured when she was killed."

—*The Argonaut.*

Jury Dodging

"I can't understand goot Englese," said a foreigner who had been summoned to serve on a jury. "Take your seat in the jury box," said the Judge. "You won't hear any good English here."

—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Yes, All Ready for the Stone-Pile

"Listen to this, Maria," said Mr. Stubb, as he unfolded his scientific paper. "This article states that in some of the old Roman prisons that have been unearthed they found the petrified remains of the prisoners."

"Gracious, John," exclaimed Mrs. Stubb, with a smile, "them's what they call hardened criminals, I expect."

—*Northwestern Life Lines.*

A Circumferential Cop

In the small town of Wayback there were so many holdups that the police were being seriously annoyed. Try as they might, they failed to arrest the persons responsible. Late one night an excited voice came over the telephone:

"Burglars have broken into No. 64 Lyons Street! Send help quick!"

The sergeant looked at the solitary policeman in the station.

"Mike," he said simply. "The house at 64 Lyons Street is being robbed. Go up and surround it."

—*Traveler's Protection.*

THE MARRIED

The Autocrat

"What is an autocrat, father?"

Hubmow looked at his inquiring son and tried hard to put an air of unlimited wisdom on his features. "An autocrat?" he said. "Well, in a way, I am the autocrat of this household. I impose my will upon its members, wisely, of course; when I say a thing it goes; when—"

"Henry," broke in Mrs. Hubmow, "when on earth are you going to hang that portrait of Uncle George?"

"I thought I'd wait till tomorrow, my dear; you see—"

"You'll have to think again, Henry," declared his wife, "and you'd better think that this very minute is the best time."

And as Hubmow went out to get the steps he sighed twice and promised to explain what an autocrat was at a more convenient moment.

Not All a Joke

"Don't divorce your wife," cautions X. V. B. of Tallahassee (is that the way you spell the darn thing?), Florida. "Take her a dozen roses. The shock will kill her, and you can use the roses for the funeral."

? ? ?

On the other hand, if you're satisfied with your work, and want to help out a struggling, storm-tossed fellow mortal, bend a sympathetic eye on this advertisement, plucked bodily from the *San Antonio, Texas, Express:*

"I have got to have a job. Am a man 32 years old, intelligent, but married. Phone Travis." Evidently, intelligence has its limits.

Kill Him!

When my wife has a cold,
  Remarked a local wag,
She always gets a little hoarse
  And becomes an awful nag.
—*Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.*

Well, Why Did He?

There were few persons who knew the Locke family even in a casual way who had not discovered that Mrs. Locke was in the habit of nagging her husband and children. She loved them dearly, but at times nobody would have surmised it.

"What did Mr. Locke say when he found himself safe after those hours of danger?" some one asked a friend who had been in company with Mr. Locke on an ocean steamer which met with an accident in mid-Atlantic. "He never says the ordinary thing."

"No," said the friend, with a dry smile, "he didn't that time. I said, 'James, we ought to make something more of our lives for having them spared to us in this way,' for I felt pretty solemn, I can tell you. I've no doubt James did, too, but what he said was, 'William, a good share of the rest of my life will be spent in explaining to Theodora how I happened to choose that steamer when there were dozens of others that reached home without any accident.'"

This Was Love

After a couple had been married in an English church the bridegroom signed the parish register with an X mark. Following him his pretty young bride did the same, and then turned to a young woman who knew that she was the best scholar in her school. "He is a dear good fellow," she whispered, "but he cannot write. He is going to learn from me, and I wouldn't shame him for the world." That incident illustrates the spirit of true courtesy.

That Early Bliss

"George and I had a terrible quarrel last night over the observance of our golden wedding anniversary."

"That's too bad! How long have you been married now?"

"Three days."

—*Punch.*

Good!

MR.—"Huh! Isn't dinner ready yet?"

MRS. (*sweetly*)—"Why, no, dear; you see I got it ready by the clock—the one you set when you came in this morning."

—*Winnipeg Tribune.*

Looks That Way Nowadays

HE—"The decree is granted. Now, darling, we can be married at last, just as soon as you have settled the divorce court fees."

SHE—"Oh, never mind the fees. I have a charge account there."

—*The Beacon Light.*

Stalled at Eighteen

A young lady applicant for a marriage license looked so youthful that the county clerk felt compelled to inquire into her age. "How old are you?" he asked. "Eighteen." "Rather young, aren't you, to be applying for a marriage license?" "I gezzo. That's what they always say. This is my third time."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Wifie and Her Mule

There is no use trying to joke with a woman. The other day Jones heard a pretty good conundrum and decided to try it on his wife.

"Do you know why I am like a mule?" he asked her when he went home.

"No," she replied promptly. "I know you *are,* but I don't know *why* you are."

Federal Reserve 3-C Book.

Playing Safe

"Jack, dear, before our wedding, I wish you would see a doctor."

"Why should I? I am well, except for a touch of dyspepsia."

"That's just it. I'd like you to get a certificate from him which would show that your dyspepsia antedated our marriage."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Part of the Bargain

"I have learned one thing since marrying a widow." "Only one?" "Well, among others, then, that nobody can beat a widow following out the old advice to speak well of the dead."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Lincoln and His Wife

Diplomacy finds its finest test in the relationships of everyday life. Many a man who might get along very well representing his country at a foreign court is a complete fizzle in representing himself in the court presided over by his wife.

They came to Lincoln one day asking for subscriptions for the support of a volunteer fire department in Springfield. He at once expressed his sympathy with the project, says Alonzo Rothschild in *Honest Abe* (Houghton, Mifflin Company), but thought it best before setting down any amount to consult "a certain little woman" about it.

"I'll do so, boys," he continued, "when I go home to supper —Mrs. Lincoln is always in a fine good humor then—and I'll say to her, over the toast: 'My dear, there is a subscription paper being handed round to raise money to buy a new hose-cart. The committee called on me this afternoon, and I told them to wait until I had consulted my home partner. Don't you think I had better subscribe $50?' Then she will look up quickly and say, 'Oh, Abraham, Abraham, will you never, never learn? You are always too liberal, too generous. Fifty dollars! No, indeed; we can't afford it. Twenty-five dollars is quite enough.'"

Mr. Lincoln chuckled as he added: "Bless her dear soul, she'll never find out how I got the better of her; and if she does she will forgive me. Come around to-morrow, boys, and get your $25."

Her Follow-Up

WIFE—"Your Honor, he broke every dish in the house over my head and treated me cruelly."

JUDGE—"Did your husband apologize or express regret for his actions?"

WIFE—"No, Your Honor; the ambulance driver took him away before he could speak to me."

—*United Noise.*

Keeping Maggie

FARMER—"Be this the Woman's Exchange?"
WOMAN—"Yes."
FARMER—"Be ye the woman?"
WOMAN—"Yes."
FARMER—"Well, then, I think I'll keep Maggie."

—*Vancouver Daily Province.*

Happiness Without Alloy

They were talking about women friends. "Do you see Emma often?" one inquired. "Oh, yes, quite frequently," the other replied. "Is she happily married?" "Is she? I should think she is. Why, that girl is so happily married that she has to go to the theatre for a good cry."

—*London Opinion.*

Do Papas Come Home Late?

MOTHER—"Elsie, why are you shouting in that horrible fashion? Why can't you be quiet like Willie?"

ELSIE—"He's got to be quiet the way we're playing. He's papa coming home late and I'm you."

—*Exchange Spark.*

Good For Her!

He had been married about a year, and had taken to spending his evenings down town with the boys. One night his conscience worried him. So he called his young wife up.

"Hello, kid," he began. "Say, slip on some old clothes and run down and meet me on the quiet. We'll have a good dinner and then we'll get a machine and go out and smear a little red paint around. How about it?"

"I'll be delighted to join you, Jack," was the reply. "But why not come up to the house and get me? There's nobody home."

As the husband's name was Tom, he spends his evenings at home now. And his wife wears a queer smile, when he isn't looking at her.

—*American Central.*

And It's Difficult Saying

We said it with flowers, we said it with books,
We said it with kisses and hugs and fond looks.
We said it with music, art, beautiful diction,
We said it with truth, and we said it with fiction.
Alas! now we're wed and are tending our brood,
Most of our time we just say it with food!

J. R. H., in Holstein-Friesian World.

Mark and the Mormon

A Mormon once argued polygamy with Mark Twain. The Mormon insisted that polygamy was moral, and he defied Twain to cite any passage of Scripture that forbade the practice.

"Well," said the humorist, "how about that passage that tells us no man can serve two masters?"

—*The Argonaut.*

Tant'lizing Mandy

"Am dis Misto Gibbs, de lawyer that handles divo'ce cases?" inquired a buxom-looking colored woman, opening the door of an attorney's office.

"I handle some divorce cases," admitted the lawyer. "Do you want one?"

"Ah suttinly does. Mah name am Mrs. Mandy Purdin, an Ah wants to sot mahself shet of dat good-fo'-nothin' husban' o' mine, Lysander Purdin."

"What are the grounds?"

"Groun's? Says which groun's?"

"What is your complaint against him. What has he done?"

"Complaints, Misto Gibbs, is somethin' Ah ain't got nothin' else but. An' dat low-life he's done ever'thin'. But de lates' is dat he's up an' gone an' went an' insured his life fo' five thousan' dollars. Kin yo' 'magine dat?"

"But, my good woman, his insuring himself is no grounds for complaint."

"'Tain't, huh? Looky here, suh. Dat man done tuk out all dat insurance when he ain' no idea a-tall o' dyin'. He done it jes' to tant'lize me! Yassuh, jes' to tantalize me!"

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Yes—What?

An insurance Agent was trying to convince a prospective customer of the merits of life insurance. He kept right at him.

At one stage of the battle, the Agent used this argument:

"Why," he said, "insurance is the greatest thing in the world. No man should be without it. I even carry a $50,000 policy, payable to my wife."

"It's too much," said the harassed prospect. "What excuse can you give her for living?"

—*Houston Post.*

The In-Laws

A man was one day visiting a lunatic asylum and while walking in the grounds he met a patient to whom he said:

"Well, how did you get here?"

The man replied: "Well, sir, you see, I married a widow with a grown-up daughter, and then my father married my wife's daughter, that made my wife the mother-in-law of her father-in-law, and my father became my step-son. Then my step-mother, the daughter of my wife, had a son, and that boy, of course, was my brother, because he was my father's son; but he was also my wife's step-son, and therefore, her grandson, and that made me the grandfather of my step-brother. Then my wife had a son, so my mother-in-law, the step-sister of my son, is also his grandmother, because his step-sister is his wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is also the son of my step-grandmother. I am my mother's brother-in-law, my wife is her own child's aunt, my son is my father's nephew, and I am my own grandfather. That's one reason I am here, sir."

—*Travelers' Beacon.*

The Dog Wife

YOUNG WIFE—"Darling! Darling!"

HUSBAND—"Yes, my love, what is it?"

YOUNG WIFE—"Don't be silly, Jack. I was calling Toto."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Don't Marry a Solitaire Fiend

JACK—"Suppose I teach you to play cards now, and then you'll know all about it after we're married."

MARIE—"Won't that be lovely! What game will you teach me?"

JACK—"Solitaire."

—*New York Times.*

But Heaven Didn't Send Him

"You used to say you thought Heaven sent me to you," said the young wife tearfully during their first spat.

"And I say so still—"

"Really?" she exclaimed, delighted.

"Yes," he added coldly, "as a punishment."

—*Boston Transcript.*

His Talking Horse

They tell of a young married artist in Washington Square who has a predilection for talking in his sleep. Several times recently he mentioned the name "Irene" and his spouse questioned him about it.

"Oh, that," said he, thinking fast, "is the name of a horse."

Several days later when he came home he asked his wife the news of the day. "Nothing exciting happened," she said, "except your horse called you up twice."

The Last Thing To Do

"So Joe married that homely old heiress. I'm surprised; he once told me that marrying for money would be the last thing he would do."

"Well, he hasn't done anything since."

—Boston Transcript.

Protected

INSURANCE AGENT—"Now that you are married, I suppose you will take out a policy?"

NEWEDD—"Oh, no, I guess not, I don't think she is going to be dangerous."

—Protection.

Gave His All

It was at a fashionable wedding. The bridegroom had no visible means of support save his father, who was rich. When he came to the stage of the service where he had to repeat:

"With all my worldly goods, I thee endow!" his father said in a whisper that could be heard all over the church: "Heavens! There goes his bicycle!"

—Toronto Telegram.

A Sapient Answer

WIFE (*waxing philosophical*)—"Just to think, John! First, utter drabness, then the working of the sap and finally the gorgeous tree—splendid in its multitude of gold and crimson gowns! How like our lives."

FED-UP HUSBAND—"How well, indeed, my dear! You the gorgeous tree and me the sap."

—Vancouver Province.

Women Don't Need Fists

HIS WIFE—"What's more, I saw you with your board of directors and I think the hat she had on was something awful."

—*Sans-Gene.*

He Pities Prospective Brides

In the Court House of an Eastern city is a melancholy attendant who when asked to direct people to the bureau of marriage licenses inquires lugubriously—"Do you insist?"

"Well, yes."

"Third door to the right."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Why Not?

AGENT—"You should get your husband to take out life insurance."

MRS. YOUNGBRIDE—"He has a policy against fire."

AGENT—"But fire insurance wouldn't be any help to you if he passed away."

MRS. YOUNGBRIDE—"Wouldn't it be all right if I had him cremated?"

—*Los Angeles Times.*

Fourhanded

"So you have been married before, Mrs. Smith?"

"Yus, ma'am, three times; and if it pleases 'eaven to take this one, I know where I can lay me 'ands on a fourth."

—*London Mail.*

MONEY TROUBLES

'Twould Kill Him Dead

LENDER (*to borrower who has been holding his ten-spot for a year*)—"If I were dead and you came to me and said, 'Here's that tenner, old man,' I'd wake up, but I'd drop dead again."

—*Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.*

Pay! Pay! Pay!

Do not run your car without a 1924 license plate on. You might get fined. File your income-tax report before March 15 or you might have to go to jail. Pay your taxes before April or a heavy penalty will be added. And you had better pay up the interest on your mortgage or they will take your home away from you. Get your money ready for your grazing fees or your stock will have to stay in the barnyard this summer. Get your coin ready for your fishing license. Also pay the grocer and the butcher and baker. Add up your doctor bill and also return the money you borrowed from a friend. Pay your dues in the lodge, or they will drop your name. Pay up what you promised to give the preacher. Then there are the installments on the auto, and you must pay the premium on your life insurance. Pay up the premium on your fire insurance and pay, pay, pay—for the saddest word of tongue or pen to-day is P-A-Y.

—*Blue Mountain Eagle.*

His Dollar Start

"Seven years ago I arrived in this town with only one dollar, but that dollar gave me my start."

"You must have invested it very profitably."

"I did. I telegraphed home for money."

Borrower's Heart-Bleed

"Funny that Biggins should have such an aversion to borrowing, isn't it?"

"Yes; how much did he induce you to force upon him?"

—*Toronto Telegram.*

The Exact Answer

"Lucky I met you, old man. Can you lend me $5?"
"No, I haven't a cent with me."
"And at home?"
"They are all well, thank you."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Harry's Financial Contraction

MRS. PECK—"Oh, Henry, what does the word 'contract' mean?"

MR. PECK—"It means to make smaller, my dear. For instance, heat expands and cold contracts."

MRS. PECK—"Then it's all right. Harry told me he was contracting some heavy debts and I was nervous till you explained it."

—*Toronto Telegram.*

Wise Wizard

FIRST SPORT—"Hey, lend me ten dollars, will you, old man? I'm hard pressed."

SECOND SPORT—"No, but I can tell you how we can both make five dollars."

FIRST S.—"Let's have it."

SECOND S.—"I'll give you five dollars."

—*Punch Bowl.*

"Cash Down!"

A tailor was suing a customer for the price of a suit of clothes. Counsel's agreement had been entered into between the tailor and his client to the effect that the latter would have three months in which to pay, and, as that period had not yet expired, the case ought never to have been brought. On this point the clothier was subjected to a searching cross-examination.

"Now, sir," said counsel, in a domineering tone, "if I had ordered that suit of clothes instead of the defendant would you have sued me for the price at this stage?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Ah!" and counsel beamed round the court with the air of a man who sees victory, "and why, pray?"

"Because in your case I would have demanded cash down!"

Thankful for Small Mercies

The price of mutton is vexatious,
And sparerib is as bad;
The price of steak is most ungracious
And fairly drives me mad.

It costs a ransom or a hostage
To live, but here's the balm:
It still remains two cents for postage
And this restores my calm.

—*Buffalo Evening Times.*

Legally Honest

BROWN—"You are looking bright and happy this morning, Dumley."

DUMLEY—"Yes, I'm out of debt at last. Every bill I owed was outlawed yesterday. I tell you, Brown, a man feels like a man when he is square with the world."

Perspicacious Son-in-Law

"I suppose, Henry," said the old gentleman to his new son-in-law, "that you are aware the check for $50,000 that I put among your wedding presents was merely for effect."

"Oh, yes, sir," responded the cheerful Henry, "and the effect was excellent. The bank cashed it this morning without a word."

—*Vanity Fair.*

Making Sure

JACK—"Lend me ten dollars, old man. I promise on the word of a gentleman to pay it back to-morrow."

SPRATT—"Bring the gentleman around and let me see him."

Making It Definite

A tailor had called to collect his bill frequently, but without success. Finally, in desperation, he said vehementiy: "Mr. Jones, I must insist that you make some definite arrangement with me."

"Why, surely," replied Mr. Jones agreeably. "Let's see. Well, suppose you call every Thursday morning."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sure Guaranty of Financial Ability

"So you want to marry my daughter? What is your financial standing?"

"Well, sir, I've figured out every exemption possible; I've had the best legal advice that money would secure; I've done everything I could to dodge it—and I still find that I cannot escape paying an income tax."

"Take her. She's yours."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Origin of Italics

"Where were italics first used?" asks a subscriber.

The first time we remember seeing them was on a printed slip, which read: "This is *past due*. Please give it your *prompt* attention."

—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Envying the Dog

HE—"Ah, your little dog has an enviable position!"

SHE—"Do you mean because he is always with me?"

HE—"Not exactly, but I was just thinking how happy I should be if I had someone to pay all my taxes for me!"

—*Stockholm Kasper.*

Truer

YOUNG BRIDEGROOM—"Do you understand this furnishing hire system?"

ANOTHER—"Rather! They send you new furniture, and you pay so much a month for it. By the time you hate it—it's yours."

—*Toronto Telegram.*

Saying It With Tosti

From hubby's den poured forth the Tosti strain: "Good-by, forever, good-by forever, good-by, good-by, goo-oo-oo-oo-by!"

FRIEND WIFE—"What's the matter, Bob? Are you training for the concert stage?"

HUSBAND—"No, dear heart, I'm merely mailing a fifty-dollar touch made by that lazy brother of yours."

—*Boston Transcript.*

He Talked Shop

"What makes you think that man we just met was a banker?"

"Why, I heard him say that children are the coupons cut from the bonds of matrimony."

—*Wall Street Journal.*

Helping Father

FATHER—"But what's the use of having accounts with four tailors?"

SON—"Well, you see, it makes your bills so much smaller."

—*Punch Bowl.*

A Sample Dicker

A real estate man was plainly worried, and his wife asked him to tell her about the deal. It seems that he had it fixed up to sell a man a loft building, a marble yard, with dock privileges, a factory site, and a summer-garden, and to take in part payment a block of frame tenements, a small subdivision, an abandoned lime kiln and a farm.

"He assumes a $20,000 mortgage on the loft building," explained the real estate man, "and I take over a second mortgage on the subdivision. Get me!"

"I guess I get you," responded his wife. "But what is the hitch about?"

"Well, I want four dollars in cash."

—*Pittsburgh Sun.*

Where It Goes

A social worker with somewhat more enthusiasm than tact went to call upon Terrence Shea, night watchman, at his home. "I hope, Mr. Shea," she said, "that you do not squander your money in liquor and riotous living. I'm trying to interest the people of the neighborhood in the new savings bank which has just been started. May I ask where you deposit your wages?"

"I'd just as soon tell ye as not," replied Mr. Shea. "'Tis $25 a week I make. When I've paid the rent, the provisions and the grocery bill and the milkman, and bought what's needed for Maggie an' me five children, I deposit the rest of the money in barrels. Mostly, ma'am, I use sugar barrels. They're bigger an' hold more. But when I can't get them I makeshift with plain flour barrels."

—*Success.*

THE NEWSPAPERS

"Public Improvements"

"Show him up," said the patient editor, and the fuming visitor was conducted into his presence.

"I want an explanation!" cried the visitor, shaking his fist in the editor's face.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the editor.

"See here!" shouted the visitor. "What do you mean by publishing my resignation from my political office in this way?"

The editor raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"Why, I thought you gave out the story yourself."

"So I did," replied the retiring politician, bursting with rage, "but I didn't tell you to print the news under the head of 'Public Improvements'!"

—*Fourth Estate.*

This Boy Gets a Raise

BOY—"A man called while you were out, sir. He said he wanted to beat you up."

EDITOR—"And what did you say to him?"

BOY—"I said I was sorry you were out, sir."

—*Kablegram.*

The Way It's Done

REPORTER—"I have come to interview you, sir."

GREAT STATESMAN—"Well, go back and write your interview and let me see it."

REPORTER—"Here it is."

—*Judge.*

And Work the While

"Why do you always use 'whilst' in place of 'while'?" asked the city editor of the new reporter.

"Because I think it's a nicer word."

"All right," said the editor. "I think you'd better work in the janitorial department for a whilst."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Journalistic Genius

The genius of a certain Arkansas editor showed itself recently when he printed the following news item in the local columns of his paper:

"Miss Beulah Blank, a Batesville belle of twenty summers, is visiting her twin brother, age thirty-two."

—*Arkansas Taxpayer.*

A "Rare" Bit

Cub Reporter (*handing in copy for first assignment*)—"Here you are, boss. Glance over this and see if it's not a rare bit of art."

Hardboiled City Ed. (*giving it the hasty once-over*)—"Yes, rare is the word. It's certainly not well done."

—*Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.*

The Newspaper Morgue

The nice old lady dropped into the office just as the editor cried out regarding the story that was denied, "Kill it; kill it!" Hurriedly beating a retreat, she exclaimed in horror, "Goodness gracious! I've often heard of a newspaper morgue, but I never knew you killed folks to put in it."

—*Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.*

Curious Wants

"Lost, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a curiously carved ivory head."

"House wanted, suitable for small family that has been recently papered and painted."

"Tenders invited for the erection of a school large enough to accommodate 2,000 scholars four stories high."

"Young man wanted to take charge of horses with a religious turn of mind."

"Nurse wanted in a small gentleman's family."

"For sale, a pony suitable for a lady without vicious habits and quiet in harness."

"Wanted, a mahogany child's chair."

"Over-looker wanted for 4,000 sheep that can speak Spanish."

—*Moslic Topics.*

Why Editors Are Wealthy

A child is born in the neighborhood; the attending physician gets $10. The editor gives the loud mouthed baby and the happy parents a send-off and gets $0. When it is christened the minister gets $10, the editor gets $0. It grows up and marries. The editor publishes another long-winded article, and tells a dozen lies about the beautiful and accomplished bride. The minister gets $10 and a piece of cake, and the editor gets $000. In the course of time it dies. The doctor gets from $25 to $100, the undertaker from $50 to $100, the editor publishes a notice of the death and obituary two columns long, lodge and society resolutions, a lot of poetry and a free card of thanks and gets $0000. No wonder so many editors are rich.

—*Pickup.*

Inquisitive

REPORTER—"And in what State were you born, professor?"

PROFESSOR—"Unless my recollection fails me, in a state of ignorance."

REPORTER (*scribbling*)—"Yes, to be sure; and how long have you lived there?"

—*Baker Orange.*

YOUTH—"I sent you some suggestions telling you how to make your paper more interesting. Have you carried out any of my ideas?"

EDITOR—"Did you meet the office boy with the wastepaper basket as you came upstairs?"

YOUTH—"Yes, yes, I did."

EDITOR—"Well, he was carrying out your ideas."

—*W-E.*

POET—"My wife said this last poem of mine caused her heart to miss a beat."

EDITOR—"Rejected! We don't want anything that will interfere with our circulation."

—*W-E.*

PLATFORM AND STAGE

Camel Head and Ostrich Eye

At a political gathering in England an orator waxing indignant said: "To ridicule the idea of this country being invaded is to follow the example of the camel, which buries its head in the sand when an enemy approaches."

The rival speaker rose and retorted: "Surely the gentleman in giving utterance to this apothegm must have meant to refer to the ostrich, which in those circumstances has a habit of putting its eye through a small needle."

—*Boston Transcript.*

New Cure for Stuttering

Demosthenes was about to go down to the seashore and perform his customary stunt of talking with his mouth full of pebbles to improve his enunciation. On the way an idea assailed him. "What's the use of fussing with a lot of bilgy pebbles," he growled, "when I can get the same effect out of the Galician battle fields?" And he said Suzlysmzehrgl six times in rapid succession.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The Blame

The orator had been scoring points in his speech on labor. "I say, friend," he said, "that it is the working classes who have made this country what it is to-day."

"That's right," came an unexpected voice from the crowd, "throw all the blame on the poor!"

—*Reynold's Newspaper.*

Had No "Line"

It was at the private theatricals, and the young man wished to compliment his hostess, saying:

"Madam, you played your part splendidly. It fits you to perfection."

"I'm afraid not. A young and pretty woman is needed for that part," said the smiling hostess.

"But madam, you have positively proved the contrary."

"Constructive Criticism"

"What is meant by constructive criticism?"

"As a rule," said the thoughtful citizen, "it takes the form of a set of resolutions drawn up with enthusiasm, adopted unanimously, and forgotten the next day."

—*Housekeeper's Almanac.*

To the Bitter End!

As the lecturer paused after a well-rounded period, a bleareyed man arose and inquired:

"Shay, how long have you been lecturin'?"

"About four years, my friend," was the reply.

"Well," remarked the questioner as he sat down. "I'll stick around; you must be near through."

—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Reviving Their Attention

A Chautauqua lecturer on "Travels in the Tropics," noticed that for some reason he was not holding the attention of his audience. He determined to win back their interest and so remarked parenthetically: "It was in this locality that we encountered the worst and biggest mosquitoes I have ever seen. Many of them would weigh a pound." His audience at once braced up and thereafter paid close attention to what he said, expecting further incredible statements.

At the close of the lecture one of the local committee somewhat indignantly remarked, "I am surprised, sir, that you should permit yourself, even in a moment of levity, to make such a grossly extravagant statement."

"But it was quite true," replied the lecturer, "although I did not even attempt to estimate how many it would take to weigh a pound."

—*Forbes Magazine.*

Rough-House!

"Mr. Chairman," said the orator, who was being severely heckled, "I must appeal on a point of order. I have been speaking now for over a quarter of an hour, but there are so many interruptions and so much ribaldry from all parts of the hall that I can scarcely hear myself speaking."

"Cheer up!" came a voice, "You're not missing much."

—*Toronto Telegram.*

Pointed Praise

HUB—"So my speech at the dinner last night reminded you of the days when we were courting. How was that?"

WIFE—"I thought you would never come to the point."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Poor Terminal Facilities

Mr. Alltalk was a very poor speaker; and after his oratory had run on for over an hour, some of his audience began to leave. As one man slipped out of the doorway, another, who had waited outside, asked hopefully: "Has he finished?"

"Yes," said the first sufferer, grimly. "Long ago, but he won't stop."

—*Good Hardware.*

Only Payers Praise

"How do you think up all the ugly, sarcastic things you write about the plays you review?" asked the cub reporter.

"Oh, I just listen to the remarks made by the people who saw the show on passes," replied the dramatic critic.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A New Reason

"Why do so many actors insist on playing Shakespeare?"

"I suspect," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "that it's because they can take all the credit if they succeed, and blame the public's lack of literary taste if they fail."

—*Washington Star.*

Repartay

FIRST ACTOR—"I'm getting on. Somebody has now named a cigar after me."

SECOND ACTOR—"I hope it draws better than you do."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

The Omnicreative Belasco

FIRST BROADWAYITE (*during violent rainstorm*)—"Some shower!"

SECOND BROADWAYITE—"You said it. Belasco himself couldn't do better."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Hamfat Dangers

"What is your idea of the worst possible audience to play before?" asked the friend.

"Well," said the actor, thoughtfully, "I imagine it would be one composed of armless men."

"Well," replied his friend, "that might be the worst, but it strikes me it also would be the safest, too."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

It Had Whiskers

"Huh!" sneered the city comedian to the rural audience. "I suppose you'll laugh at that one next summer."

"No," replied a voice in the audience. "It was last summer."

—*Farm Life.*

No Joke

DAN—"What'll we do to-night—stay at home?"

NAN—"No, I've got a terrible cough. Let's go to the theatre."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

The Acre Hat

"Do tell me something about the play," she said to the young man. "They said the climax was superb."

"Yes, I am inclined to think it was very good," said Percy.

"Can't you describe it to me?" she asked.

"Well, the heroine came stealthily on the stage, and knelt, dagger in hand, behind a clumb of ribbons. The hero emerged from a large bunch of flowers, and as soon as she perceived him, she fell upon him, stabbed him and sank half conscious into a very handsome aigrette. This may sound queer, but the woman in front of me wouldn't remove her hat, and that's how it looked to me."

—*London Opinion.*

Infantile Paralysis Would Help

The cabaret entertainer was dancing around and shrieking at the top of his lungs. "Gosh, what's the matter with that guy?" one sufferer asked. A hardened habitué opined: "Guess he's got this here hoof and mouth disease."

—*Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.*

Little John's Thermos Bottle

In the motion-picture "Robin Hood," Lady Marian desires to send a message to the Earl of Huntington and chooses Little John to act as her messenger. She presents John with a scroll which is protected by what seems to be a black case or tube.

As he handed it over, a small boy in the audience asked his mother what it was.

"That's a flashlight," she answered in a loud voice.

"Don't show your ignorance, Mary," said her husband. "They didn't have flashlights in those days. That's a thermos bottle."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Far Too Drab for Hollywood

If we received our weather reports from Hollywood: "As the setting sun, so like a ball of fiery red, dropped slowly into the water and changed the azure sky to brilliant pink, the sailors on wandering ships, as they looked out upon the broad expanse of iridescent sea, knew that the morrow would dawn bright and clear, and were happy."

—*Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.*

Premier Danseuse

"Where you goin'?"

"To see the opera,—Rigoletto."

"Oh, a new muscle-dancer, eh!"

—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Tiara Publicity

MANAGER—"Where did you keep this diamond tiara which you say has been stolen?"

ACTRESS—"In the box with the rest of my jewelry."

MANAGER (*coldly*)—"What's it worth?"

ACTRESS—"Oh, about a column and a half."

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Those Russian Dancers

How little Tommy described some Russian dancers he had seen:

"They stood on nothing and danced."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Sarcasming

The theatre manager after a week of a highbrow production consulted the colored doorman.

"Well, George, how is it going?"

"Better and better, sah! Fewer and fewer is leaving the theatre before the end of the show."

—*Life.*

Forewarned!

The tragedian had just signed a contract to tour South Africa. He told a friend of it at the club. The friend shook his head dismally.

"The ostrich," he explained in a pitying tone, "lays an egg weighing anywhere from two to four pounds."

Ought to Be Satisfied

"What is the old man growling over now?"

"The clothes his daughter wore in an amateur musical revue. Some society affair."

"Did she wear *any* clothes?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then what is he kicking about?"

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Practical

The curtain rose for the last act on the darkened bedroom of the villain. A window was opened stealthily. A dark, crouching form entered the chamber and crept to the bed. There was a violent struggle in the dark, a sickening crash, a gurgling sound, and a heavy object struck the floor with a *thud.* A breathless silence, then a horrified whisper: "Oh! what have I done?"

"Strike a match," said a voice in the audience, "and we'll have a look."

Kills Some, Divorces Others

"From your state of mind, as I understand it," said the Visitor to the Famous Actress, "you believe in getting married."

"I certainly do," said the Actress. "Personally, I have been, am, and am going to be."

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

The Faithful Understudy

STAGE-MANAGER—"Good God, man, you can't go on like this! Never in my life have I seen any one as drunk as you are."

LEADING MAN—"Hav'n'y—hic! Jush wait'l y' shee my understudy!"

—*Bulletin (Sydney).*

A Fool Question

A Texas attorney was delivering a Fourth of July address. He had held forth prosily for nearly an hour, apparently without getting anywhere. At length he stopped, and then said in impressive tones: "I pause to ask myself a question."

A voice from back of the hall shouted: "Better not. You'll only get a fool answer."

—*The Lawyer and Banker.*

An Accurate Orator

At a lecture, the speaker orated fervently: "He drove straight to his goal. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but pressed forward, moved by a definite purpose. Neither friend nor foe could delay him, nor turn him from his course. All who crossed his path did so at their own peril. What would you call such a man?"

"A truck driver!" shouted a voice from the audience.

—*Forbes's Magazine.*

"Louder!"

A statesman of national fame some years ago was addressing an outdoor audience in Buffalo. And he had a good voice. From the edge of the crowd, however, some roughneck kept calling, "Louder! louder!" The speaker endured it with patience for a time, but at length he stopped and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—When the last great day shall have come, and the quick and the dead are to be judged, and the angel shall stand with one foot upon the land and one upon the sea and cry, that 'Time shall be no more!' and the awakening trump shall have resounded over all the earth and the seas thereof, some sleepy fool from Buffalo will slowly raise his head above his grave's edge and cry, 'Louder! louder!'"

Cousins

COMEDIAN—"Look 'ere! I objects to goin' on just after the monkey act."

MANAGER—"Well, perhaps you're right. They might think you were an encore."

—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

The banquet was over and the speaking had begun. His time-limit was fifteen minutes. He passed it, and rambled through a second fifteen minutes, his audience growing more an more restless. But he went on, and on, and on. The toastmaster tried every known method to make him stop,—looked at and rattled a program, admonitorily coughed, quietly pushed a watch in front of him, gently kicked his heel, and pulled his coattail, all without avail. Thinking that a tap on the seat of consciousness at the base of his skull would surely be hint enough, the toastmaster slid the gavel from the table, and, as invisibly as possible, raised it toward the back of the sweating orator's head. Just as the gavel was about to rap the speaker's medulla oblongata, the expositor of wind leaned forward to make a point, and the gavel came down on the shining dome of his neighbor. The neighbor's head dropped, and as his nose touched the tablecloth and he sank into unconsciousness, he clearly murmured, "Hit me again!—I can *still* hear him!"

"Louder!"

The weak-voiced speaker, with an inconsequential message, was doing his unsatisfying best. The banquet audience was large. After a few moments from its farthest edge came the cry, "Louder!" The speaker stopped, swallowed, filled his lungs, and started again, trying hard to be "louder." But he couldn't, and soon again came the demand from the rear—"Louder!" Whereupon a man in the fourth row from the front arose, turned his back to the speaker, and, addressing the rear of the hall, demanded, "Can't that man hear?" A stentorian "No!" from the complainant. "All right!—then thank God that you can't and go home!"

POLITICS

The Wrong Bar

A candidate for a seat in Parliament said of his opponent: "I notice in the local press that Mr. Blank is described as a distinguished barrister. He may be, but all I can say is that I have never heard of him. More than that, I have made inquiries at the bar about him, and he seems to be totally unknown."

Up spoke a Briton in the rear of the hall. "Maybe you inquired at the wrong bar, mister."

Votes for Women

The lady was talking to her husband. He was urging her to go to the polls. "Bribery or not," declared the lady; "I tell you I won't vote unless you buy me a new hat to vote in."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

And That's Worse

CANDIDATE'S WIFE—"Oh, dear! I'm dreadfully tired."

CANDIDATE—"You ought not to be; you haven't had to make four speeches."

CANDIDATE'S WIFE—"No—but I've had to listen to them."

—London Opinion.

Good!

"Are you in favor of a tax on bachelors?" bawled a heckler.

"I thought, sir," replied the candidate, "that I had already made it clear that I was not in favor of any tax on raw material!"

—Pathfinder.

The Belle Rang

SNOBLEY—"Aw—aw—it must be very unpleasant for you Americans to be governed by people—aw—whom you wouldn't ask to dinner."

AMERICAN BELLE—"Well, not more so, perhaps, than for you in England to be governed by people who wouldn't ask you to dinner."

—Windsor Dispatch.

Proud of Hubby

YOUNG MRS. GREEN—"My husband is a very influential man in politics."

CALLER—"You don't say!"

YOUNG MRS. GREEN—"Yes, indeed. George has voted in two Presidential elections and both times it has gone the way George voted."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Safety First

"I noticed that you courteously refrain from mentioning the name of your political rival in your speeches."

"It's more a matter of discretion than of courtesy. I once started to denounce a rival, and as soon as I mentioned his name the audience burst into deafening and continuous applause."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Tongue, Not Brain

A candidate, rushing to address a meeting at an extra election, was accosted by a friend. "What do you think of the political situation now?" he was asked. "Don't bother me!" responded the politician. "I've got to talk. This is no time to think."

—*Pathfinder.*

A Born Politician

"What makes you think that Jim would be a success in politics?"

"He can say more things that sound well and mean nothing than any other man I know."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Politician's "Trust"

An American politician, who at one time served his country in a very high legislative place, passed away, and a number of newspaper men were collaborating on an obituary notice. "What shall we say of him?" asked one of the men.

"Oh just put down that he was always faithful to his trust."

"Yes," answered another of the group, "that's all right, but are you going to give the name of the trust?"

—*W-E.*

'Twas Czar Reed

A former Speaker of the House once wired a fellow-politician to meet him in Pittsburgh, and the recipient, wishing to avoid what he feared might be an unpleasant interview, took advantage of interrupted communications, due to heavy rains, and replied: "Sorry I cannot get to Pittsburgh. Washout on line." The Speaker wired back: "Don't mind a little thing like that. Buy a new shirt and come on." The politician kept the appointment.

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Wifely Patriotism

"Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton, "if I ran for office would you vote for me?"

"Certainly not."

"You thought highly enough of me to marry me."

"Love is blind, but patriotism is supposed to show judgment."

—*Washington Star.*

Correct!

"Dad!"

"Well?"

"Are politics plural?"

"No, my boy. There isn't anything in the world more singular."

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Sound Advice

Senator Moses was considerably bored one day in Washington by a politician who thought he ought to be nominated for the presidency.

"But, Moses," the politician dolefully ended, "there's a conspiracy of silence against me—a regular conspiracy of silence. What do you think I ought to do?"

"Join it," said Senator Moses promptly.

Election a Walk-Over

"I thought," said the disappointed friend, "you told me this election was going to be a walk-over."

"Well," answered the former candidate, "it was. I was the doorstep."

—*Washington Star.*

A Government Job

They were looking down into the depths of the Grand Cañon.

"Do you know," asked the guide, "that it took millions and millions of years for this great abyss to be carved out?"

"Well, well!" ejaculated the traveler. "I never knew this was a government job."

—*Southern Telephone News.*

Coolidge, the Verbose

Speaking of the Coolidge reserve, a reporter attempted an interview:

"Do you wish to say anything about Prohibition?" was the first question.

"No."

"About the farm bloc?"

"No."

"About the World Court?"

"No."

The reporter turned to go.

"By the way," added Coolidge, unexpectedly calling him back, "don't quote me."

—*Boston Globe.*

An Honest Congressman

Congressman Blather was a passenger on the steamship *Sieve,* which was slowly sinking. The passengers were climbing into the lifeboats.

"Congressman," suggested a reporter aboard the ill-fated craft, "here's a chance for some publicity. If you cared—"

"You may quote me as saying," replied the statesman, "that I am heartily in favor of a back-to-the-land movement."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

His Father's Son

"A school teacher said to a small boy:

"'Joe, this arithmetic problem of yours about the huckster and the apples is all wrong. You'll have to stay after school and work it out.'

"'How far wrong is it?' Joe asked.

"'It's a dollar wrong,' said the teacher.

"Little Joe, a profiteer's son, drew forth a roll of bills and peeled a dollar off.

"'I'll just pay up instead of workin' it out,' he said."

This Wise Generation

TEACHER—"We are going to have a little talk on wading birds. Of course, the stork is one—what are you laughing at, Elsie?"

LITTLE ELSIE—"Oh, but, teacher—the idea of there being any storks."

—*Locomotive Engineers' Journal.*

Setting Her Right

TEACHER—"I have went. That's wrong, isn't it?"

PUPIL—"Yes, ma'am."

TEACHER—"Why is it wrong?"

PUPIL—"Because you ain't went yet."

—*Toronto Telegram.*

"The Biggest Donkey"

A Boonville school teacher had a great deal of trouble making a boy understand his lesson. Finally, he succeeded, and, drawing a long breath, remarked, "If it wasn't for me you would be the biggest donkey in Boonville."

Let's Have It

TEACHER—"Give me a sentence with the word 'eclipse' in it."

JOHNNY—"When my brother sees a funny joke in the *News* eclipse it out."

"Its Class Yelp"

"How do you educate these dogs?"

"Oh, they go to school much as you or I would do," explained the showman. Just then some pups were heard raising their voices in unison. "The class in hoop jumping," continued the showman, "giving its class yelp."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Bad Grammar

FIRST PUPIL—"I'm going to sue our English teacher for libel."

ANOTHER—"Why?"

FIRST PUPIL—"She wrote on my theme, 'You have bad relatives and antecedents.'"

—*Shawnee.*

So Young, Too!

The boy furrowed his brow over the examination question. "What is a canard?"

At last he wrote down his reply. "Something you canardly believe."

He still finds it painful to sit down!

—*London Post.*

Frank

"Why," asked the school inspector, "should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than we do mine?"

"Because he never told a lie, sir," shouted one of the pupils.

—*Boston Transcript.*

They Do!

TEACHER—"Johnny, give me a sentence using the word 'diadem'."

JOHNNY—"People who drink moonshine diadem sight quicker than those who don't."

—*Walworth Kewanne Craftsman.*

Naturally

WILLIE (*at his lessons*)—"I say, pa, what is a fortification?"

PA—"A fortification, my son, is a large fort."

WILLIE—"Then a ratification is a large rat."

—*El Paso Herald.*

Nature's Influence

PROFESSOR—"In this vast, limitless expanse of nature, my friend, man is so infinitesimal that it makes me feel like a little grub."

GUIDE—"Wal, let's go down to camp and git some, then."

—*The Travelers' Beacon.*

Abent-Minded Professor Again

A professor of biology addressed his class thus:

"I propose to show you a very fine specimen of a dissected frog which I have in this parcel."

Undoing the parcel he disclosed some sandwiches, a hard-boiled egg and some fruit.

"But—but surely I ate my lunch!" he said.

Tongue Reading

The children of the second grade were busily employed on the writing-lesson when Susie raised her hand. "Please, Miss Wright, Johnny Phipps isn't doing the lesson right."

"What do you mean, Susie?" asked the teacher.

"Why, the lesson is capital S's, and he's making L's."

"How do you know, Susie? You can't see his copy-book."

"No'm, but I can see his tongue."

—*The Youth's Companion.*

"Good Miss Murphy"

Miss Murphy is a teacher in one of the lower-grade schools at Northampton, Mass. She was teaching her pupils to repeat in concert the Twenty-third Psalm. She felt that one little boy was not saying it correctly. The next time the class recited the Psalm she stood near this boy, and found, when it came to the verse, "Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me," etc., he said, "Surely, good Miss Murphy shall follow me all the days of my life."

—*Christian Register.*

Ever Been There?

INSTRUCTOR—"That's no way to ride, standing in your stirrups. Sit in the saddle as you did yesterday."

PUPIL—"Yea! that's why I'm sitting this way to-day."

—*Horne Pipe.*

Bilingual Tommy

In a London East End school a mistress was reading to her class Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark." To test the intelligence of her scholars, she asked if they could put into different words, expressing the same meaning, the line, "Hail to thee, blithe spirit—bird thou never wert!"

An arm shot up from the back row.

"Well, Johnny, let us hear how you would put it."

"Hi! cocky. You ain't no blinkin' bird."

—*W-E.*

Not Up to Him

"Now, Bearcat, how do you know the world is round and hangs on nothing in the air?" asked the school mistress. "How do you prove it?"

"I don't have to," replied young Bearcat Johnson. "Dammit, I never said 'twas."

—*Kansas City Star.*

Literal

PROFESSOR—"Why are you late for class this morning?"

STUDENT—"Well, a sign down here—"

"Well, what has a sign got to do with it?"

"The sign said 'School Ahead; Go Slow.'"

—*Pitt Panther.*

What's a Groundhog?

A teacher was telling her class little stories in natural history and she asked if any one could tell her what a groundhog was. Up went a little hand, waving frantically. "Well, Tommy, you may tell us what a groundhog is."

"Please, ma'am, it's a sausage."

—*Ottawa Evening Citizen.*

"Ladies First"

"The horse and the cow is in the field," read the teacher. "Mary, what's wrong with that sentence?"

Mary was evidently more versed in the rules of politeness than in the rules of grammar, for she answered promptly. "The lady should be mentioned first."

Geographical Sisters

Miss Rose asked her eighth grade: "What are the sister states?"

Mabel answered: "I am not sure, but I should think they were Miss Ouri, Ida Ho, Mary Land, Callie Fornia, Louisa Anna, Della Ware, Minne Sota, and Mrs. Sippi."

—*The St. Cloud (Minn.) High School Mascot.*

Time to Move

TEACHER—"Now, Johnny, what would your father pay if he owed the baker two dollars, the butcher fifteen dollars, the milkman——"

JOHNNY—"Nothin', Miss, he'd move."

—*The Passing Show.*

"Oh Not! Oh Not!"

A paper furnishes us with a recent specimen of "English as she is wrote." It is copy of a letter sent by a woman teacher to the director of education, Manila, and reads: "Dear sir, I have the honor to resignate as my works are many and my salary are few. Besides which my supervising teacher makes many loving to me to which I only reply 'Oh not, Oh not!' —Very respectfully, Josefina."

—*The Manila Bulletin.*

And Always Will

JOHNNY—"Say, paw, I can't get these 'rithmetic examples. Teacher said something 'bout findin' the greatest common divisor."

PAW (*in disgust*)—"Great Scott! Haven't they found that thing yet? Why, they were huntin' for it when I was a boy."

Teacher's Troubles

When Freddy came home from school he was crying. "Teacher whipped me because I was the only one who could answer a question she asked the class," he wailed.

Freddy's mother was both astounded and angry. "I'll see the teacher about that! What was the question she asked you?"

"She wanted to know who put the glue in her ink bottle."

—*W-E.*

About Right

TEACHER—"Johnny, what are the two genders?"

JOHNNY—"Masculine and feminine. The masculines are divided into temperate and intemperate, and the feminines into frigid and torrid."

—*The Trail Blazer.*

A Salt's Codfish

Two old salts, who had spent most of their lives on fishing smacks, were arguing about mathematics. Finally, the captain of the ship proposed a problem. "If you sold 126 pounds of codfish at six cents a pound," he said, "how much would you make?"

Both men worked a while with pencils and paper, but neither seemed to get very far. At last old Bill turned to the captain. "Is it codfish they caught?" he demanded.

"Yep," replied the captain.

"Hang it all!" exclaimed Bill in disgust. "No wonder I couldn't get an answer. I've been figuring on shad all the time."

—*W-E.*

You Know the Rest

Scene—Lecture Room.

Time—11:58 A. M.

(Shuffling of feet, rattle of coppers, audible signs of "Let's go.")

PROFESSOR (*wearily*)—"Just a moment, gentlemen. I have yet a few pearls to cast."

—*The Goblin.*

Education As Is

TEACHER—"Where's Liverpool?"

SOCCER ENTHUSIAST—"Second in the First League, Miss."

—*Passing Show.*

Civil Service Examination Agony

Washington folks are poking fun at a couple of answers recently turned in in a civil service examination. The answers were: "The feminine of czar is bazaar." "The flappers of a country are its flora."

—*Kansas City Star.*

The Good King Alfred

"Now children," said the teacher, "write down all you have learned about King Alfred, but don't say anything about the burning of the cakes; I want to find out what else you know."

Half an hour later wee Jeanie handed in her effort:

"King Alfred visited a lady at a cottage, but the less said about it the better."

—*Tid-Bits (London).*

Timmy and His Neck

Mullarky was very proud of the athletic abilities of his son Timmy, and never let a chance pass of extolling them. One day a friend, after listening to him expatiating, inquired:

"If he's so good as that, Mullarky, which would you rather he'd be when he grows up—an acrobat or a contortionist?"

"Well," said Mullarky, after studying the thing over, "if it came to them two things, I'd rather have the lad grow up to be an acrobat, for then I could wring his dom neck when so inclined. But if he was a contortionist, now, where the divvle would his neck be?"

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Nearest

A small boy returned home from school one afternoon proudly exhibiting a book, which he triumphantly declared he had won for natural history.

"Naitural history, laddies? Losh, you're far ower young for naitural history. Hoo did it happen?" asked his mother.

"Weel, the teacher asked hoo mony legs an ostrich had, and I said three."

"But an ostrich has only twa legs," said his mother.

"I know," said the urchin, "but a' the rest o' the chaps said fower."

—*The Aryan.*

Accuracy of Statement

A member of the faculty of a certain university tells of a freshman who was asked by one of the professors whether he had proved a certain proposition in Euclid.

"Well, sir," responded the freshman, "'proved' is a strong word. But I will say that I have rendered it highly probable."

Eden's Fall Pippins—893

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? They say Eve ate (8) and Adam too (2). That would be a total of ten only.

Now we figure the thing out differently, and thus: Eve ate (8) and Adam ate (8) also—total, sixteen.

But are not these figures entirely wrong? If Eve ate (8) and Adam ate too (82), certainly the total was ninety.

Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antediluvians were giants, reason something like this: Eve ate one (81) and Adam ate too (82)—total, 163.

Wrong again. It is very clear that if Eve ate one (81), and Adam ate one too (812), the total was 893.

—*Baptist Student.*

All Together Now

"We've got a dandy college yell now."

"What is it?"

"We give the names of four Russian battleships, a sis-boom-ah and then two Chinese generals."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Her Supreme Reward

SCIENTIST (*to his housekeeper*)—"Hannah! You have been in my employ 25 years, so as a reward for your faithful service I have decided to name after you this species of water-beetle I have just discovered."

—*London Opinion.*

A College Humorist

An interesting advertisement which appeared in the college paper:

"If the gentleman who took my Psychology notes from the cloakrack will return them before exams, no questions will go unanswered."

—*Colorado Dodo.*

Of Course!

TEACHER—"Take this sentence: 'Take the cow out of this lot.' What mood?"

PUPIL—"The cow."

—*Denver Clarion.*

Getting Him Right

PROFESSOR—"Your last paper was very difficult to read. Your work should be so written that even the most ignorant will be able to understand it."

STUDENT—"Yes, sir. What part didn't you understand?"

—*Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.*

Our Flexible Language

A Frenchman, while looking at a number of vessels, exclaimed, "What a flock of ships!" He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, but that a fleet of sheep was called a flock.

To assist him in mastering the intricacies of the English language he was told that a flock of girls was called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, though a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, while a host of porpoises is called a shoal.

He was told that a host of oxen is termed a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is termed a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of bullocks is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a cloud, and a cloud of gentlefolks is called the elite.

The last word being French, the scholar understood it and asked no more.

Exactly!

The teacher was trying to impress on the children how important had been the discovery of the law of gravitation.

"Sir Isaac Newton was sitting on the ground and looking at the tree. An apple fell on his head, and from that he discovered gravitation. Just think, children," she added, "isn't that wonderful?"

The "smart boy" in the class did not seem impressed. "Yes, miss," he piped up. "And if he had been sitting in school looking at his books he wouldn't have discovered anything."

—*McKendree Review.*

Well?

The teacher was giving the class a lecture on "gravity."

"Now, children," she said, "it is the law of gravity that keeps us on this earth."

"But please, teacher," inquired one small child, "how did we stick on before the law was passed?"

—*The Tattler* (*London*).

He Knew His American

PROFESSOR (*after trying first-hour class*)—"Some time ago my doctor told me to exercise early every morning with dumb-bells. Will the class please join me to-morrow before breakfast?"

—*The Watchman-Examiner.*

No Doubt of It!

The first day of school a little girl presented herself who looked very much like a true daughter of Italy.

"You're an Italian?" asked the teacher.

"No'm," was the astonishing reply.

"But wasn't your father born in Italy?"

"Yes'm."

"And wasn't your mother born in Italy?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, you must be an Italian."

"No'm," she answered. "I'm Irish. I was born in Boston."

—*Open Road.*

A Jolly Prof.

It was a sleepy sort of day, the class was about half the usual size and the Prof. was calling the roll in a half-absent manner. To each name some one had answered "here" until the name Smith was called. Silence reigned supreme for a moment only to be broken by the Prof.'s voice.

"My word! Hasn't Mr. Smith any friends here?"

—*Humbug.*

THE SCOTCH AND THE IRISH

God's Chosen

The Scotch were ever known as thorough, but I know of no better example of that virtue than this prayer, offered up by an old Scotchman, which I recently ran across:

"O Lord, bless a' the Macdonalds an' a' the Macdonalds' childer, their sons' sons an' their daughters' daughters for a hundred thousand years to come.

"An' O Lord, send doon swords an' pistols an' daggers as monie as the sands o' the sea, to kill a' the Grants, the Stuarts, an' the Macphersons. Damn their souls forevermore!

"An' O Lor, bless the wee coo an' make it a big coo.

"An' O Lor, bless the wee suckling an' make it a grand peg.

"An' O Lord, bless the wee bairns, yon Lockie an' Rosie an' Maggie an' yon Sandy.

"An O Lord, build up a great wall between us an' the Irish, an' put sharp stanes on the top o' it so they canna come o'er.

"An' O Lord, if ye hae onything gude to gie, dinna gie it ta the Irish, but gie it ta your chosen people, the Scotch.

"Glorious ye are forevermore. Amen and Amen."

—*The Needle.*

Scottish Heaven

"The verra best music I effer heard whateffer was doun at Jamie MacLaughlan's," said the piper. "There wass fifteen o' us pipers in the wee back parlour, all playin' different chunes. I thocht I was floatin' in heevin."

—*Tit-Bits.*

Advertising Him

A Scotch farmer, being elected to the school board, visited the village school and tested the intelligence of the class by the question: "Now, boys, can any of you tell me what naething is?"

After a moment's silence a small boy in a back seat rose. "It's what ye gi'ed me the other day for holding yer horse."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

The Cautious Scot

A Scotsman went to a solicitor, laid before him a question and asked him if he could undertake the case, reports the Birmingham *Weekly Post.*

"Certainly," replied the solicitor. "I will readily undertake the case. We're sure to win."

"Ye really think it's a good case?"

"Most decidedly, my dear sir. I am prepared to guarantee that you will secure a favorable verdict."

"Ah, weel, I'm much obliged tae ye, but I dinno think I'll go tae law this time, for, you see, the case I've laid before ye is my opponent's."

Canny

"So you got $200 out of the railway company for the accident?"

"'Twas no an accident. I just cracked the old wife on the heid wi' me stick when the crash came."

—*London Mail.*

His Kindness o' Heart

The tale is told of an Aberdeenian who ordered a suit from his tailor and contrived to get Snip to reduce the price from five guineas to four pounds.

When they had left the shop the friend who had accompanied him protested.

"It's no' fair, Peter. Ye ken ye've nae money an' that ye'll never pay him onyhow."

"That's juist it, Tam," replied Peter; "oot o' the sheer kindness o' ma he'rt I dinna want him to lose sae muckle."

—*Tit-Bits* (*London*).

Drowning the Noise

Flynn and O'Leary were employed as extra men in the repair shop of a large hardware concern. The "boys" were all old friends; and they jostled and sang and whistled without a let-up. Said Flynn: "This is the noisiest place I iver worked, Pat." Said O'Leary: "I believe ye, Mike. Th' only toime it's quiet here is whin someone stharts the gas engine and drowns th' noise."

—*Good Hardware.*

The Robbers!

"You're lookin' bad, Willie."

"Aye, I've been in the hospital an' the doctors have tooken awa' ma appendix."

"These doctors'll tak' onything. It's a peety ye didna have it in yer wife's name."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

No Water Waster

A Gillie who had accompanied his master to a country house in Scotland was awakened in the morning by the housemaid tapping at his door and saying: "Hoo'll ye hae y'r bath, Tam, hot o' cauld?"

"Gang awa wi ye, lassie; d'ye tak me for a trout?" he replied.

—*London Morning Post.*

Theologic Terminology

At a famous Pan-Presbyterian Council held in Edinburgh, a large number of delegates went to the Scott country. A chain bridge across the Tweed at Dryburgh bore the legend that not more than twelve pedestrians could be on the bridge at one time. But the delegates, disregarding or unseeing the notice, crowded on to the bridge in a solid body. The keeper of the bridge, Tom Fox by name, rushed forward and with emphatic gesticulation ordered them back. They halted, and an argument ensued.

"Can you no' read!" exclaimed Tom Fox, pointing to the notice.

"We are Pan-Presbyterians," explained a delegate, "and we were so interested that we did not see the notice."

"You may be Pan-Presbyterians or Pot-Methodists," rejoined the now angry bridge-keeper; "but if ony mair o' ye come on this brig ye will be Baptists in a minute."

—*W-E.*

A Wasteful Wuman

Mrs. McTaggart—"Hoots! Dinna fash yersel', McTaggart. 'Twas a bad shillin' I gave him."

McTaggart—"A bad shillin'! Ma conscience, sic extravagance! Wuman, hae ye no a bad saxpence?"

—*Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.*

Shooting Star

As the sidewalk astronomer shifted his telescope a star fell.

"Sure!" ejaculated a night watchman. "An' ain't that feller the dandy shot, now?"

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Mrs. Casey Explains Wireless

"I never for the life of me," observed Mrs. Callahan to Mrs. Casey, "could understand about this wireless telegraph thing."

"Why," said Mrs. Casey, "it's as plain as day. They just send the messages through the air instead of over wires." "Sure, I know that," continued Mrs. Callahan; "but how do they fasten the air to the poles?"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Touched the Ram

An English story tells of a merchant finding his clerk on the floor looking dazed and battered.

"What happened?" he inquired.

"An Irishman came in for an overcoat, and I asked him if he wanted an ulster," replied the vanquished one.

On the Sunny Side

A friend met a cheerful Irish citizen who had plainly suffered some hard knocks. "Well, Pat, how are you getting along now?" he inquired. "Oh, Oi'm hard up yet, but Oi have a fine job in Honolulee, and fare paid. Oi sail to-morry." "Sure, man, you'll never be able to work there. The temperature is 100 in the shade." Pat had endured too much cheerfully to be discouraged. "Well," he replied, hopefully, "Oi'll not be workin' in th' shade all th' toime."

Sensible

McIntyre fell from a house and landed on a wire about twenty feet from the ground. He struggled a moment, let go, and fell to the ground. Among those that rushed to his assistance was one who asked: "In Heaven's name, Mac, why did ye let go?"

"Shure," answered Mac, "I was afraid the wire would break."

—*Harper's.*

A Scared Gaul

A Frenchman was waiting at a railroad station in Ireland when a couple of natives sat down beside him. Said one: "Sure, Pat, it's down to Kilmary I've been, and I'm on me way back to Kilpatrick."

"Ye don't say so," said the other. "It's mesself that's just after being down to Kilkenny, and I stop here a bit before I go to Kilmore."

"What assassins!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "Would that I were safely back in France!"

—*John Bull.*

"The Honor av th' Thing"

In 1862 an intimate friend of President Lincoln visited him in Washington, finding him rather depressed in spirits as the result of the reverses then repeatedly suffered by the Federal troops.

"This being President isn't all it is supposed to be, is it, Mr. Lincoln?" said his visitor.

"No," Lincoln replied, his eye twinkling for a moment. "I feel sometimes like the Irishman who, after being ridden on a rail, said: 'If it wasn't for the honor av th' thing, I'd rather walk.'"

Says Brady to O'Brien

"As I was crossing the bridge the other day," said an Irishman, "I met Pat O'Brien. 'O'Brien,' says I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well, thank you, Brady,' says he. 'Brady!' says I, 'that's not my name.' 'Faith,' says he, 'and mine's not O'Brien.'

"With that we again looked at each other, an' sure enough it was nayther of us."

—*Pennsylvania Mutual Magazine.*

Mike's High Stepper

Mike was learning how to ride, and had chosen a rather unruly beast for his companion. The animal was a high stepper and bucked and twisted until Mike's patience was nearly exhausted. He kept his temper, however, until his mount finally caught one of his hoofs in a stirrup, when Mike jumped off with an indignant yell: "Well, begorra, if yore goin' to git on, Oi'm goin' to git off!"

—*Flamingo.*

Speed

An Irishman was handling dynamite in a quarry. He let a stick drop, and the whole box went up, taking Mike with it. The quarry boss came around later and said to another Irishman:

"Where is Mike?"

"He's gone," replied Pat.

"When will he be back?" asked the boss.

"Well," replied Pat, "if he comes back as fast as he went, he'll be back yesterday."

The Ambidextrous Touch

An Irishman who was signing articles on board a ship, began to write his name with his right hand, then, changing the pen to his left hand, finished it.

"So you can write with either hand, Pat!" asked the officer.

"Yis, sor," replied Pat. "When I was a boy, me father (rist him!) always said to me, 'Pat, learn to cut your finger nails wid your left hand, for some day ye might lose your right.'"

—*Judge.*

Pat and the Crowbar

Pat was on a great ocean liner bound for America. It was his first trip on the water and every ordinary event on the boat was a new one in Pat's repertoire of experience.

On the third day out the ship burst into flames. The fire was rapidly consuming the huge boat.

All the passengers were appropriating the life preservers, life savers and life boats. Pat stood by for a few minutes, watching the mad rush. Finally, perplexed and disgusted, he exclaimed:

"Well, if everybody is going to steal stuff off o' the ship, I'll be gosh durned if I don't get in on the stealin' myself."

So saying, Pat grabbed a crowbar and jumped overboard.

Unbreaking the News

CLANCY—"Mrs. Murphy, yure son Mike has just fell off th' scaffolding and kilt himself."

MRS. MURPHY—"Merciful hivins!"

CLANCY—"Aisy now! 'Tis only his leg that's bruk, an' it's glad ye will be to hear it whin ye thought he was kilt entoirely."

—*The Sydney Bulletin.*

Always at the Top!

The mayor of an Eastern city, while traveling in Minnesota, found himself one day in a northern town inhabited entirely, it seemed, by Swedes. To satisfy his curiosity, he addressed himself to one of the citizens:

"Have you any English in this town?"

"No, sir; there ban no English."

"Any French, Germans, Russians?"

"No, sir, nothing but Swedes."

"No Irish, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; there ban two Irishers. One, he's the mayor; and the other, he's the chief of police!"

—*American Central Life.*

Accommodative Twins

"Well, Pat, do the twins make much noise nights?"

"Praise be to hivin! Shure each wan cries so loud yez can't hear the ither wan."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Reason Enough

FATHER O'FLYNN—"But why did you pick a quarrel and fight with this man—a total stranger?"

BARNEY—"Sure, Yer Reverence, all me friends wor away."

—*London Humorist.*

The Evidence

A fire had broken out in a factory in the country and a young village constable was sent to make inquiries.

After questioning the manager he asked to see the man who was responsible for the electric lights. The manager stated that the electric switches were under his control.

POLICEMAN—"Then you are the man who lights up the electric affair?"

MANAGER—"That is so."

POLICEMAN (excitedly)—"Now, be careful how you answer my next question, because if it ain't satisfactory it will be used against you as evidence. When you lighted the electric light last night, where did you throw the match?"

—*Travelers' Beacon.*

THE PASSING THRONG

Special Tables for Ladies

"There's a poor man outside who wants something to eat."
"Give him some bread and potatoes."
"But he seems to have seen better days."
"All right; give him a napkin, too."

—*Travelers' Beacon.*

Steam Roller's Thorough Job

The shadow of the arch-enemy next door appeared in the doorway of the humble kitchen.

"Mrs. Jones!" she exclaimed, with folded arms, "let me tell you that that child of yours is badly spoilt."

"Oh! Get away with you!" snapped Mrs. Jones testily, scenting another complaint as to her young hopeful's conduct.

"Well," rejoined the aggrieved neighbor, "if you don't believe me, just come out and see for yourself what the steam roller's done to him."

The Conclusion

"'Ere, Bill," said one English navvy to another who had remained silent during the debate, "you're pretty good at an argyment. Wot's your opinion?" "I ain't going to say," Bill growled. "I thrashed the matter out afore with Bob Jones." "Ah!" said the other. "And what was it you arrived at, may I arsk?" "Well," replied Bill, "Bob, 'e arrived at the 'ospital an' I arrived at the police station."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Hot Mornings

We had a guest for dinner the other night and all of us were talking about how we loved good coffee. Father was especially enthusiastic and said:

"I make it fresh every morning; I get up early and build a fire in my pajamas."

"They must be warm for summer," said the guest without a smile. "What are they made of—asbestos?"

—*Successful Farming.*

An Evening Sweater

The lady said she was looking for an evening sweater. The shopgirl was perplexed.

"I don't know, Miss, that I ever heard of an evening sweater."

"Oh, they must have them. I am invited to a society prize fight."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Martial

"Foreigners are always fascinating." "Always," assented Miss Cayenne. "Even our sedate scientists are haughty toward their immediate neighbors and simply crazy to be on speaking terms with people in Mars."

—*Washington Star.*

Two Perfect Ladies

BUTLER (*at fancy dress ball, who has been told to announce people by the characters they represent*)—"What character?"

GUESTS—"Oh, no particular character."

BUTLER (*at the top of his voice*)—"Two ladies of no character in particular."

—*Toronto Telegram.*

Knows Her Job

MISTRESS—"Can you serve company?"

NEW MAID—"Sure; either way."

MISTRESS—"Either way?"

NEW MAID—"Yessum; so's they'll come again or so's they won't."

—*Detroit News.*

The Community Spirit

"See that old feller tottering along on the other side of the street there?" asked the landlord of the tavern at Peweecuddy-hump. "That's Hod Durnitt, our oldest inhabitant." "H'm!" responded the hypercritical guest. "What has he ever done of any consequence?" "Done! Why, cat-fetch it, he's lived here all his life!"

—*Kansas City Star.*

Careful Figuring

"Why did Ikey invite only married people to his wedding?"
"Well, in that way he figured that all the presents would be clear profit."

—*Record.*

Economy

HUSBAND (*waking suddenly at 11:30*)—"What in the world was that noise?"
WIFE—"It's all right, dear. The people are coming home from the opera and I slipped down and gave our front door a slam, so the neighbors would think we'd been there."

—*Boston Transcript.*

A Social Opportunity

MRS. TATTLE—"I'm rather hard to please. Have you had much experience as a maid?"
APPLICANT—"I worked for Mrs. Naggers for six months before she and her husband separated."
MRS. TATTLE—"I'll engage you. Now tell me all about it."

—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Pleasure Assured

MRS. KAWLER—"Visitors, don't you think, always provide pleasure?"
HOSTESS (*brightening*)—"Yes—if not when they come, at least when they go."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Heredity

"When I said it takes three generations to make a gentleman, did Riley think I was hitting at him?" "Oh, no! He said he thought you were dreaming of the day when you might have a great-grandson."

—*Pathfinder.*

Our Tyrannic Civilization

WHAZZLE—"Well, did you work out that plot all right?"
WACKUM—"Yes. The hero's washed ashore with four cases of food but no fork, so he starves to death."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Lent to Keep

"Marjorie," said her little sister, "why don't we have parties and dances and things in Lent?" "I guess," said Marjorie, "it's 'cause our winter clothes are worn out and it isn't warm enough for our spring clothes yet."

—*Boston Transcript.*

"I'll Take *That* One, Please"

MOTHER—"Remember, Mary, that you must never point—under any circumstances."

MARY—"I know, mother, but what am I to do when they pass the French pastry?"

—*Philippine Observer.*

Grievous Transition

The pastor's father had been very ill for some time. A sympathetic member of his congregation, meeting him one day, asked: "And how is your father today, Dr. Devine?" "Ah, Mrs. Brown, he has passed away. My dear father is in heaven." "Well, that is too bad. I am very sorry to hear it," was the sympathetic reply.

—*Kansas City Star.*

How Could She?

Mr. Ives had just been telling his wife about a business associate whom he would like to entertain sometimes at his home. "No, sir," replied Mrs. Ives, "I certainly shall not invite him and his wife here." "Why, my dear! Why not?" queried Mr. Ives. "Because," explained Mrs. Ives, "I entertained her once and she never recuperated!"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

"Two for a Quarter"

A man had produced his cigar case and taken out a cigar; and then, as if suddenly remembering, had offered his friend the remaining cigar. After a while the donor of the cigar asked his friend how he was enjoying the smoke.

"Not so bad," replied the other, dubiously.

"I think they are very good for the price—two for a quarter."

"Yes," replied his friend, "but you have the twenty-cent one."

Social Error

"You know I was so provoked at myself the other night," a Pepville housewife confided to a friend yesterday. "We had company and I opened a jar of my very best preserves by mistake."

—*Emporia Gazette.*

Yes, Bessie, Very Sad

Bessie, 4 years old, who was down town with her mother, caught sight of a baldheaded man. "Oh, mother," she exclaimed in high shrill tones, "just see that man! He hasn't a hair on his head. Isn't it sad?" "Hush!" replied her mother. "He will hear you." "Oh," replied Bessie in subdued tones, "doesn't he know it?"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Born to Be Hung

A small boy who was sitting next to a haughty old lady in a crowded train kept sniffing in a most annoying manner. At last the lady could bear it no longer and turned to the boy: "Boy, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded. The small boy looked at her for a few seconds and then, in a dignified tone, came the answer: "Yes, I have, but I don't lend it to strangers."

—*Los Angeles Times.*

He'll Be President Some Day

In front of a Broadway restaurant yesterday we saw a small, ragged urchin watching a girl in the window baking batter cakes. We thought we detected an air of wistfulness about the lad and our heart was touched.

"Hungry, kid?" we asked.

"Naw!" came his scornful reply. "Can't a feller look at a swell dame without drawin' no crowd?"

—*The Hudsonian.*

Eddication

Mrs. Gottrichquikk (*to visitor*)—"Yass, our little son Jamie is learning French and algebra, you know. Jamie, tell the lady how to say 'Good morning' in algebra."

—*Chicago News.*

Usually Makes 'Em Pale

Mrs. James had just moved into the neighborhood and it was her first meeting with the local sewing circle. As the conversation turned on the absent men, one of the ladies said to Mrs. James, "What does your husband do?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. James, "he is manager of a pail factory."

"Pail factory?" said the other, "why, I didn't know we had such a factory in our town. Where is it located?"

"Well," said Mrs. James, "husband calls it a bucket shop, but I think pail factory sounds better."

—*Forbes Magazine.*

San Francisco vs. New York

A man, living in San Francisco, received a telegram, collect, from a friend in New York. After paying the money he opened it. It read: "I am enjoying perfect health."

After reading it he got a large hat box and, filling it with bricks, sent it by express, C. O. D., to the New Yorker.

In it was a note which ran as follows: "This is the load that fell off my heart when I received your telegram."

—*Forbes Magazine.*

Literacy and Illiteracy

Matt Tolliver is an assistant fireman for a college in Dixie. His mountain origin betrays itself in many a quaint accent and idiom. Bill Street and Daly Morgan are "help" in the same institution. Although both of the latter are illiterate, their flatwoods rearing gives them a feeling of superiority.

"Bill, Matt's an awful ignor'nt feller, ain't he?" Daly remarked to his friend Street one day. "D'ye ever notice the way he talks? Like fer instance he meets the Presi*dent,* he'll say, 'Howdy, Fesser!' He don't never say *Per*-fesser at all!"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Husband and Wife Divinely Dance

WIFE (*dancing with husband*)—"You may step on my feet, George, and you may bump me into other people, and you may ruin my gown, but please don't grin as though I were enjoying it!"

—*Judge.*

Service

THE FAT GIRL—"I could die waltzing."

THE THIN BOY—"Excuse me while I speak to the orchestra leader."

—*Fun.*

One of the Ten Curses of Radio

ANNOUNCER—"This is station O. U. J. All those who have enjoyed this marvelous opportunity to hear the classic saxophone solo as just played by Prof. Ignatz Blowsky, the uncrowned king of the jazz world, will please write their appreciation to the Radio Company, No. 20 Buzz Street."

FARMER—"I thought there'd be some catch in the dern thing. Now I got to write a letter."

—*Life.*

His Stop Signal

The inquiring friend, in process of being shown about the newly-acquired country estate, stopped in amazement and demanded: "What on earth are you doing with that zebra?"

"Ah!" said the host amiably. "There's been so much talk about the danger of overindulgence in this new stuff that I thought I'd better provide myself with a stop signal, and that zebra is just the thing. When I see it all one color, then I know I've had enough."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

High Life

"Pretty cold crowd." "It is," admitted the other roystering blade. "But if some young lady will loan me her slipper I'll eat ice cream out of it just to liven things up."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

That That!

The sweet young thing met us at a church social. "And you are really a reporter?" she wonderingly inquired. "Sure thing, you know, old darling," we replied with our usual chivalrous politeness to ladies, especially the young and fair. "Well, what do you think of that!" she exclaimed, and hurried away. Now, what did she mean by that "that"?

—*Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.*

Quite a Bird

A young woman who affects the society of members of the diplomatic body at Washington had presented to her not long ago a gentleman named Spiffler. "Miss Blank," said the introducer, "may I present Mr. Spiffler? He was, you know, born in the Canary Islands." "Very glad indeed to meet you," said the young woman, cordially. "Maybe you will sing for us."

—*Farm Life.*

There Are Such Animals

"My dear, you surely haven't spent all the afternoon at the Scandells?"

"Yes, auntie. They said such things about everyone who left that I didn't dare come away."

—*The Humorist.*

Perfect Agreement

The woman was rather condescending. "My husband is very jealous," she remarked to her partner on the dance floor, "so I only dance with exceedingly plain people." "It's a good plan," he returned calmly, "I follow it."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Social Life

The aesthetic reasons, the spiritual and social reasons, for the existence of the American college are very simple. It furnishes young men an opportunity to meet other young men to whom, later, they will be able to sell real estate bonds, life insurance policies, automobiles and advertising space. This is its real cultural significance in the community. The minorities, instructors and undergraduates, who give something else to it and get something else from it, are negligible numerically and in their effect upon the spirit of the nation.

—*Don Marquis, N. Y. Tribune.*

Ain't Got No Style

"Maw, how I perspire." "Dear me, Clara, don't let me hear you use that vulgar expression again." "Do you want me to say 'sweat'?" "No, you wretched vulgarian; you must say you are 'bedewed with heat.' The first thing you know people will say we haven't got no style about us."

R. S. V. P.

John was the son of parents who were sufficiently popular to receive more invitations than they could conveniently accept.

In the course of a general knowledge lesson the master asked: "Can any boy tell me the meaning of the letters R. S. V. P.?"

John's hand shot up. "Well?" said the master. "It means," explained John, "rush in, shake hands, and vanish pleasantly."

An Accommodating Music Shop

A pretty young woman stepped into a music shop in the city the other day. She tripped up to the counter where a new clerk was assorting music, and in her sweetest tones asked: "Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight'?"

The clerk turned, looked, and said: "It must have been the man at the other counter. I've only been here a week."

Deadly Dora

"What do you do if a man persists in asking for a dance—and you hate him?" asked Maud. "Tell him your card's full," advised Dora. "Well, suppose it isn't?" "Say it is—and let him see it isn't."

—*Houston Post.*

Too Trustful

It was a wet day and as the pretty girl entered the crowded car he rose to his feet.

"No, you must not give up your seat,—I insist," said the young woman.

"You may insist as much as you like, miss," was the reply, "I'm getting out here!"

—*The Organizer.*

Liars, All

A passenger stooped and picked up a coin from the floor. Three of the other passengers eyed him with envy. He said, "Which of you people dropped a five-dollar gold piece?"

"I did," yelled each of the three.

"Well," said the finder to the man nearest him, "here's a nickel of it."

—*Travelers' Beacon.*

Ungrateful Jed

ZEKE—"Wall, how ye feelin', Jed?"
JED—"Oh, purty good."
ZEKE—"What? Purty good, after me walkin' four mile to see ye sick?"

—*Brown Bull.*

Neglectful

"How did you get the cold, girlie?" "Sat out a couple of dances in the conservatory with nothing around me." "What was the matter with the young man?"

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Back to Truth

He wanted to say something complimentary to an elderly lady, so he said: "You look young." "Flatterer!" This threw him off the track, but he made a brave comeback. "Well, you try to, anyhow."

—*Judge.*

An Easy Mistake These Days

I came home the other night and found my room companion in a more or less bandaged state. Various knocks and bruises on the gentleman's head and face appeared in a highly ripe condition.

"Whatsmatter, Bill, thought you had a date with your frail," says I.

"I did, but we decided to stay in and dance and save my money."

"But why the bruises?"

"Well, we were dancing and the ol' man came in. He happens to be deaf and could not hear the music."

—*Trumbull Cheer.*

Her Comeback

The street car conductor examined the transfer thoughtfully and said meekly, "This transfer expired an hour ago, lady."

The lady, after digging into her purse after a coin, replied, "No wonder, with not a single ventilator open in the whole car."

—*U. G. I. Circle.*

The Law

YOUNG DOBBS—"I want to try on that suit in the window."
SALESMAN—"Sorry, sir, but you'll have to use the dressing-room."

—*Printer's Ink.*

Fat Yet Brainy

"Some people ought to be carried on the street cars by weight," observed the slender old fellow as the 300-pound fat woman boarded the car and squeezed in next to him.
"If they did no car would ever stop for you," she replied.

—*U. G. I. Circle.*

A Fine Fixer

"My town," says an Iowa man, "once elected a mayor who was very fond of show. The result was that he took every step to the end that his induction into office should occur in favorable weather and in appropriate circumstances. At his suggestion the following notice was inserted in the local papers some days before his inauguration:
" 'On the occasion of the inauguration of the new mayor, the fire brigade will be reviewed in the afternoon should it rain in the morning, and in the morning should it rain in the afternoon.' "

—*San Diego (Calif.) Pacific Coast Service.*

He Talked Too Much

PARROT (*scornfully*)—"Aw—what a hat! what a hat! what a hat!"
OLD LADY (*indignantly*)—"The ungrateful beast! I'll resign from the Audubon Society at once, and trim my bonnet with parrot wings."

—*New York World.*

Bostonese

The friend from elsewhere was sitting in the office of an ultra-Boston friend, when a beggar stumped in and stumped out. After the mendicant's departure the friend from elsewhere remarked: "Pretty badly crippled, isn't he?" "Indeed so," replied the ultra-Bostonian. "He appears to be wearing a synthetic limb."

—*Farm Life.*

The Quick and the Dead

A Western Governor had lost one of his Colonels and there was an unseemly scramble for the office, despite the fact that the Colonel's body was awaiting burial. One of the ambitious candidates went so far as to call upon the Executive and ask: "Governor, have you any objection to my taking Colonel Smith's place?"

"No," the Governor replied complaisantly. "I have no objection if the undertaker is willing."

—*Northwestern Life Lines.*

Not Interested

"There is one man in the United States to whom the income tax return blanks didn't bring a frown.

"Instead, his letter of acknowledgment caused smiles to treasury officials.

"The letter read:

"'Dear Treasury: I received your application blank. But I already belong to several good orders and do not care to join your income tax at this time."

—*The Commonwealth.*

A Dandy

Superintendent James Tilley, of the Terre Haute schools, has gray hair. The other day several members of the Rotary Club were twitting him about it as a sign of extreme old age.

"Hardly that," he said. "You see it's this way: My hair grew down until it reached the gray matter and then it turned gray. The fellows I feel sorry for are the ones whose hair keeps growing through the years and, finding no gray matter, has to stay black or brown."

Absolute silence followed his explanation.

—*Indianapolis News.*

The Candid Friend

ALICE—"I don't think he knows enough to propose."

EDITH—"What if you should hear that he and I are engaged?"

ALICE—"Well, my opinion would still be the same."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Artists, All

A group of professional men had gathered in the lobby of the Claypool Hotel, and proceeded to make themselves known to one another.

"My name is Fortesque," one said, extending his hand. "I'm a painter—work in water colors chiefly."

"Indeed," chimed in another, "I'm an artist, too. I work in bronze."

"Well, this is fine," a third broke in, "I'm a sculptor—I work in stone."

Then the quiet little fellow who had been inclined to keep apart stepped up, with a dry smile. "Glad to make the acquaintance of you gentlemen for I have a common interest with you. I'm a college professor. I work in ivory."

—*Travelers' Beacon.*

Probably

"Do you know," said the conceited actress, "that I was offered $4,000 a week to remain in New York?" "Indeed!" remarked a candid listener. "And was the offer made from Boston?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

Double Edged

"Did you see the expression on the face of Mrs. Brown when I told her that she doesn't look any older than her daughter?" asked Jones. "No," replied Mrs. Jones, "I didn't notice it. I was looking at the expression on the daughter's face."

—*Houston Post.*

The Sociable Barber

VICTIM—"Cut the whole three short."

BARBER—"What three?"

VICTIM—"Hair, whiskers, and chatter."

—*Pacific Mutual News.*

"Orgulous"

"I hear that Badger told you to your face that you were swollen-headed and stuck up and you let him get away with it." "Yes, confound him! He said I was 'orgulous to an extreme degree,' and I thought he meant something flattering."

—*Boston Transcript.*

All's Fair, Etc.

HE—"Tomorrow morning you will meet me at the Trocadero."

SHE—"But suppose mother insists on coming with me?"

"She won't. I have invited her to meet me at the same time at Romano's."

—*Lustige Blaetter.*

A Social Error

"How does it happen that the Bilkens child was cut off without a cent in its grandmother's will?"

"It made a social error. Its parents were so careless as to allow the child to address the old lady at a debutante's tea as 'Grandma.' "

Tongues of Angels

MAID—"No ma'am, Mrs. Hughes is out."

VISITOR—"How fortunate! When I saw her peeping through the curtains as I came up the path I was *so* afraid she would be in."

—*Cassell's Saturday Journal* (*London*).

THE SPORTS

Too Many Losses for Ikey

Ikey was the largest man on the campus, but he wasn't out for the team.) Everyone wondered about it, and finally someone asked. "Why don't you play football, Ikey?"

"Vell, I'll tell you. I read so much in the newspapers vere von man goes off tackle for a two yard loss, and this other one goes around end for a ten yard loss, and this fellow loses five yards on the next play, and so I decided there are too many losses in this game for me."

And Evidently Enjoying Himself

BEACH INSPECTOR—" 'Scuse me, sir, fishin' ain't allowed in the ladies' bathing pool."

THE ACCUSED—"Hang you! I'm not fishing; I'm teaching my wife to swim."

—*The Passing Show* (*London*).

Youthful Humor

JACK—"I say, Frank, do you know what I'm going to call my new bike?"

FRANK—"No."

JACK—"Circumstances."

FRANK—"That's a queer name for a bike, isn't it?"

JACK—"Not at all. Haven't you ever heard of circumstances over which a fellow has no control?"

Whittier

This here new Chinese game was old stuff to Whittier. Thus: "Who touches a hair of yon gray head dies like a dog! Mah Jong!" he said.

—*New York World.*

Slapping Wrists Instead

REFEREE (*at boxing match*)—"Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to announce that the big fight is off tonight, as the contestants have quarreled."

—*London Opinion.*

Shoes to Suit

"I'll take this pair," said the young athlete who had been looking at track shoes.

"The other will give you much better service in the long run," suggested the salesman.

"Oh, but I'm not in any of the long runs. I'm only in the fifty-yard dash."

—*Judge.*

An Educated Wife

A man was languidly beating a rug with a golf club when his wife came out and said: "That doesn't call for a putter, John. Use your driver."

—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Cash Settlement

A gentleman of the Hebraic persuasion was strolling across the links, and utterly disregarding the cry of "Fore," he was struck violently on the head by a golf ball. White with rage he rushed up to the man at the tee who had driven the ball and demanded an explanation. "Do you know," he yelled, "this is assault and battery? It will cost you a lot if I take it to the court. You'll have to pay. You'd better give me ten dollars and settle it."

"Ten dollars, ten dollars!" exclaimed the golfer. "What do you mean? It's your fault. Didn't you hear me call 'Fore'?"

The Hebraic gentleman raised his hands as if in mute protest to Heaven and said, "I didn't hear you say 'four,' but I'll take it."

Another Scotch Story

This bit of irony, sarcasm, or something, appears in the form of a sign on a Scottish golf course: "Members will refrain from picking up lost balls until they have stopped rolling."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Lawless Little Devil

GOLFER—"Absolutely shocking! I've never played so badly before."

CADDIE—"Oh! You have played before, then!"

—*London Mail.*

A Close Acquaintanceship

A. J. Balfour often plays golf on the ancient links at St. Andrews, in Scotland. "One day," says Mr. Andra Kirklady, in "Fifty Years of Golf," "a gentleman who had just made a drive asked his caddie whether he had ever carried clubs for any famous men.

" 'Lots o' them,' replied the caddie, and after naming a few more or less distinguished persons mentioned Mr. Balfour, and said that he had a close acquaintanceship with him.

" 'Just what do you mean by a close acquaintanceship?' asked the golfer.

" 'This,' replied the caddie, pointing to his legs. 'I'm wearin' a pair o' Mr. Balfour's troosers.' "

Aristocratic

"Why do you object to playing on the public golf course?"

"I shrink from buying balls for people I do not know."

Another Novice

"I played golf yesterday for the first time."

"How did you make out?"

"Fine! Made a home run right at the start. I batted the ball into the tall grass in left field and ran around the entire course before they found it."

—*Boston Transcript.*

In Trouble Again

THE BIG ONE—"Did I drive into you?"

"Perfectly all right—an accident, I'm sure."

"Do you mean to insinuate that when I drive a long, straight ball it's an accident?"

—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The Twentieth Hole

A clergyman who had been badly beaten on the links by a parishioner 30 years his senior returned to the clubhouse somewhat disgruntled.

"Cheer up," said his opponent. "Remember, you'll win at the finish. You'll be burying me some day, I expect."

"Even then," said the vicar, "it will be your hole."

—*Pacific Mutual News.*

After the Tornado

SCENE—*Village Post Office.*

STRANGER—"May I use the telephone?"

POSTMISTRESS—"I'm afraid it's out of order, sir. You see, Colonel Crusher left his golf clubs in the train yesterday, and he's just been telling the railway company about it."

—*Windsor Magazine* (*London*).

Twin Hazard

A very stout and portly gentleman was once asked why he did not play golf and this was his reason:

"I did try it once, but I found that when I put the ball where I could see it I could not reach it; and when I put it where I could reach it, I could not see it."

—*Golfing.*

Tongue of an Angel

THE GOLFER—"They're all afraid to play me. What do you think my handicap is?"

THE GIRL—"Oh, I don't know. It might be your face, or, perhaps, it's just your general appearance."

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Regular Fisherman

A Grand Rapids burglar is in the habit of going about with a fishpole and fishing clothes through windows while the owners sleep. The last time he got only a shirt, and he has been talking ever since about the trousers that got away.

—*Detroit News.*

Not All Are Americans

"When I was in India," said the London club bore, "I saw a tiger come down to the water where some women were washing clothes. It was a fierce tiger, but one woman, with great presence of mind, splashed some water in its face—and it slunk away."

"Gentlemen," said a man in an armchair, "I can vouch for the truth of this story. Some minutes after the incident occurred I was coming down to the water. I met this tiger, and, as is my habit, stroked its whiskers. Gentlemen, those whiskers were wet."

—*American Life Central.*

Must Catch Up

"Howdy, Gap!" saluted an acquaintance. "How's everything coming along with you?" "Well, I'll—tell you, Mort," replied Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "I'm so thundering fur behind with my fishing that b'dogged if I don't reckon I'll have to do a good 'eal of it through holes in the ice."

—Kansas City Star.

This is Narsty

"Pa," said Clarence, "you've done a lot of fishing in your day, but did you ever catch a jelly fish?" "No," replied his dad. "But I did," snapped ma.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Art of Angling

The novice at trout-fishing had hooked a very small trout, and had wound it in till it was rammed against the end of the rod.

PUPIL—"What do I do now?"

INSTRUCTOR—"Climb up the rod and stab it."

—Dry Goods Economist.

Sunk!

An ardent angler took a friend fishing. He knew nothing of the gentle art, but was set up with the necessary tackle and a nice, comfortable seat on the bank.

The experienced hand started fishing a few rods higher up stream.

Presently the novice said, "How much do those red things cost?"

"I suppose you mean the float?" said the angler. "That costs about ten cents."

"Well, I owe you ten cents," said the novice. "The one you let me take has sunk."

—Exchange.

A Horse Bet

They were dining in Paris. "I think this is horse meat," said one. "Guess not." "I'll bet you." "No, I never won a bet on a horse in my life."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The National Honor

ENGLISH TOMMY (*in poker game*)—"Well, I'll wager a bally pound on this."

AMERICAN DARKY (*holding four aces*)—"Ah dunno too much about you' ol' English money, but I'll bump you a couple a' tons."

—*Pacific Mutual News.*

His Money's Worth

"Howdy, Tobe!" saluted an acquaintance from Slippery Slap. "How'd you come out in that poker game, tuther night?" "I didn't get no money, Newt," replied Tobe Sagg, of Sandy Mush, "but great gosh, look at the experience I had!"

—*Kansas City Star.*

The Homing Pigeon

Well, why not profit by the story of the gentleman of Minneapolis and the homing pigeon belonging to his friend in Chicago? The Minneapolitan, you remember, after wagering $50 with his friend that the latter's bird would not be able to find its way home if he were to take it to Minneapolis and release it there, carried out his part of the program—but only in part. Before releasing the bird he took the precaution of clipping its wings. A few days later the Minneapolitan went to Chicago to collect his wager, but the bird had got home. "What," he demanded, "the bird is home?" "Sure! this morning he came in; but oh heavens! his feet was sore."

—*Philadelphia Record.*

Did Her Darnedest

"It is very annoying," he said to his wife when they returned from the bridge party; "you asked what was trump at least a dozen times."

"Yes, dear, I know," she explained. "but I really didn't have to. I did it to show I was taking an interest in the game."

—*Boston Transcript.*

A Sure Thing

"Do you think the new sheriff can stop gambling in Crimson Gulch?"

"Shouldn't be surprised," answered Cactus Joe. "First thing he did was to bet $500 he could."

The Hardest Name

A man said, "I'll bet I have the hardest name in the country."
"Done," said one of the company. "What is it?"
"Stone," said the first.
"Hand me the money," said the other. "My name is Harder."

Fierce

"Why do they always cut the cards for partners in bridge?" "Because no bridge player wants anybody to think he actually chose the dub he has to play with."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Ah's Payin' "

"Bredren!" exclaimed the preacher as he came across a portion of his flock engaged in pursuing the goddess of chance, "don't yo' all know it's wrong to shoot craps?"
"Yas, pahson," admitted one parishioner sadly, "an' b'lieve me, Ah's payin' fo' mah sins."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

The Marks of Manhood

"Do yez b'lave in frinolopgy?" asked Mr. Dolan; "meanin' be that the sighnce of tellin' a man's charakter be the lumps on 's head." "Iv coorse," answered Mr. Rafferty; "there's nothin' gives a better clew to a man's habits than lumps, black eyes, patches iv shtickin-plashter, and the rest iv such signs."

—*Washington Star.*

And Brag

First Sportsman—"It's getting awfully late and we haven't hit a thing yet."
Second Sportsman—"Let's miss two more and then go home."

—*London Mail.*

Everything for the Gunner

In the old days a hunter had only the opportunity of shooting himself or being shot by a companion, but now he can also get himself killed at a grade-crossing on the way home.

—*Kansas City Star.*

A "Grand" Pitcher

A young lady whose stock of baseball knowledge was not so large as she believed, sat watching the game that was proving very disastrous to the home team. Along about the eighth inning she turned to her escort and exclaimed, "Isn't our pitcher grand! He hits their bats, no matter where they hold them!"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Horse Tips

A young sport who answered an advertisement offering to send some tips on the horses received, for his dollar, a card with this advice on it:

Horses to follow—Hearse horses.
Horses to back—Hobby horses.
Horses to put something on—Saw horses.
Horses to let alone—Race horses.

—*Western Christian Advocate* (*Cincinnati*).

Generous Pinchhitter

They were getting up a ball game in a small town and lacked one player. They finally persuaded an old fellow to fill in, although he said he had never played before. He went to the bat and the first ball pitched he knocked over the fence. Every one stood and watched the ball, even the batter. Excitedly they told him to run. "Shucks!" he said, "what's the use of running. I'll buy you another ball."

The Semi-Professional

Opposing Captain—"Why don't you fire Smithers out? He can't tackle, he can't run, and he can't kick."

Manager of Home Team—"No; but every member of the team owes him money."

—*Pathfinder.*

First Aid

Sportsman (*assisting jockey, who has been knocked out*)—"Stand back, please! A little more air. And hurry up with that brandy!"

Faint Voice from the Patient—"Never mind about the air."

—*Toronto Telegram.*

College Sports

"I see you have taken up chess and checkers at Brown."
"Yes, I find they're the only games played on the square."
—*Brown Jug.*

One Guess Only

FLAP—"Where's your roommate?"
JACKS—"Well, if the ice is as thick as he thinks it is he is skating. If it's as thin as I think it is he's swimming."
—*Boys' Life.*

The Application

SHE—"Does skating require any particular application?"
HE—"No; arnica or horse liniment—one's as good as the other."
—*Boston Transcript.*

Pedigreed

THE DOG MAN—"Pedigree dawgs, ladies—that's what these are: I've jest refused five 'underd pounds fer their stepmother."
—*The Magpie (London).*

Parsonic Handicap

The local all-round sportsman met the vicar, who was returning home with his fishing tackle. Stopping, they talked for a moment, and then the sportsman, who prided himself on being a great angler, and often said so, inquired:
"Hello, vicar! Any luck?"
"Yes," replied the vicar, tapping his basket, "I have a trout in here—a pound and a half—that I pulled out from the Lower Brook."
"Oh, that's nothing!" bragged the other, swelling out his chest. "I've caught dozens of fish of two pounds and over in that stream."
"Ah, but you have the advantage of me," complained the vicar.
"Advantage? Advantage, vicar?" exclaimed the sporty one. "Same brook, and you have better gear?"
"I know that," retorted the reverend gentleman. "But you just remember that I am a parson and you're not."

Salesmanship

NEWSBOY (*to unhappy-looking person*)—"'Ere you are, guv'nor—all the losers!"

—*Cassell's Magazine.*

The Cat

"We had not been hunting long when there lay a rabbit dead at my feet." "What had it died of?"

—*Søndags Nisse* (*Stockholm*).

Everything Arranged For

It was the nervous lady's first trip in a plane, and she was visibly perturbed.

"Wh-wh-what if the plane should crash?" she stammered, terrified.

"Don't let that worry you, ma'am," counseled the pilot reassuringly. "We always keep an extra one in the hangar for emergencies like that."

—*Winged Head.*

That Dog of Johnny's

"Is Johnny's new dog a setter or a pointer?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"He's neither," replied her neighbor. "He's an upsetter and a disappointer."

—*Youth's Companion.*

Genius

A school-teacher had found her class of boys reluctant in their writing of English compositions. At last she conceived a great idea to stimulate their interest—to write an account of a ball game.

It seemed that she was successful. With one exception, the boys threw themselves at the task and evolved youthful masterpieces. The backward one chewed reluctantly at his pen and was then struck by a burst of genius. When the teacher opened his paper, it read:

"Rain—no game."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

On Again, Off Again

YOUNG LORDLING—"My word! There goes the Prince off a horse again. And he was traveling incognito, too."

PUUNCHER—"Yep! But you can't fool a horse."

—*Sun Dial.*

Wagered "Going and Coming"

The race was over, the flag hoisted, and the crowd of fortunates who had backed the winner had gathered round the bookmaker to receive their winnings.

One vacant-looking individual, who was evidently "seeing life" for the first time, claimed £5.

"What did you back?" asked the fat-faced man with the big waist, who was standing on a stool.

"Silver Cloud," replied the vacant one.

"Why, man alive," yelled the man with the satchel, "that horse turned back and finished at the starting-post!"

"I know that," said the other. "But didn't I back the horse both ways?"

There was a dull thud on the greensward, and an anxious crowd gathered. The man with the big waist had fainted.

—*Punch* (*London*).

THE TRAVELERS

Permanent New York

Peter B. Kyne, who is going to leave California to live in New York, tells of a famous old "desert rat" who had been instigator of many booms around Tonopah in the old days. He finally struck it rich and came to New York for his first visit.

He remained for several weeks, put up at the Waldorf and saw the sights. When he returned to Tonopah several old settlers asked him what he thought of the metropolis.

"Well," he said, "it looks to me like it was going to be a permanent camp."

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"Oshkosh"

The old lady came out of a half doze as the train approached a station. "Where are we, Bobby?" she asked. "I don't know, Grandma," replied the little fellow. "But didn't the conductor call out something just now?"

"No, Grandma; he just stuck his head inside the door and sneezed."

"Bobby," she exclaimed. "Quick, help me with these things! This is Oshkosh."

—*Des Moines Register.*

An Omniscient Dad

TOURIST (*contemplating Cleopatra's Needle*)—"Say, Poppa, isn't that what they call a basilisk?"

POPPA—"No, my dear. You're thinking of one of those churches we saw in Rome. This is an odalisque."

—*Punch, London.*

Ubiquitous Americans

A group of tourists were looking over the inferno of Vesuvius in full eruption.

"Ain't this just like hell?" ejaculated a Yank.

"Ah, zese Américains," exclaimed a Frenchman, "where have zey not have been?"

—*Bursts and Duds.*

Divine Purpose

INDIAN GUIDE—"This desert is God's own country."

TOURIST—"Well, I'll say He certainly done His best to discourage trespassers."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Typical Radio Bug

It seems he had built himself a crystal set and was very proud of its efficiency. He told the others that it was a 'mos' pow'ful" instrument, that he had been able to hear places as far away as New York and Montreal. He stressed the fact that Montreal had been heard, because he claimed to have heard a man say "This is Montreal." One after another of his companions asked him how he could be sure that he had heard Montreal. Finally in exasperation he said: "I sure knows it wuz Montreal because I could hear de glasses tinklin' on de bar. Oh, man, dat soun' good!" A half-groan from the rest testified to the appeal of his assertion. But one old fellow who had listened quietly without taking part in the fun, slowly sat forward and, looking directly at the boaster, said: "Man, you know dat a crystal set won't carry dat far. You made a mistake. Dat was only Glassboro, N. J., you heard."

—*Philadelphia Record.*

Slander

A family moved into Arkansas, and as they had been accustomed to keeping everything under lock and key, they brought their locks with them. Having a substantial-looking tool-house, the head of the family put a big lock on the door.

The neighbors for miles around dropped in to look them over, but seemed to be in a hostile frame of mind after one visit. Finally a delegation of leading farmers called on the man of the house.

"Why did you move among us if you thought we were as bad as you try to make out?" they asked.

"Bad? Why, I have the best kind of an opinion of you people."

"Well, then, why do you lock your tool house? Don't you know that nobody in Arkansas ever stole anything to work with?"

—*Judge.*

Not Only in Georgia

A couple of the many tourists passing through Georgia on their way to Florida came across a road of whose destination they were uncertain. Seeing an old colored woman rocking on a nearby porch, they called to her. "Auntie, can you tell us where this road goes?"

She gazed thoughtfully at the winding country road, and took her pipe out of her mouth long enough to enlighten them.

"Well, Honey," she said, "hit goes fust one place and then another."

An Englishman's Joke

The English are proud of everything they possess. Since it is English it must be good. This applies even to their fogs.

"Your London fogs aren't really so bad, are they?" an untraveled American lady once said to an Englishman.

"Not bad?" frowned the Englishman. "Why, madam, they are the worst in the world."

"How do your taxicabs and 'buses get about?"

"The first one through," said the Englishman, "leaves a tunnel."

—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"Oh, Yes!——"

An Englishman had just returned to England from the United States and, as usual, all his friends inquired as to conditions, etc., in this country.

"How are general conditions on the other side?" asked one of his friends.

"Well," replied the tourist, "conditions on the whole are jolly well, but I'll tell you, there seems to be a *terrible* shortage of bananas on the other side."

—*Forbes Magazine.*

Horatio Wore a Helmet

JIM (*just back from a trip*)—"That stuff 'When in Rome——' is all bunk."

TIM—"Yeh?"

JIM—"Yes. When I was there I tried to swim the Tiber like Horatius and they arrested me for being drunk."

—*New York Sun and Globe.*

Miraculous Air

VISITOR—"So you really think Yarmouth is a healthy place?"

NATIVE—"Healthy? Why, we cure herrings here after they're dead!"

—*London Tit-Bits.*

That California Climate

An Englishman was showing an American around London. They went to Covent Garden, the great fruit and vegetable market: "Look at those peaches," said the Englishman with some pride.

"Call those peaches?" said the American, "why in California we have them in size of cabbages."

"How do you account for it?" asked the Englishman.

"Oh, climate," responded the American.

Then they wandered to the flower stalls. The English rose is famous. "There," said the Englishman, "there's a rose for you! Smell it."

The American did as he was told. "Yes, not so bad," he remarked; "but you can smell an American Beauty rose a mile away."

"How do you account for it?" again asked the Englishman.

"Oh, climate, just California climate," said the American.

From the Covent Garden they wandered to look at the town. Near by a new tall building was almost completed. "There's a unique building," said the Englishman, "twelve stories high and no elevators."

"How do the people get up?" asked the unsuspecting American.

"Oh, climb it; just climb it," came the reply .

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

"God's Country"

"Is this a healthy town?" asked a Chicago man of a native of a certain benighted region of the West.

"It sure is," replied the native.

"When I came here, I hadn't the strength to utter a word; I had scarcely a hair on my head; I couldn't walk across the room, and I had to be lifted from my bed!"

"That's wonderful!" exclaimed the innocent from Chicago.

"How long have you been here?"

"I was born here."

—*Farm Life.*

It's Fast Coming

"I wish," objected an old man with white whiskers flowing over his chest, "I wish that we could get some fast transportation in this country.

"I'm tired of having to ride a whole day just to go a thousand miles."

—*Topeka Capital.*

Still, He Landed

The steamer was only a few feet from the quay when there was a sudden commotion, and a man came running madly from the dock gates, shouting to the officials to wait a moment.

Without pausing in his stride, he flung his bag on the boat, took a desperate leap and landed on the deck with a crash.

"Good!" he gasped. "A few seconds later I should have missed it."

"Missed it!" exclaimed the officer who helped him to his feet. "This boat is just coming in."

—*The Continent.*

The Ferocious Atlantic

The stormy voyage and the seasickness of all hands on board led a traveler to say:

"The Atlantic is always stormy in December. A man I know once crossed at Christmas time. The Christmas dinner was a grand affair, and this man says that the captain's speech ran about as follows:

"'I hope, ladies and gentlemen, that the whole ninety-five of you will enjoy the turkey and cranberry sauce, which the stewards are about to serve. May each one of these eighty-four smiling faces enjoy a prosperous New Year. I will ask all fifty-three of you to drink a toast to the coming season. The steward will fill our forty-six glasses with bubbling wine, and after the flaming plum pudding has been served we fourteen will indulge in a Christmas dance. Let us draw our chairs closer. What a cosy and congenial party of six we make. We three have indeed a pleasant evening before us. You and I, ma'am—here, steward, clear these dishes away and bring me my book and pipe.'"

—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Country Relatives

LITTLE GIRL (*from New York, looking out train window*)—"Mummy, who lives in these towns?

MOTHER—"Oh, people's relations, darling."

—*Life.*

"Landlubbah"

Rastus, on his first ocean voyage, was feeling the pangs of sea-sickness.

"Ho, ho!" taunted his companion. "You am a landlubbah, fo' sho'."

"Right, boy," said Rastus, weakly. "An' I's jes' findin' out how much I really lubs it."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

"Time, Times, and Time and a Half"

Thomas Riley Marshall tells of his having arrived one day in Phoenix, Ariz., and of having asked the first man he met what time it was.

"Are you a stranger here?" the man inquired.

"Yes," said the Vice President, "and I'd like to set my watch."

"Well, you'll have a hard time doing that here," he replied. "We have Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe time; we have Southern Pacific time; we have sun time; and all the inhabitants are always having a hell of a time to know the time."

—*Travelers' Beacon.*

Syracuse or Bust

PORTER—"This train goes to Buffalo and points East."

OLD LADY—"Well, I want a train that gets to Syracuse and I don't care which way it points."

—*Dry Goods Economist.*

Don't They!

"Most of the classical dances," says Old Silas Grump, the sage of Stoney Creek, "remind me of trying to get into a union suit in an upper berth."

—*Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.*

Ever Buy One?

TOURIST—"And it never freezes here?"

NATIVE—"Not until you've bought an orange grove."

—*Life.*

Not Guying

Classified ad in the *Ajo (N. M.) Copper News:*

WANTED—A REAL ROUGH GUY.

I want a cow-hand who knows cows. Age, not under 35 years nor over 50. One who smokes, drinks, swears, tells the truth and hates sheep herders. ———, the ——— Ranch, Aztec, N. M.

A City Man

"Did you see anything interesting on your tour last summer?"

"I did," answered Mr. Chuggins. "I gazed on the boundless prairies of the West. It filled me with awe, not unmingled with regrets, to see that magnificent lot of parking space going to waste."

—*Washington Star.*

A Rare One

HOSTESS: "Well, my dear, I suppose the count flattered you, told you how charming you were and all that."

FAIR GUEST: "I think he intended to, though he wasn't quite successful. He declared that my beauty was very scarce indeed."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Old Reliable

FEMALE TOURIST—"The West is fascinating—and tell me, have you broken any horses?"

STOUT RANCHER—"No, ma'm, hain't busted any hosses, but I've smashed up three automobiles, so fer."

—*Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.*

The Primeval Pioneer

We discussed immigration and one young man insisted that the descendants of pioneers should run this country. "And can you name any pioneers," he demanded, "of South European strain?"

"Off-hand," answered a Catholic priest, who was quietly enjoying his cigar in the corner, "off-hand, the first one that comes to my mind is Christopher Columbus."

—*New York Telegraph.*

Banzai

LONDON BUS DRIVER (*to Japanese gentleman crossing Regent Street*)—"Nah, then, Mah Jong, get a move on!"

—*London Daily News.*

A Bit Slow—What!

FIRST ENGLISHMAN—"Charley, did you hear that joke about the Egyptian guide who showed some tourists two skulls of Cleopatra—one as a girl and one as a woman?"

SECOND DITTO—"No; let's hear it."

—*Gargoyle.*

A Forgetting Age

Little Betsy had been visiting London and when she arrived home she said to her sister: "Margaret, I suppose people haven't got such good memories as they had many years ago."

"What makes you think so?" asked Margaret.

"Well," replied Betsy, "in London I saw a number of statues that had been erected to the memory of various famous men."

California Dentistry

A tourist while "doing" California, noticed a long shanty which displayed the following sign: "Teeth yanked without a twinge." As he happened to be suffering from toothache, he entered the shanty and asked the dentist:

"Do you extract teeth without giving pain?"

"Waal, I reckon so, stranger."

"All right; pull this one out," indicating the offending molar.

The dentist whistled, and in walked his assistant armed with a club.

"Now, pard," quoth the "dentist," "Stun him!"

Utterly Peeved

It was a cold, damp day, and the old German was sitting by the door in a street car. The conductor had opened and closed the door about 15 times, much to the disgust of the chilly old German. At last the old German got mad and said to the conductor:

"Say, eder you leaf de door open altogether, or else don't close it at all!"

Yankee Form in London

The American truth-teller was in form.

"Talking of ants," he said, "we've got 'em as big as crabs out West. I've seen 'em fight with long horns, which they use as lances, charging each other like savages."

"They don't compare with the ants I saw in the Far East," said an inoffensive individual near by. "The natives have trained them as beasts of burden. One of 'em could trail a ton load for miles with ease. They worked willingly, but occasionally they turned on their attendants and killed them."

But this was drawing the long bow a little too far.

"I say, old chap," said a shocked voice from the corner, "What sort of ants were they?"

"Eleph-ants," replied the inoffensive individual.

—*London Tit-Bits.*

Not Even in New York

Some ruralites were talking of the strange sights to be seen in a great city, and one paid tribute to New York.

"I don't believe any one of you could think of any combination of circumstances that hasn't at some time occurred on the streets there," he said.

"I reckon I know of one that's never occurred there," said Si Wilson.

"What's that?" asked the other curiously.

"I guess," said Si slowly, "that you've never seen, nor ever will see, a brass band that's goin' in one direction and the heft of the folks goin' in the other."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Superfluous

Chicago's cops have new uniforms — some are khaki and some are of a light blue. The other day one of the lads in blue stopped a lady driver on Michigan Avenue for ducking past a stop-light.

"I didn't see the light," she insisted, "but that uniform is adorable."

"Don't kid me, lady," was the cop's advice, "you can't talk me out of it."

"Heavens!" the fair one exclaimed, "I should hope not—what would I do with it?"

—*Motor Age.*

"Provincial" New York

An elderly lady, from a nice, quiet, old-fashioned New England city that has not materially changed its habits in half a century, is visiting a married daughter in New York.

"It is the subways that confuse me here," said the visitor, telling of her experience in Gotham.

"But you have them at home," remarked the neighbor, a typical New Yorker.

"No," was the reply. "We have a few taxicabs that meet the trains, but no subways."

"You astonish me!" said the Manhattanite, adding: "Why, I thought every city had subways!"

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Putting Up a Good Front

"What are you doing there?" asked the boss of a clerk who was going through some facial contortions.

"Concentrating so as to earn more money. Don't you think it can be done?"

"Yes, if you concentrate on your work."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Questions Cheerfully Answered

"We had about the centurion in our Bible class today. What's a centurion, pop?"

"A centurion, my son, is a man who has lived to be a hundred years old. I'm glad you take after me and like to know things."

—*Baltimore American.*

Where Are Your Manners?

But it will be hard to resist the temptation to which a certain New York cop succumbed. A pert stranger driving a car full of other strangers hailed him thus: "Hey! Mike, how do I get to Liberty Street Ferry?"

"How'd ya know my name was 'Mike'?" demanded the cop, coldly.

"Oh, I guessed it."

"Well, guess yer way to the ferry."

—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Social Life

JOHNNY: "Huh! I bet you didn't have a good time at your birthday party yesterday."

WILLIE: "That's all you know about it."

JOHNNY: "Then why ain't you sick today?"

—Brooklyn Eagle.

Society Item

A woman made a purchase from one of the flower girls in Piccadilly circus and said: "I suppose you will be here on Wednesday! I shall want a lot of flowers for my daughter; she is coming out on that day."

"She shall have the best in the market, mum," replied the flower seller sympathetically. "What's she been in for?"

—Pearson's Weekly.

The Great Change

"In some future year," said the citizen with a powerful imagination, "the human race will find the sun extinct. That once-glowing orb will cease to shed its rays upon the world. Then what'll we do?"

"What will we do?" echoed the morose man, who was grinning for the first time in weeks. "That isn't the question; what will the iceman do?"

—Philadelphia Record.

Easy to Please

He came down to breakfast quite early on his first morning at the new boarding-house. The proprietress was all smiles.

"Will you take tea, coffee or cocoa?" she asked.

But he knew boarding-houses.

"Whichever you call it," said he.

—Times of India.

Retake!

"So," said the film-producer, "you take the kidnapped child, climb up the lightning conductor to the fifth story, clamber on to the roof, dash along the coping-stone and, at the end, jump the passage on to the roof opposite."

"But if I fall down!" asked the actor.

"Then you will have to start all over again!"

—Dorbarbier (Berlin).

NEW JOKES FOR OLD

We close this volume with one of the best but oldest jokes known,—"new" jokes will frequently be found to be very old.

There is, for example, a story now going the rounds that has been discovered by Kenelm Digby in the *New York Evening Post Literary Review*, to be a rewording into prose of Seventeenth Century verses by John Donne the Younger. Here it is in the original form:

"Of Three Oxford Scholars and an Ancient Gentleman":

Three Oxford Scholars to a tavern came
Awhile for to make merry at the same;
And finding there one stricken far in years,
Did set upon him all with shouts and jeers.
The first man said, that to salute him came,
"God save ye, good old Father Abraham";
The second with a pretty congey meets him
And with "God save ye, Father Isaac" greets him.
The third to jeer him in the self-same guise,
"God save ye, good old Father Jacob" cries.
Th' old man thus flouted by them altogether,
Says, "I am not Abraham, Isaac, Jacob neither;
Wherefore forbear your shouts I you do wish,
For I indeed am Saul, the son of Kish,
Who for to seek my Father's asses came
From far, and here have found the same."

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